BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

AUGUST
1937

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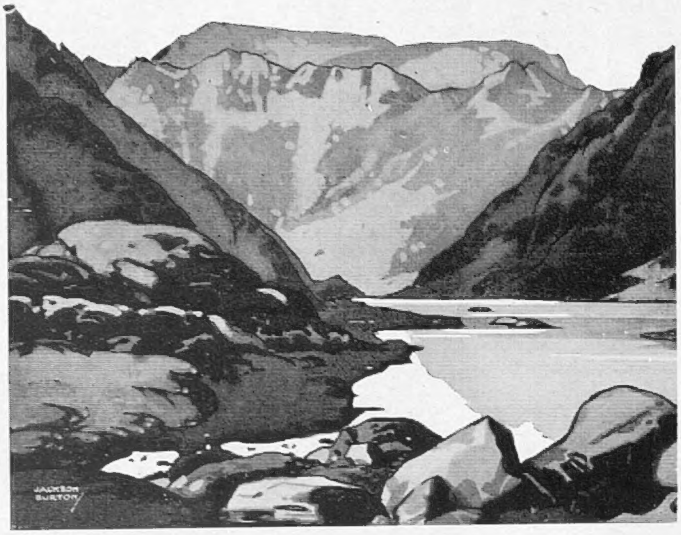

The thrill of the WESTERN HIGHLANDS

THOSE who have never been to Skye have still to know Britain's most beautiful isle. Skye has to be experienced to be believed. Its mystic beauty defies the art of description.

Rugged and colourful, Skye and the Western Highlands hold bewitching glamour for all who holiday there. Your heart will beat faster to the thrill of Skye and warm to its engaging hospitality.

Come this year and explore its enthralling beauties on foot or by bus as fancy moves you. Obtain today the guides listed below and plan a Western Highland holiday.

L M S and L·N·E·R Monthly Return Tickets are only a penny a mile by any of the famous expresses (three-halfpence a mile first class) and you're entitled to break your journey on the route, going or coming back. In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets". Their price is from 7/6 and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station. The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L M S or L·N·E·R Offices and Agencies :

"Scotland for the Holidays" *"Land of Scott and Burns"*
"Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond" *"Through the Trossachs"*

LMS—"SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" (3d.)
L·N·E·R—"THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK" (6d.)

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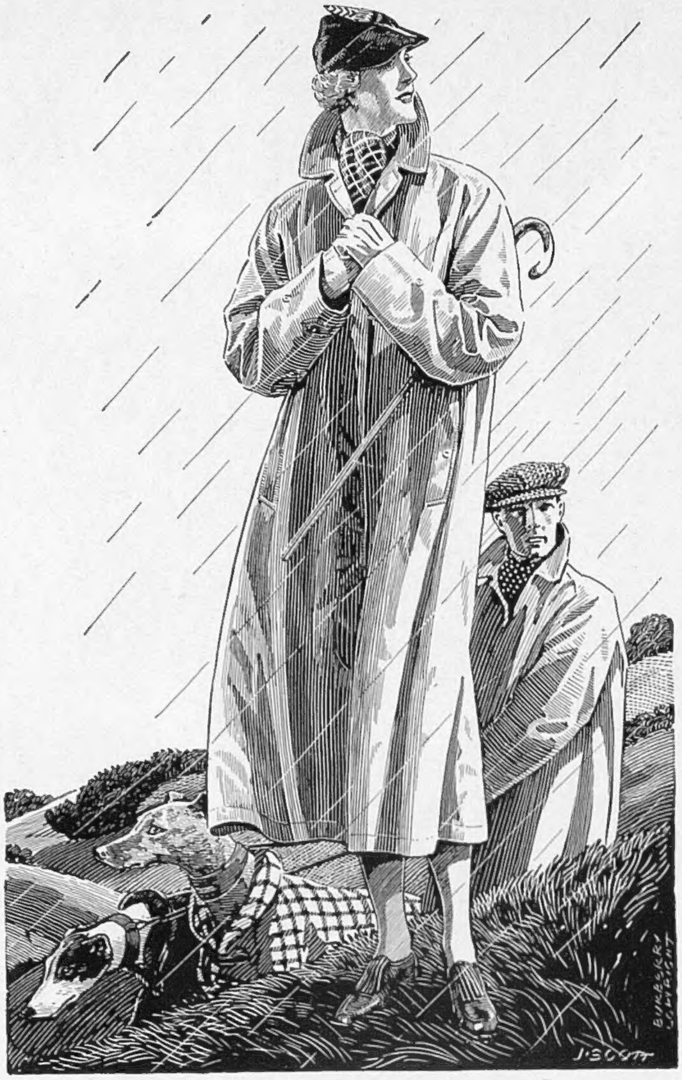

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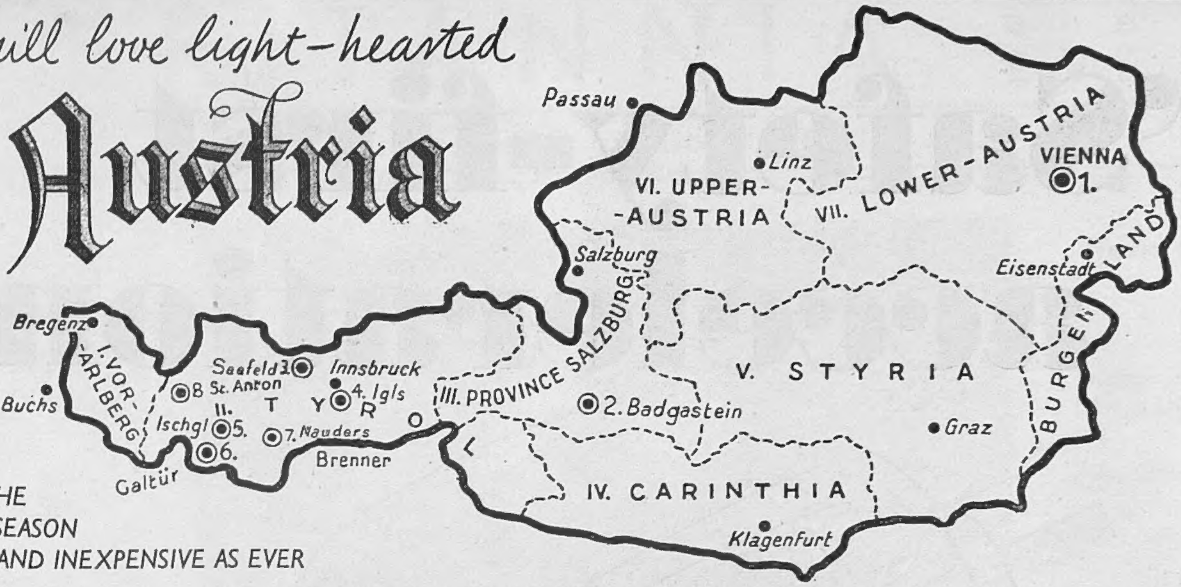

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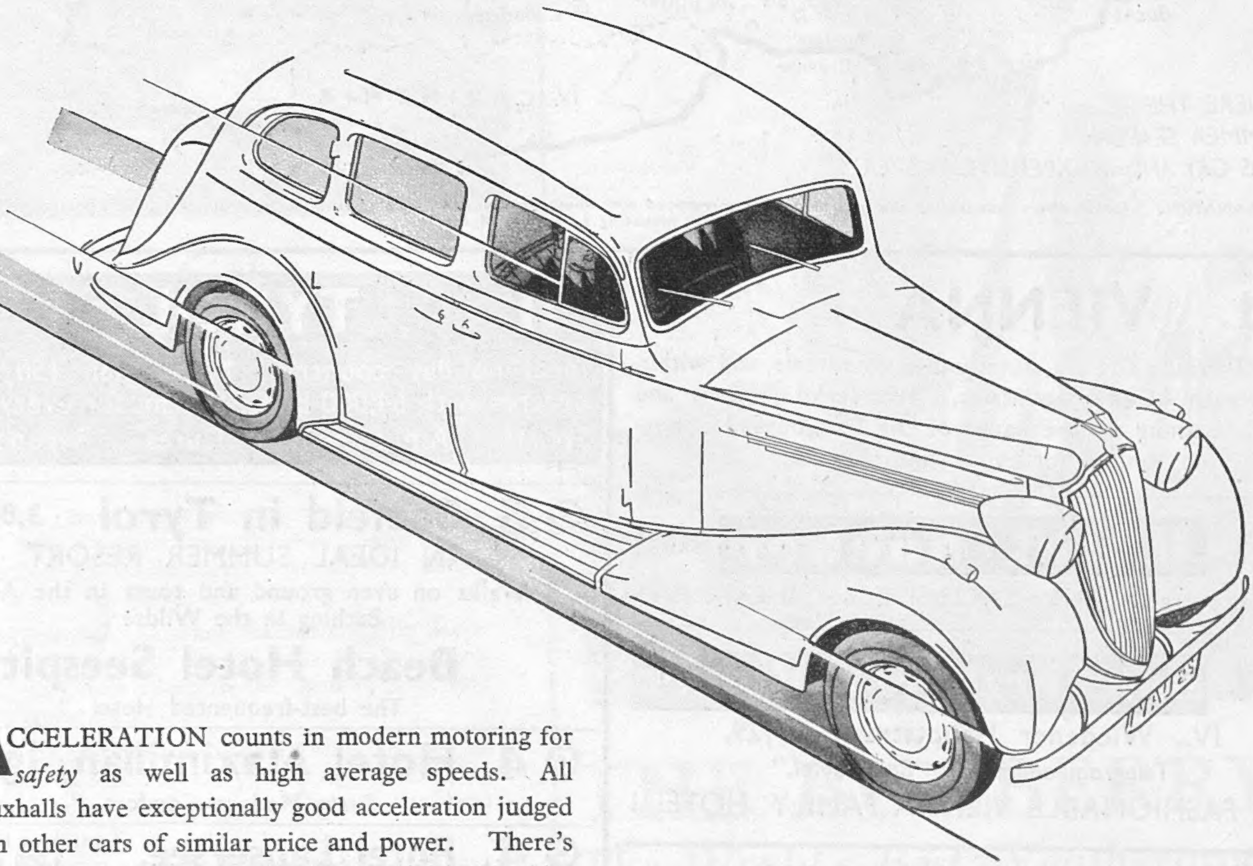

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VAUXHALL

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 15, No. 2. AUGUST 1937

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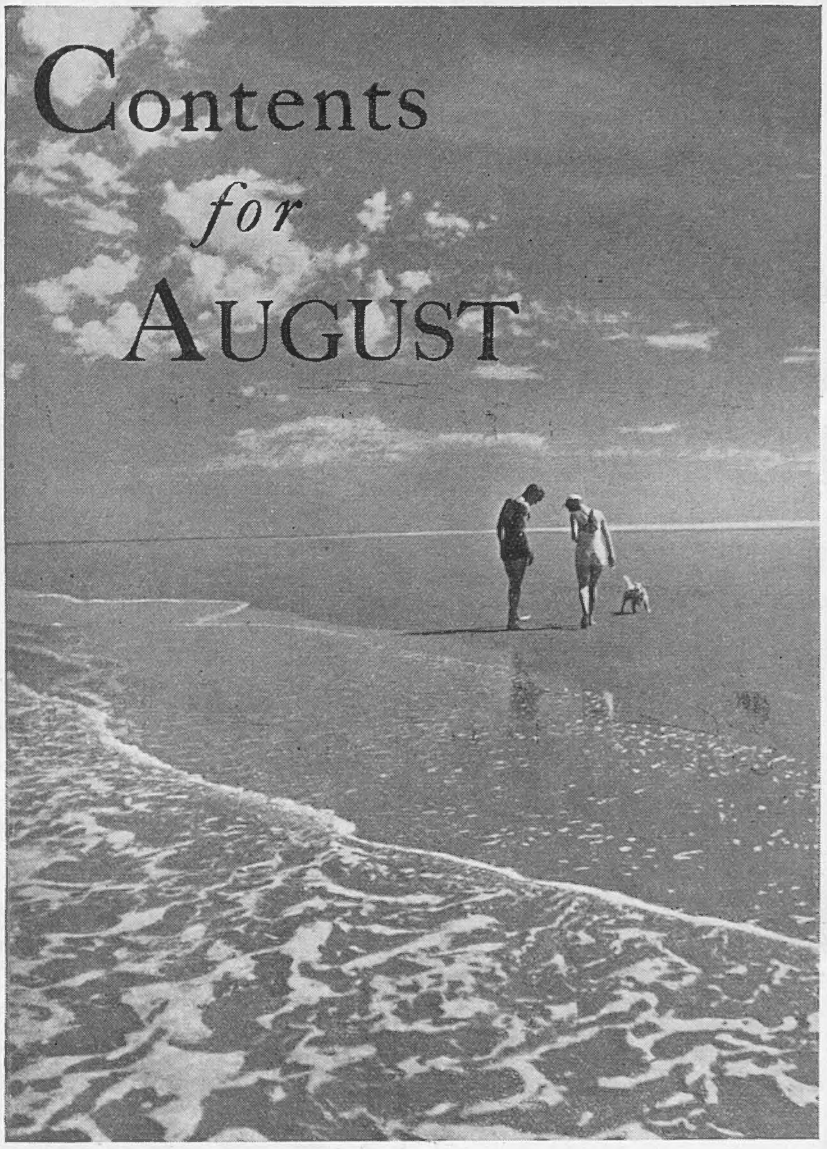

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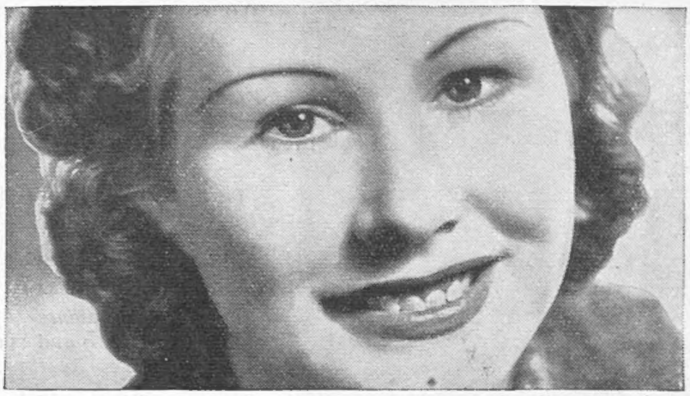
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 126. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Jaded?

. . . just one minute—
and a lovelier, more vital YOU . . .



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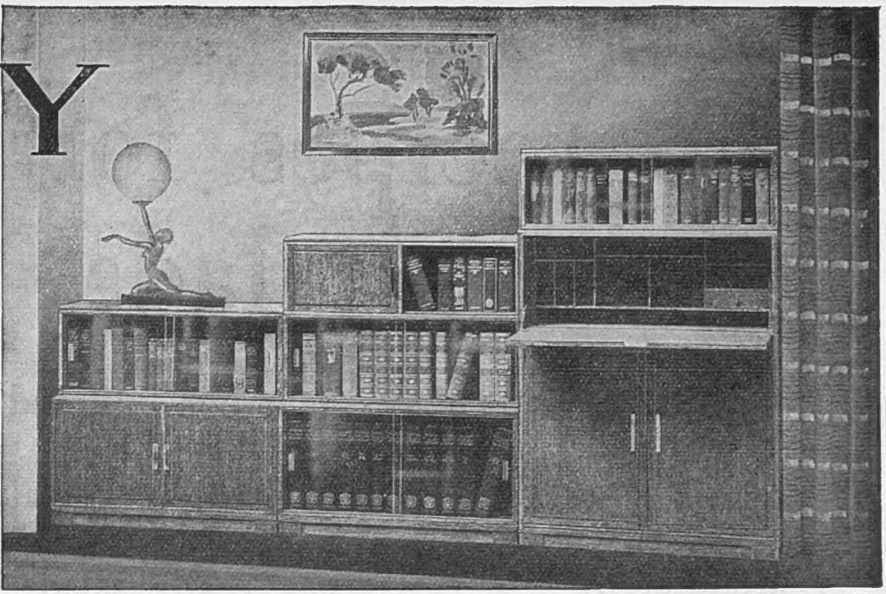

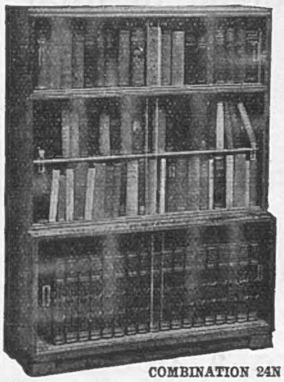

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As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

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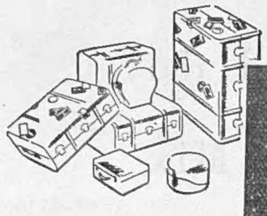

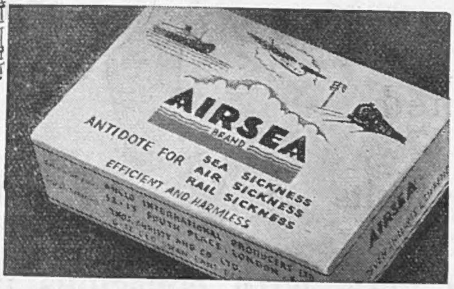
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Two recipes for dressing salads

1: THE TEDIOUS WAY: take one flustered young wife anxious to make a good impression on husband. Add exasperated attempts to get costly salad ingredients to mix, one kitchen all topsy-turvy, one flood of tears—and serve with a peevish headache.

2: THE EASIEST WAY: take one young and triumphant housewife, who whenever she wants to make a delicious salad, takes her bottle of Heinz Salad Cream out of the cupboard. Add the simple truth—that this superb dressing is made from new laid eggs, rich cream and the finest olive oil, subtly seasoned. Mix with crisp greenstuff and summer fruits without trouble—and serve in gleaming glass with conscious pride.

AND DON'T FORGET that because Heinz Salad Cream is made from new laid eggs, the purest olive oil, and plenty of rich cream, it adds that extra nutriment to a salad which makes it a perfectly balanced meal! And that is a big consideration when planning light meals.

6d and 10d 1/1½

"SALADS AND WHEN TO HAVE THEM"—not just a jumble of recipes but a really intelligent little book on salad-making out of everyday ingredients. Full of bright ideas 'Monday Salads,' 'Health & Beauty Salads,' etc. Send a card for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Dept. 6, Harlesden, London, N.W.10.

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MADE IN OUR LONDON KITCHENS—ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Swirls in the giddiest period of the year. Days of Cruises, Camps and Channel-swimming. Dublin motor-racing. Treks to London, Scotland, the Continent and spots forsaken. All-in exciting relaxation.

Thrills for those who shoot into the stratosphere and those who merely shoot birds.

(Stratosphere records are always attempted in August. Holders are: Great Britain, 53,937 feet in an aeroplane. United States of America, 14 miles in a balloon.)

Sunday, 1st

What a day for preparation, for cleaning guns or taking the road and slipping into holiday places! Remember that:

If while staying or feeding in an hotel a car is lost or stolen from a place indicated by the hotel staff as being reserved for customers' cars, the hotel proprietor is responsible.

Bank Holiday, 2nd

A *Merry-Go-Round* starts all over England. Weather prospects: gorgeous morning, somewhat uncertain afternoon. Pearly Kings and Coster Queens arrive at Hampstead Heath. *Cricket:* Lord's Schools *v.* The Rest, at Lord's (two days). In the country, Cycle rallies and Sun-bathing, Wild-bird Shooting. Tattoo at Tidworth, Regatta at Cowes.

At Cowes the tiny harbour will be packed with close on 700 gleaming yachts. The great steam yachts will lie in an outer ring and form the pen for schooners, cutters and 14 ft. dinghies, which are the most popular of all. There will be 300 of this class alone at Cowes.

Motor-boats are for ever darting between the yachts, carrying sightseers or friends. Quivering files of sails are also for ever fluttering out to sea to manœuvre for positions in a race. Each race is started and ended by a gun, directed by land-lubbers in the old castle of the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the lawn around the castle, yacht-owners and the élite have tea and listen to the band. In Cowes itself, trippers from every part of the Isle of Wight, hoping to see a little *fast life*, jam into the slow crush of the overcrowded High Street. But eventually they see a little of the prettiest, most expensive and snobbiest sport in England.

Tuesday, 3rd

Racing at Brighton, three days. No great shakes as racing, but light-hearted and amusing.

Friday, 6th

New moon may be seen in sky any time from 1.30 this afternoon. Have a care not to look through glass. Bob eight times on sight, turn your money and wish.

Saturday, 7th

Cowes ends, so does Tidworth. Yachts disperse to Deauville. Great trek North, also to French, German and Austrian watering-places, begins.

At White City, Women's three A.A.A. Championships are held. Running, Jumping, Javelin-throwing.

Sunday, 8th

Contrary to Sabbath laws, a wonderful day for pen-pushing, inventing, and for diplomatic negotiations; also for submitting to the head of the firm bright ideas by post or social call.

Monday, 9th

Don't forget the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. Sir Henry Wood conducts again. Every night except Sundays until October 2nd.

Tuesday, 10th

Fine night promised for Annual Shower of Meteors. Picturesquely called St. Lawrence's Tears. Watch should be kept on the North-East from midnight to dawn.

Thursday, 12th

Guns will be out against the wily *Grouse*. One of the great dates of the year. Grouse will be scarce because of the depredations of the Heather Beetle. The spread of this beetle is causing alarm; it eats the young shoots of the heather, which are the main food of young grouse.

Friday, 13th

First, almost priceless grouse appear in London. Way to cook, according to François Latry, head chef of the Savoy: Draw bird and place in hot oven with a lavish knob of butter. Baste unceasingly for twenty minutes. Then serve with bread sauce, potato straws, and fine fried bread-crumbs. With it, drink claret or burgundy. Grouse is such a king among birds, it is always served for its own fine taste at first. Later it can be cooked with pine-apple slices and served with brandy gravy.

Saturday, 14th

Cricket: England *v.* New Zealand, at the Oval (three days).

International A.A.A. Championships at White City.

Football: League practice matches all over England.

Sunday, 15th

Lovely, peaceful Sunday. If by any chance at home, it greatly favours gardening.

Ants seem to increase in August and be everywhere. Make three or four holes round the nest, put a teaspoonful of carbon bisulphide into each and close up immediately. The ants will be gassed. Note: Carbon bisulphide is very inflammable.

It's an excellent month for doing odd jobs and pottering. If you are putting up rustic work or posts of any kind, first dissolve 2 lb. of copper sulphate in 12 gallons of water in a wooden tub, and stand the lower parts of the posts in it for 24 hours. They will then last in the ground for many years; and it's easier, and less harmful to shrub roots, than tarring.

If you are picking a posy down some still country lane, your bunch will be of Mugwort, Wormwood, Tansy, Sneezewort and *Yellow Fleabane*. The latter was always placed down mattresses to guard our forbears from the itch.

If you are lying by rock-pools and the day is very still, you may be wondering what causes the sound of a continual sucking hiss—very distinct from the breaking of waves. It is the countless barnacles shuffling the stony doorway of their conical shells.

Tuesday, 17th

Show of Gladioli at the Old Hall, Westminster. Marvellously cheap and easy flower to grow; so decorative.

Friday, 20th

The sickle-winged swifts, almost the last to reach England, leave. So does the cuckoo, which never bothers to find its young, but leaves them to follow and find the unknown way alone.

Sunday, 22nd

Full Harvest Moon. Many country parish Harvest Festivals.

Wednesday, 25th

Racing: Ebor Handicap, York.

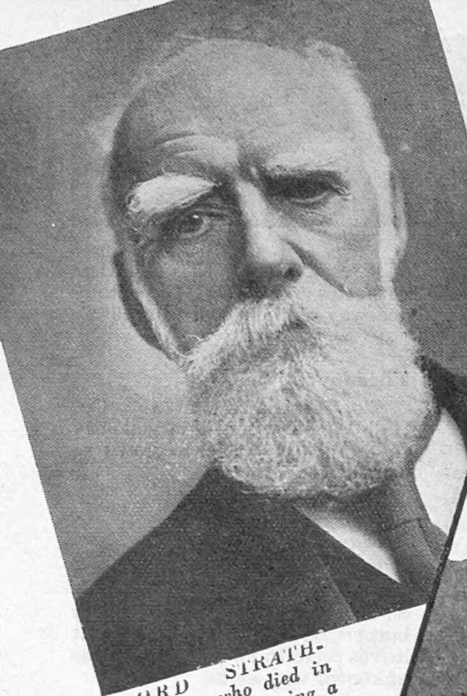
Radiolympia opens in London. Entrance 1s. 6d. Now's the time to solve your radio problem. There are 200 stands representing 112 firms. There are thirteen small Television Receiving and Demonstration theatres, with continuous half-hour programmes—televised from Alexandra Palace by the B.B.C.—so you can go around judging television for no extra charge.

Also a theatre, holding 3,500 people, in which shows will be given three times a day, and broadcast, showing you how they "do it" at the B.B.C.

Saturday, 28th

Football: Association League matches everywhere herald Autumn.

Days are drawing in. Sun sets 7.57 p.m. The redbreast sings, there is an unmistakable coolness mornings and evenings, and in camps, as elsewhere, extra blankets are given out and the circle draws nearer the fire.



LORD STRATHCONA, who died in 1914, aged 93, leaving a fortune of £6,750,000. He formed a syndicate and built the Canadian Pacific Railway

SIR JOHN ELLERMAN, who died in 1933, and left Britain's biggest fortune to date: £30,000,000

THE first Lord Leverhulme, who built up an immense business in soap and made a large fortune

TWILIGHT OF THE

WILL VAST FORTUNES EVER AGAIN BE ACCUMULATED IN A WORLD IN WHICH WEALTH, PRODUCTION AND MARKETS HAVE REACHED A POINT BEYOND THE DREAMS OF MEN WHO MADE COLOSSAL FORTUNES IN THE PAST?

By C. Patrick Thompson

HE had planned to retire at 50, but a financial panic and the necessity for protecting his investments kept him in harness for another seven years. When he walked out of his office, never to set foot in it again, he carried away a majority stockholding valued then at £30,000,000; and he was generally reckoned the world's richest man.

He wished to live 100 years. He had always succeeded in every undertaking, and, thanks to his regular method of life, an indestructible calm, a monolithic sense of self-fulfilment, and an inner conviction that he and all his works were pleasing in the sight of God—the Old Testament God who highly approved of Joseph's grain corner in Egypt, and smiled upon Jacob for securing Esau's patrimony in order to prevent its waste—he nearly succeeded in this final aspiration. But one day, when spring was just merging into young summer, and in the great gardens and woods outside his home new young life was stirring on its first perilous adventures in the sunlit world, he was lifting a glass of milk to his lips, when he paused, seemed to reflect, and then set it down.

Slowly he put one fleshless hand against his bony chest. The doctor who was always with him watched without speaking: it had been years since the old man had been able to hear anything except a shout. The mummy face did not change, but the withered lips quavered, and in a voice like the rustling of dry leaves the billionaire murmured: "It is fluttering like a bird."

A few hours later it fluttered its last. He had failed by three years to complete his century of life.

He had once said that he could not himself compute his wealth within £20,000,000. He was believed to be worth £700,000,000 in the 1929 boom, which saw the market valuation of the stocks in the Rockefeller treasure chest at their fantastic peaks, and £200,000,000 in the slump-trough (which saw Chrysler shares, £27 apiece now, at £1, and U.S. Steel shares, £55 in 1929 and £20 now, selling at £6 apiece). Men saw signs of a rise in his fortune again by 1934, when he gave away about £60,000,000 to 70 charities, his General Education Board getting £26,000,000 and his medical research organisation £11,200,000.

However, his worldly goods were not relatively so substantial when he passed that he could feel qualms as he presented himself to St. Peter at the gates of heaven. He left £5,000,000 to his 42-year-old granddaughter. And even this was cut in half by the time the tax collectors took the State's share. If the billionaire had held on to all his money, instead of giving it away to charities and relatives—the Rockefeller tribe is a very extensive one, and its aggregate property is estimated at around £500,000,000 at to-day's values of land, property, stocks and bonds—the American State might have been enriched by something like £350,000,000.

The first Sir John Ellerman, who left Britain's biggest fortune to date, £30,000,000, held on to all his money, and thereby contributed over half of Mr. Chamberlain's celebrated £30,000,000 surplus of 1934, enabling the Chancellor to restore cuts in unemployment pay, and in the wages of soldiers, sailors, and State servants, and to reduce the tax on beer by a penny a pint.

Are we, perhaps, witnessing the twilight of the age of the billionaires? Or will these vast fortunes ever be repeated, and extended, by a new race of *entrepreneurs* exploiting even greater opportunities in a world whose wealth, production, and markets reach a point beyond the dreams even of these men of eager vision and abounding acquisitiveness, who have piled up these colossal fortunes and duly departed from our midst?

Rodman Wannamaker, who left a fortune of £10,000,000 made out of departmental stores

The late John Rockefeller, who left a fortune of £5,000,000. In 1929 he was believed to be worth £700,000,000

Andrew Mellon, an American banker and reckoned the world's second richest man

J. P. Morgan, who probably controls more capital than any other living man

BILLIONAIRES?

The statistics disclose a contraction in the number of colossal fortunes in the United States, the world's richest State, and an expansion in incomes in the middle brackets. Wealth is more widely spread than it was. In Great Britain, the statisticians of the Inland Revenue Department record that one in every four citizens who die annually now leaves more than £100, one in five leaves more than £200, one in six leaves £400, and one in nine leaves £700 or more. As many as a dozen who have died in a single year revealed themselves to be millionaires.

But the fortunes of the latter vary greatly. Before the Ellerman fortune, the biggest one was the Yule pile—£20,000,000. The largest one up to Yule was the Guinness accumulation—that millionaire, the first Earl of Iveagh, made and kept £11,000,000. Then they tail off to the Strathcona £6,750,000, the Houston £6,000,000, the H. O. Wills £5,200,000, the F. N. H. Wills £5,050,000, the Northcliffe £5,000,000, the Bearstead £4,000,000, the Cowdray £4,000,000, the Coats £3,922,000. American fortunes in the same period have ranged from the £30,000,000 of James Duke, the tobacco magnate, to the £17,000,000 of E. C. Dewitt, the £10,000,000 of Rodman Wannamaker, and the £8,000,000 of Frank Munsey.

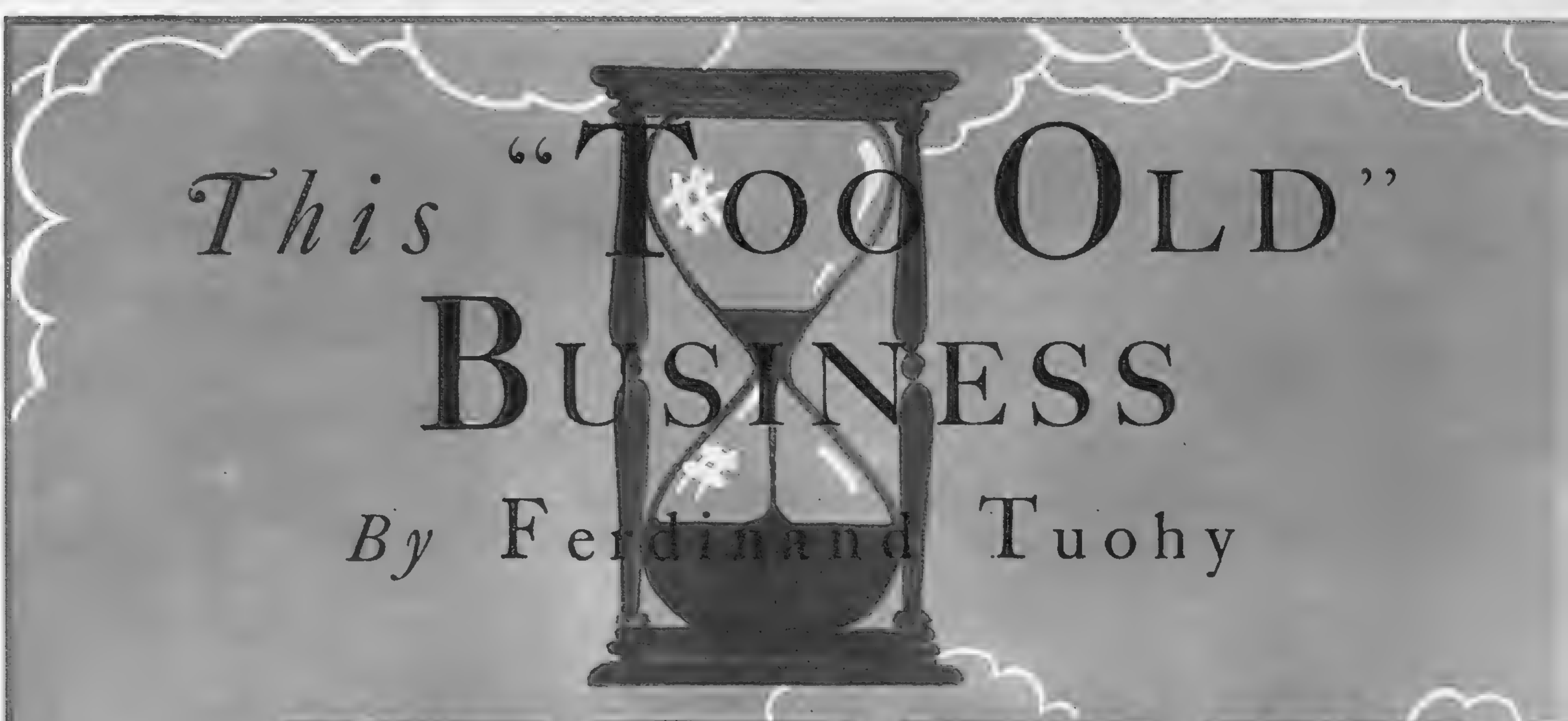
An analysis of these and other fortunes shows that enormous wealth is reached along three well-beaten tracks.

One is the pioneer path. You get into a new basic industry in its infancy, and grab the chief place in it, owning wholly or chiefly your own enterprise. This explains the fortunes of the Rockefellers, Willses, Coatses, Nuffields, Fords, Northcliffes, Courtaulds, Leverhulmes, Carnegies, made in oil, tobacco, cotton, thread, mass-produced motor-cars, newspapers, rayon, soap, steel.

The second is the war road, although this only makes millionaires out of already wealthy men, since wars cover too brief a period and a man must have a big business, and a great block of capital, to exploit the war opportunity to the full. War explains the vaster riches of Zaharoff, the first Ellerman, Yule and Houston, as well as the first Rothschilds. Shipping is more profitable than armaments in war-time. Yule was the biggest man in jute when the Great War broke out, and he doubled his fortune. But Ellerman was fortunate enough to be in shipping through three wars: the Spanish-American War, the war in South Africa, and the Great War—and each time a tidal wave of gold washed into his coffers, the final wave (owing to four years of dizzy freight rates and his ownership of his own fleet) being of monstrous size.

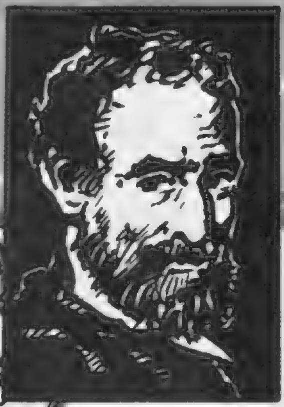
The third way lies along the investment path. But there again men have to possess a great capital before they can manipulate it through investment to millionairedom. Rockefeller made the fortune he took out of oil come to full bloom through investments ranging from iron-ore and banks to land, property, loans, ships, railways and insurance companies. The Mellon millions illuminate this investment road vividly.

When the New Deal tax-probers investigated Mr. Andrew Mellon, former Secretary of the (*Continued on page* 88)

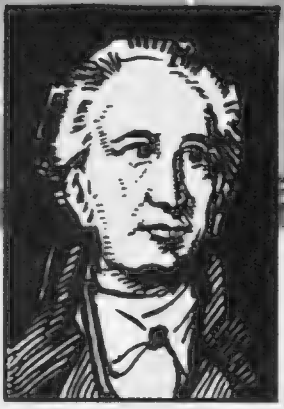


This "Too Old" Business

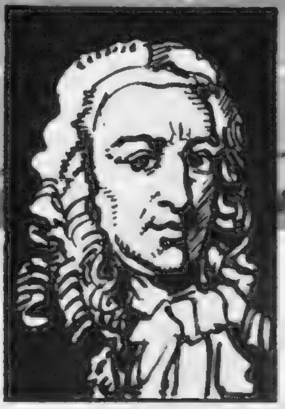
By Ferdinand Tuohy



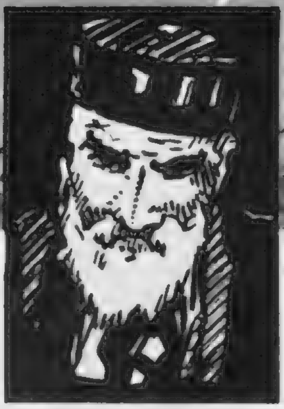
Michael Angelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at 89.



Goethe was an octogenarian by the time he finished "Faust."



Handel composed some of his finest work at 70.



Lord Kelvin was still the leader in physics when past 70 years old.

TWIN Anglo - American happenings — the elevation of a man nearing seventy to the British Premiership and President Roosevelt's scheme to neutralise "the old men" of the Supreme Court—have, by reactions provoked, propelled into the foreground that battle of the generations, conflict of plunging, demanding youth and experienced "entrenched" age, which has only swelled and grown the bitterer since Armistice.

Of course, the conflict in itself is nothing new. The world has always had it in one degree or other: youth shouting "Get out or get under," and age responding in easy justification and continuing to *be*. It is not even novel that the most human duel should have waxed infinitely more acrimonious in the wake of 1914-18, for it has a habit of doing that after great upheavals. One could instance Shelleyan political satire called forth in post-Napoleonic exhaustion—old men in office clinging "leech-like to their fainting country." But the difference now—and it is a vast one—is this: that the attempted putting over of youth ahead of its safe and justified time (as one side argues) has at the back of it the full gale of modern propaganda, the reason being that one of the two contemporary ideologies locked in mortal combat can hardly hope to prevail unless its boosting of youth at the expense of age carries the day.

Probing a little, one is led to envisage this "too old" business as having gained its present day momentum principally from a quartette of causes. The wholesale thinning of the war generation, leaving those who were too old, to swarm through exceptionally to the Peace. The legend of our major ills having derived from the Versailles Treaty, "the work of old men." The Fascist doctrine of bayonets for babies, with its concurrent designation of the young as the only rebuilders of a new order, preceding which the existing work of their forbears must be razed to the ground; the abnormal and exasperating blockage of youth in its efforts to get going and earn.

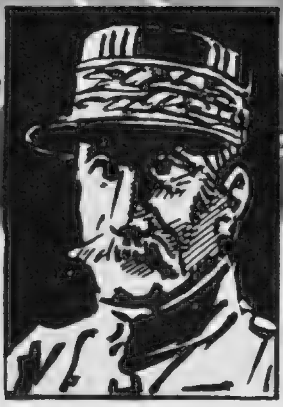
With the first and last of these, few would find fault. They are self-evident enough. But with respect to Versailles, its most dynamic artificer was not the somnolent seventy-eight-year-old Clemenceau but the two-years-older-than-Mussolini-is-now Lloyd George; and even if this had not been so, senility at fifty-nine was not the handicap associated with the third of the Big Three, Woodrow Wilson.

With regard to what I have called bayonets for babies, it is, of course, at the bottom of the whole show. Fascism's glorification, rearing in excelsis of youth for its own sake, pretended maximum dependance upon it, has sent a mighty ripple round the universe—to many, a disquieting ripple, since the question people should clearly ask themselves, when they ruminate on the supposed antiquity of this and that personage, is surely—*too old for what?*"

Max Baer says he's too old.

THE other day, in Vienna, Dr. Frieda Sack averred that sprinters and high jumpers are too old at twenty-five. Dr. Sack is a psychologist who has made a study of this "too old" business. According to her, long-distance runners, oarsmen, weight-lifters, may as well close up shop at latest round thirty. Exceptions there are, naturally. Bob Fitzsimmons was still a champion at forty-three. As a broad rule, however, the champion athletic fraternity is apparently too old at thirty or thereabouts.

But what of statesmen and administrators, the learned professions, lawyers and scholars, the Arts,



Marshall Foch, who was 68 years old when called upon for his fateful effort.

musicians, painters, literary excellence? What of military leaders, and of thought and of religion, commerce and industry, even of inventors and pioneers of action? Graham Bell was no spring chicken when he invented the telephone; neither was Peary when he got to the Pole. True, it may be demonstrable that the creative years do lie before the forties, but that doesn't hold all the time, either. Rapidly one thinks of a Baden-Powell who was fifty, and had already a brace of careers behind him when he launched the most widespread world movement of the century. Moreover, it is no less demonstrable that decline of imagination, if and when this manifests itself in middle and later life, is balanced by wider knowledge, greater technical facility, discrimination, saner judgment. Who will say that the Mr. Churchill of 1937 is not an advance on the Winston of 1900? Who will say that a Lord Balfour and a Sir Austen were not more able and necessary in their closing years than they had been as Premier and Chancellor thirty years earlier?

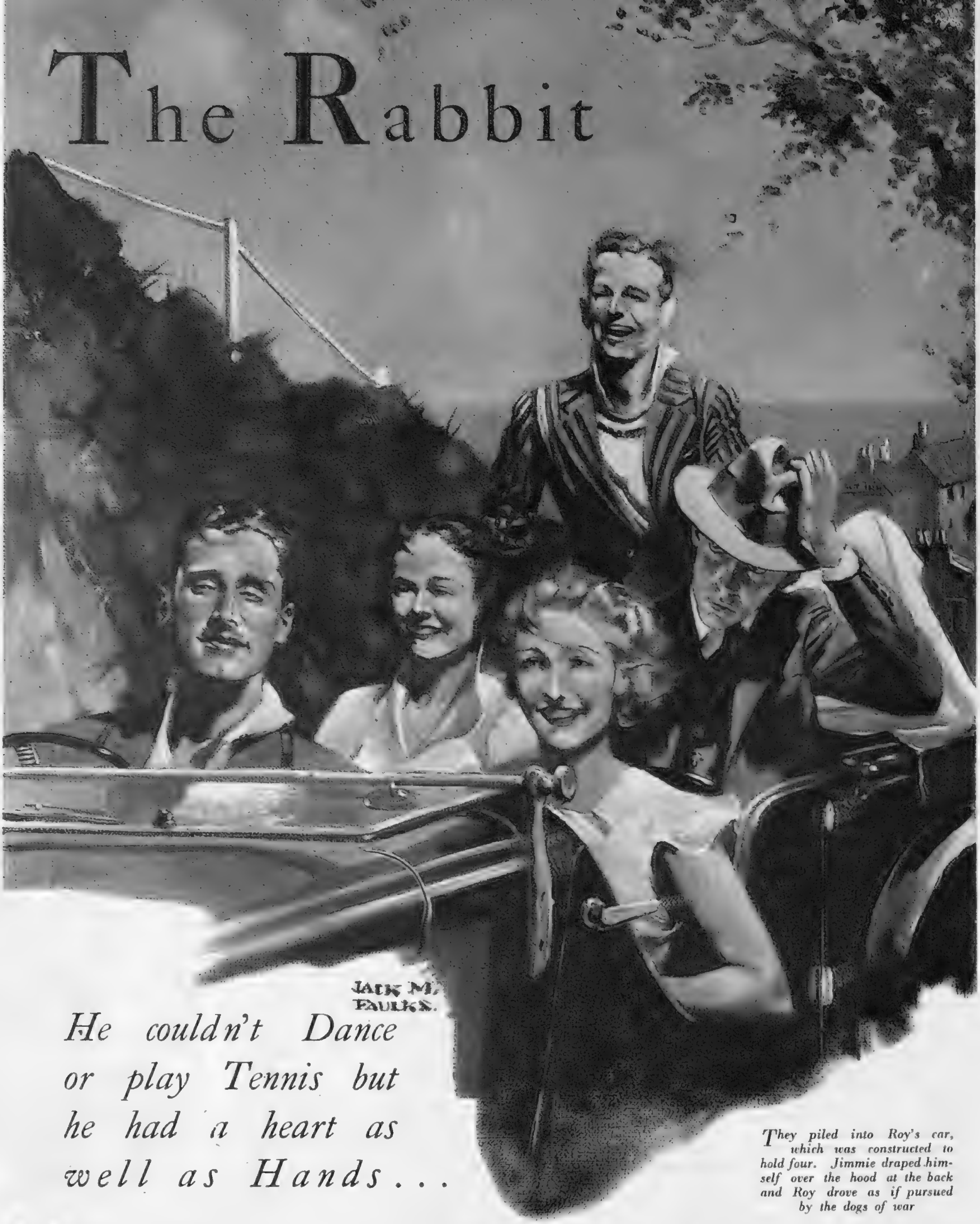
It is a lamentable fact but true that round no latter-day subject of first-class importance has there eddied greater prejudice or more muddled or incomplete thinking than round this one, summed up for ever in "*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" What has to be determined is—which falls furthest short? Youth, handicapped by its lack of experience and knowledge? Or maturity, with its shrunken energy and daring?

As a fair example of distorted reasoning, take Mr. Roosevelt's entry into the matter. It proves nothing whatever, one way or the other, for or against age. The President has simply, by a caprice of fortune, been handed a raw deal by Nature. In the normal way of mortal coil-shuffling at least two or three of his judicial *bêtes noires*, legacies of Republicans Coolidge and Hoover, should ere this have found their ultimate parking-places. Instead, behold them still hale and hearty—and, as good Republicans, decisively intervening against the New Deal. Were the indicted justices of the Democratic persuasion and, as such, upholders of the New Deal, it is highly improbable that they would have been found "too old." Yet the United States are up to the neck in Youth versus Age on the strength of the President's politically-occasioned emasculation move, as if the paramount issue had been raised thereby.

Take Mr. Chamberlain—whose advent provoked sarcastic parallels with "the venerable British lion." "An old man for an old and decrepit country" stuff. What are the facts? At seventy, Mr. Baldwin had to throw in his hand for physical reasons; there was little question of a decline in grasp, indeed, his Parliamentary swan song was among his best efforts. And, by the way, who stops to reflect that the leader of a great democratic nation can have a more arduous time than these dictatorial supermen, forever—apparently—in harness, though mighty few can be in the know concerning how much sapping, original, one-man effort they really do put up? A Führer would as likely as not be listening to the violin in the Bavarian mountains when a Baldwin had to be attending at the House, many hours daily on at least half the days in the year. A Duce would be accepting a Sword of Islam or exhorting youth in easy generalities when a Baldwin was taking on real elections and a real Opposition. But to revert to Mr. Chamberlain, he is where he is because he's done a job of work, is at the height of his powers, without any challenge from the "young" brigade, Messrs. Eden, Duff Cooper, Stanley, Elliot, Morrison, Hore-Belisha, MacDonald, and has only got gout. Herr Hitler, twenty years younger, can't sleep.

TROLLOPE once wrote that men were useful only up to forty and that at sixty they should go into contemplative retreat for a year prior to submitting to chloroform. (*Continued on page* 86)

The Rabbit


JACK M. FAULKS.

They piled into Roy's car, which was constructed to hold four. Jimmie draped himself over the hood at the back and Roy drove as if pursued by the dogs of war

He couldn't Dance or play Tennis but he had a heart as well as Hands . . .

HELENA CRAWFORD tipped her straw hat first over one eye and then over the other. The fact that either way she looked enchanting did not diminish her anxiety. Her cousin Roy might remember the hat. It had figured for two years at his house parties.

Finally she left it tipped over her right eye, turned the key in the lock of her suit case and turned the key in the lock of her front door. She took a taxi to Victoria and sank contentedly into a third-class carriage. For a fortnight she was free from the demands of Messrs. Bladon, the well-known publishers of children's books. Last night she had finished reading yet one more typescript — covered with author's corrections—all about Pan and pixies and other nauseating whimsies. For a whole fortnight she would be in the company of people who merely thought that when they saw pixies it was time to lay off the gin. After all, there was a great deal to be said for having rich relations though she rather hoped that before she arrived at High Cliff her aunt would have left on her yearly pilgrimage to Italy.

Her wish was gratified. Lady Derwent had already gone, though her presence was still actively felt. The number of her subsequent telegrams would have put to shame the leaves in Vallombrosa. It was Helena who coped with the familiar situation. Roy said that for him to do anything about it would only be to encourage his mother in a failing she should endeavour to correct, and that in any case he had to meet Jimmie Stuart and Annabel at the station.

Before lunch Helena dispatched her aunt's spectacles and the key of her dressing-case, and wired the address of the hotel where she had booked rooms. By the time Roy had collected Jimmie and Annabel the bombardment had eased off a little. There was only the small business of registering her aunt's pearl necklace.

But as they lay beside their tennis rackets on the lawn after lunch the telegraph boy could be seen once more climbing up the cliff road.

"Your mother, Roy, has forgotten more than any of us ever knew."

By Monica Ewer

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

Annabel, who was all white and gold but intended to go home all brown and gold, turned over to cook her other shoulder.

"Lucky for you, Roy, that Helena is such a one for coping."

Jimmie Stuart contemplated Annabel and hoped that she wouldn't turn red. "Helena's middle name is good sort," he said.

Helena was deeply affronted. "It's like being told that anyway one has a kind heart."

Roy raised himself on one elbow to watch the telegraph boy. "You know one day I'll get a wire that's *not* from mother, and it will be about something frightfully important, and I shall die of shock."

The telegraph boy waited while Roy read the message. The others saw him stiffen as he murmured "No answer." The boy ambled back to the village.

"Don't tell me," said Annabel. "I know. She's forgotten her bay mare and will he ride it to Venice to meet her."

Roy read them the telegram, holding it dramatically at arm's length: "*Forgot to tell you have invited Geoffrey Shenstone stay fortnight please meet to-day mother.*"

"Who ?" asked Annabel.

"Must be a repellent bit of work for Roy to get so steamed up about," said Jimmie. "Who is he ?"

"Haven't an earthly," said Roy.

"You mean you really don't know him —*at all.*"

"Never heard of him before."

"But, Roy —— "

"If mother were here she might remember why she asked him—or she might not."

"But doesn't the name strike *any* chord of memory, Roy ?" Helena asked hopefully.

"Certainly not. You know mother. She probably met him in the train, or he helped to start up her car, or perhaps he once knew someone who knew her sister's aunt by marriage. You know mother." It was an appeal that they should not hold him responsible.

"He'll probably be the life of the party," said Helena stoutly. "Wasn't there something about meeting trains ?"

"There are two afternoon trains," said Roy. "One arrives in ten minutes."

They scrambled to their feet. "I can hardly wait," said Annabel. "I expect he'll be six foot of sex appeal and will awake all my baser passions."

"Pile in the bus and we can just make it."

THERE was one thing to be said in the stranger's favour. He did give Roy an excuse for driving too fast, and there was nothing Roy liked better.

"Betcha ten bob he's dark," said Jimmie.

"Betcha he's fair," said Roy.

Annabel walked towards the car between the two young men, an arm on each. "And handsome," she said provocatively, and hoped that her curls looked windswept and not merely untidy.

Helena, a few steps to the rear, felt aggrieved. It was to have been a grand fortnight. Roy and Jimmie would have kept each other busy in friendly rivalry over Annabel, and she could have lazed and read and slept. She was tired. The idea of *three* bright young men was rather appalling.

When Geoffrey Shenstone stepped on to the platform it was difficult to decide whether Roy was or was not entitled to Jimmie's ten bob, because Geoffrey Shenstone was neither dark nor fair, but a brown that was very exactly balanced between the two. Nor was he handsome. He was tall and excessively thin, and when the first flush of embarrassment faded he was deadly pale. His eyes were a nice, honest brown, but his features were undistinguished, and he was painfully shy. So alarmingly new were his suit and his luggage that he might have walked straight out of a shop window, if he hadn't stooped a little and fidgeted

HELENA looked at him in surprise. "Pretend you're not adult," she said cheerfully

HELENA didn't much like the party from the White House

nervously from one foot to another. The party from High Cliff remembered with difficulty that they were ladies and gentlemen, and that this poor sap was a guest.

"Mr. Shenstone?" said Roy, in the faint hope that the answer might be in the negative.

There was indeed no choice among the passengers. No matter how searchingly they looked along the platform, the only other person alighting from the train was an old lady known to all as the greengrocer's sister.

"Y-yes," stammered the young man, his eyes darting past the four as if looking for some avenue of escape. "Mr. Durnwent?"

"Glad to have you with us," said Roy with a dreadful painstaking politeness. "My mother wired me. She's away, you know."

The stranger swallowed hard. "Lady Durnwent isn't here?" It seemed somehow as if this was the last blow, as if his fraction of self-possession ebbed right away.

"She's just started for Italy. Meet my friends."

Roy rattled off their names and the young man blinked and smiled and looked desperately miserable.

"Let's get going," said Helena, for fear that at any moment she might start to howl in sympathy.

"*Rather*," said Jimmie, with unnecessary heartiness, and possessed himself of the stranger's suitcases.

They piled into Roy's car, which was constructed to hold four. Jimmie draped himself over the hood at the back, and Roy drove as if pursued by the dogs of war.

Ten minutes later Geoffrey Shenstone had been shepherded into his room, and the others met conspiratorially by the tennis court.

"The rabbit—oh, the rabbit!" wailed Jimmie.

Roy was morose. "As long as I live I'll never trust a telegram again."

"Where could your mother have found him?"

"Home for distressed gentlemen."

"*Very* distressed," said someone.

"What do you think he *does*?"

"Oh, something too shame-making," said Annabel. "Travels in underwear, or sells shoes in a bargain basement."

Roy took a firm line. "He'll have to be a big boy and learn to play by himself, that's all. I can't spend my holidays curing his inhibitions."

"He hadn't even the decency to be dark or fair," said Jimmie.

"Let's forget him while we can," said Annabel. "Let's have a knock up till he reappears."

The knock up developed into some very fast tennis, and Geoffrey Shenstone did not reappear at all. Tea was laid on the lawn as the set drew to a close.

"The rabbit is still in his burrow."

"I'll go and batter on his door," said Helena. "I expect he was scared to come down."

Once, she remembered, as a very small child she had gone away to stay with strangers. She had been shown her room and had remained there all day, forgotten by everyone, because she didn't know what she was expected to do next. For a moment she had a fellow-feeling with the rabbit.

When she battered, Geoffrey Shenstone opened the door at once. He had changed into very new grey flannels.

"Tea's ready," she said smilingly. "We expected you in the garden."

"Oh, did you ?" He looked distressed. "I'm so sorry."

She led the way downstairs. "We were playing tennis. Are you good ?"

"I don't play," he said.

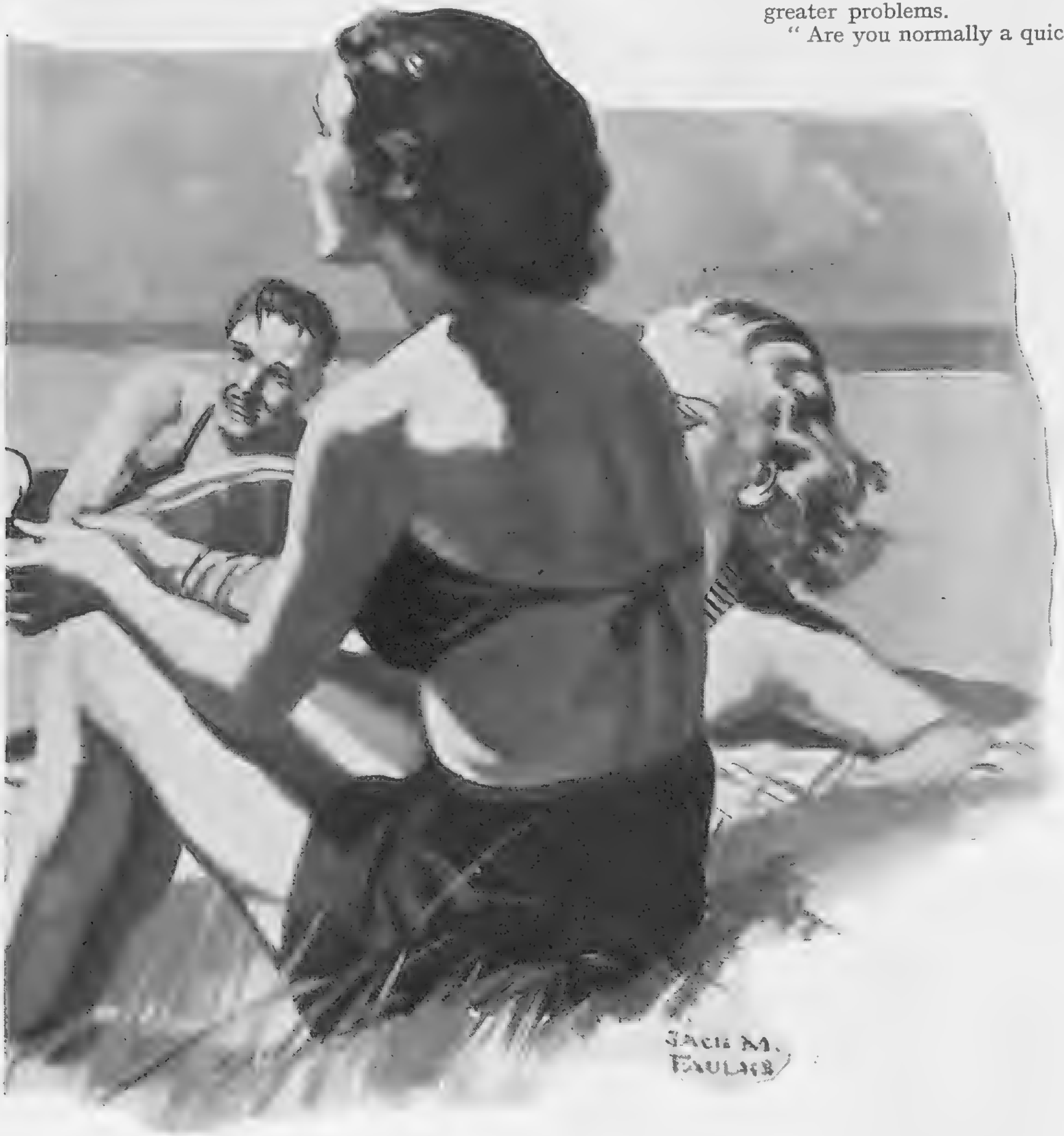
"Ah, you're a golfer. They never go together, do they ?"

"No, I don't play golf," he said, and sounded more abject than ever.

"What do you play ?" asked Helena, determined to find the bright side to the question.

"I—I don't think I play anything."

THAT certainly made it difficult, so she led the way across the lawn, feeling distinctly baffled and rather conscience-stricken that her good intentions had only plunged the young man into greater dejection. She might have known. She always had hated people with good intentions.



Tea was not a great success. Geoffrey Shenstone ate next to nothing, remained silent unless directly addressed, and gradually under the strain of his presence talk died and a feeling of constraint descended on the party.

"Let's go swimming," said Annabel suddenly, unable to endure it any longer.

"Rather." Everyone was glad of the diversion. "We'll change in the house."

"Betcha I can race you all round the gulls' rock," said Jimmie.

"Done," said Roy. He swung round to Geoffrey Shenstone. "You pretty fast ?"

A painful red crept up the rabbit's cheek. "I don't swim," he said.

Roy opened his mouth and shut it again.

"I'll teach you," said Helena, merely to fill in the awful awkward silence, and was instantly appalled at what she had done.

Geoffrey Shenstone smiled for the first time. "Thank you," he said gravely.

Helena changed with a heavy heart. She was committed. Her fool tongue had run away with her. Well, that would be her good deed for the day. The others could take over for the rest of the time.

But the others didn't show any signs of wanting to take over. Annabel went down the cliff road with Roy and Jimmie anchored to her side, and Helena had no alternative but to walk beside Geoffrey Shenstone. Everything about him looked terribly new, his peignoir, his costume, his shoes—all new and expensive.

"It's very kind of you to bother," he said softly.

"Not at all." If he only knew how unkind she was in her heart—how much she regretted those rash words. "It's strange you don't swim."

He nodded, but offered no explanation. "Can one learn in a fortnight ?" he asked gravely, as if it were one of life's greater problems.

"Are you normally a quick study ?"

"Oh, very."

This surprised her. "People have been known to be thrown off piers and to have swum by instinct—or was that only pigs ?"

"Thank God, you haven't got a pier," he said, and when she turned round quickly she was surprised to see a twinkle in his grave brown eyes.

The sand was hot and pebbly beneath their toes. "I hope you win the race," said the rabbit, and settled down to watch the others.

The three lined up on a nearby rock, plunged, and the race began. Once as Helena was swimming she looked back at the shore. The rabbit was sitting very still, his knees hunched under his chin, a lonely, disconsolate figure. He hadn't any right to appeal that way to one's maternal instincts. It was cheating. He was going to be a perfect nuisance, looking pathetic in corners. But, for all that, the moment Helena reached the shore, she went over to him and took him to the water's edge.

He stood irresolute, looking down at the sand. "I suppose there is almost no act more undignified for an adult than being taught to swim," he said.

Helena looked at him in surprise. It was the longest sentence he had so far spoken. "Pretend you're not adult," she said cheerfully.

"I've been trying—but I'm not very good at it."

As Helena walked up and down in the water with her hand under the rabbit's chin she wondered what he had meant and whether he was implying that he was coming into the company of the immature. He might be a rabbit—but he was rather a dark one.

Up and down—with the rabbit concentrating on his lesson, listening attentively, trying enormously hard.

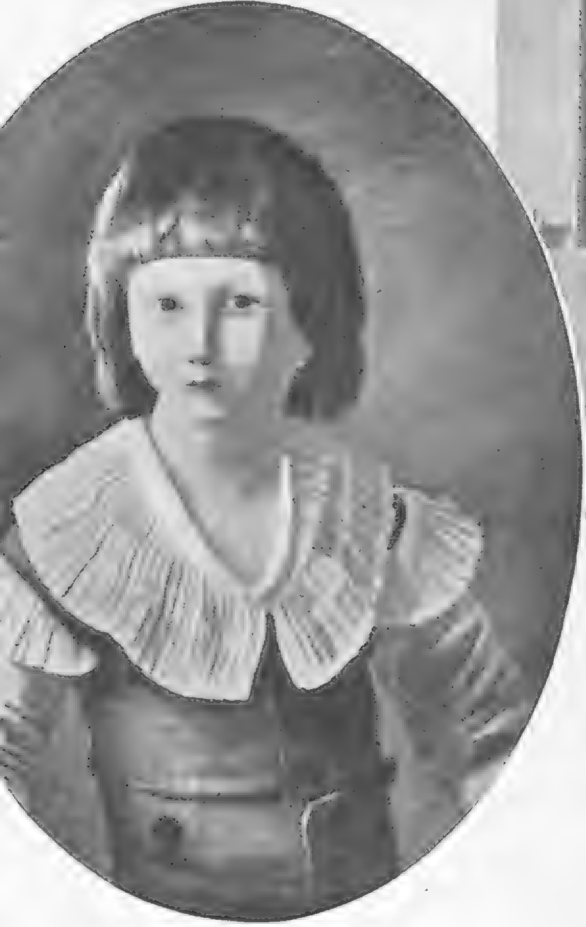
Presently Roy came splashing through the water. "Great work !" he said heartily, at which pupil and teacher became embarrassed and the lesson was abandoned.

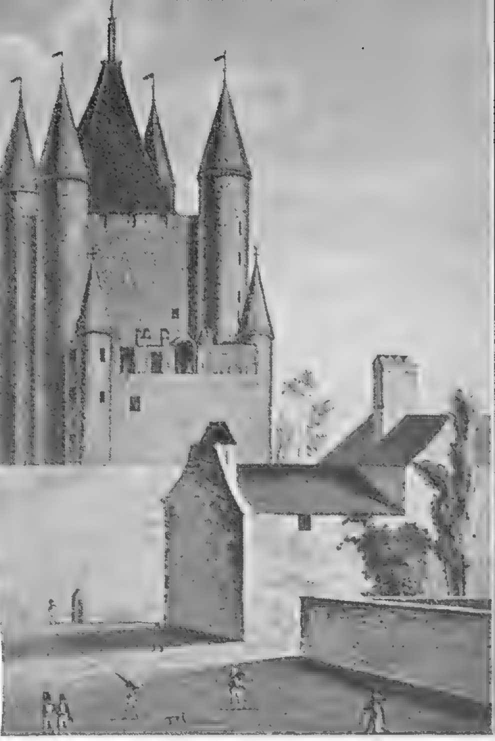
Roy had seen the party from the White House coming down to swim, the two daughters and the three boys and their four guests, and immediately the two parties amalgamated and the rabbit, after some vague introductions, vanished into the background and got himself obscured by a sand dune.

Helena didn't much like the party from the White House, and when she, in turn, decided to vanish she was obliged to go and sit by the rabbit. It would have

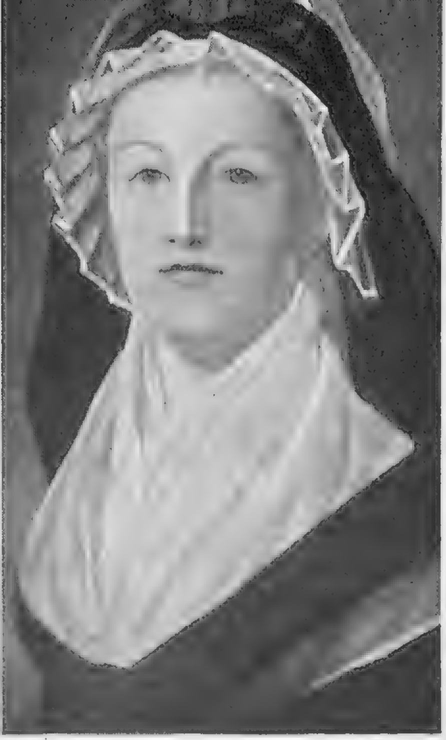
(*Continued on page* 106)

LOUIS CHARLES. Painted by Vien, 1793. This portrait is alleged to have been painted from life in the Temple prison, possibly by order of the National Convention





THE Tower of the Temple, the gloomy building which was the prison of Louis XVI and his family



MARIE ANTOINETTE in the Temple prison. A portrait painted by Kocharsky

The Mystery King

History's Fascinating Problem—the Fate

By Philip Page

IN the Square du Temple, Paris, stands a statue of Diogenes, holding aloft a lantern, peering through the obscurity, "seeking a man."

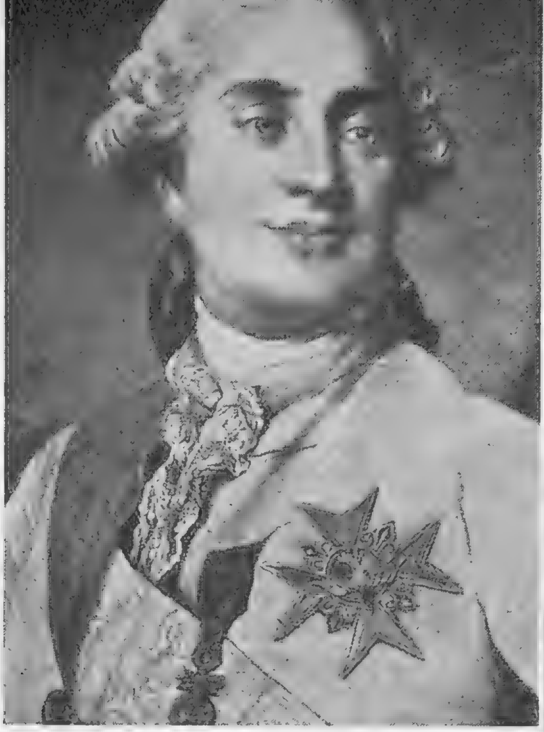
That may well be taken as symbolical of the whole mystery of the lost Dauphin, the persecuted son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the little Louis XVII, the King who never reigned. The gloomy Tower of the Temple in which he was imprisoned and in which he died in 1795—or did he not die there?—was demolished over a hundred years ago. On its site was planted a weeping willow. That withered and was cut down at the beginning of the present century, and it was purely by hazard that the Diogenes statue, taken at random from the city depository by an official who knew nothing of the sinister history of the spot, was erected in its place. "Seeking a man." Yes, and seeking, we may imagine, the solution of an enigma of history on which, it seems, patient research can throw no more real light than that stone lantern.

"In the history of this sovereign without subjects," writes Lenôtre, the most expert authority, "an enigmatic history even beyond the tomb, everything totters and collapses as soon as we flatter ourselves that we have laid a course or erected the frail scaffolding of an argument. The shade of the poor persecuted king takes its revenge by perpetuating the obscurity of the shadow; it claims, in expiation, the indefinite homage of our perplexities."

That is true. Yet those perplexities are sufficiently fascinating to enable the search to continue and the literature on the subject to swell and swell as the years roll on. Within the last couple of months London saw an addition to that literature in the form of a play. But not for long. Perhaps it was a further ramification of the dead King's revenge (for we can at least be certain that he is dead now) that the play should have been singularly unsuccessful.

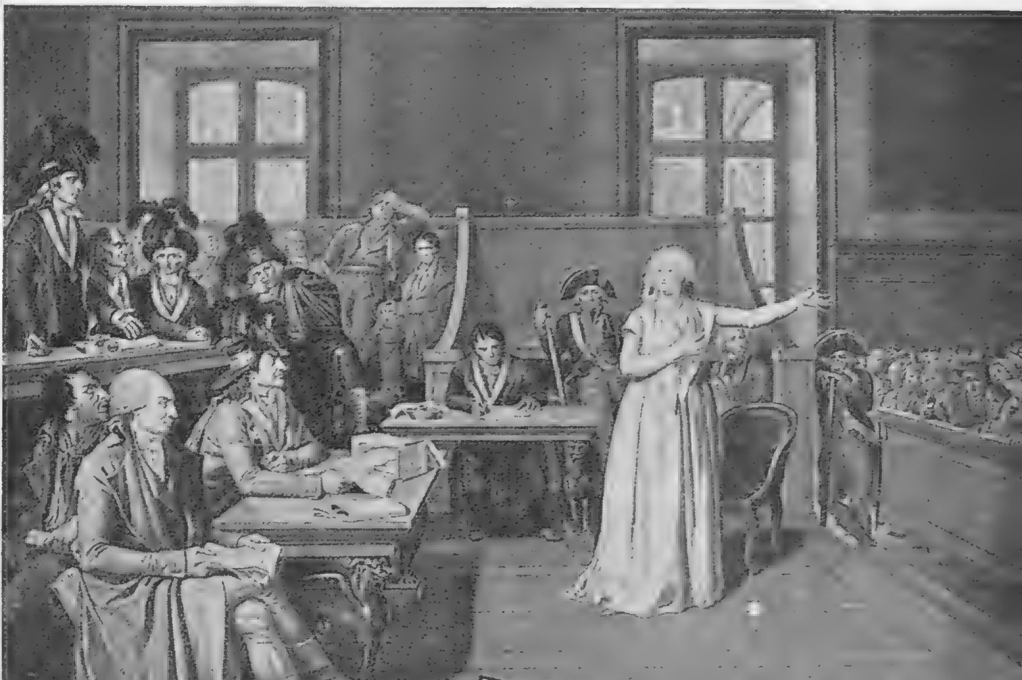
Into the questions of whether the boy did or did not die in prison, and of the value of the claims of the innumerable pretenders, it is neither possible nor desirable to enter with any great detail in the course of a single article. The human side of the story, as opposed to the academic, is preferable if only because one is on firmer ground. Here, at any rate, are facts instead of theories, facts which bear witness to revolting cruelty, to the most loathsome form of sadism—that in which a child is the victim. There is a tendency among some modern historians to attempt to minimise, for political or sentimental reasons, those stories of cruelty, in the face of incontrovertible evidence. It is suggested that the fanatics of the French Revolution were not at all bad fellows really, and that the tales of their excesses, particularly those against the Royal Family, were deliberately invented when the Bourbons were restored. Well, we have seen in recent years what the proletariat could do in Russia when it got the bit between its teeth. The foul murder of the Tsar and his family, without even the pretence of a trial, is as ugly as anything in the French Revolution, with the one difference that their martyrdom was shorter than that of the French King and Queen and their children.

"He was born gay," wrote Marie Antoinette to Madame de Tourzel. We know at least that Louis Charles de France, Duc de Normandie, was "a big, rosy, plump baby" when he entered the world which was to be a hell of torment for him on Easter Sunday, 1785. And for another couple of years Versailles was to be gay; the thunder was rumbling, but as yet in the far distance. Doubtless the Queen, who, with all her faults of frivolity, political intrigue and unwise friendships, was an excellent mother, noted the contrast between her healthy latest born and



LOUIS XVI, a portrait by Duménil at the time of his accession

MARIE ANTOINETTE on trial for her life. "I appeal," she said, with a touch of her old dignity, "to every mother in France"



On right:
SIMON THE SHOEMAKER, in whose charge Louis XVII was put during the latter part of his imprisonment in the Temple prison

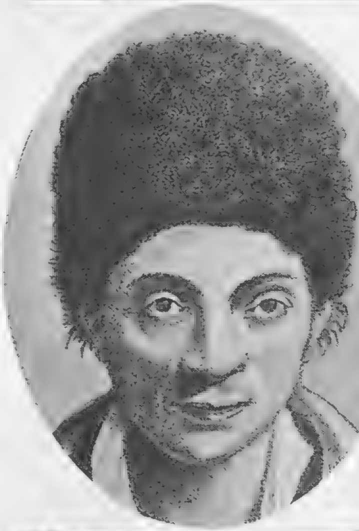
Outer right:
AN exercise written in the Temple prison by Louis XVII and corrected by his father, Louis XVI

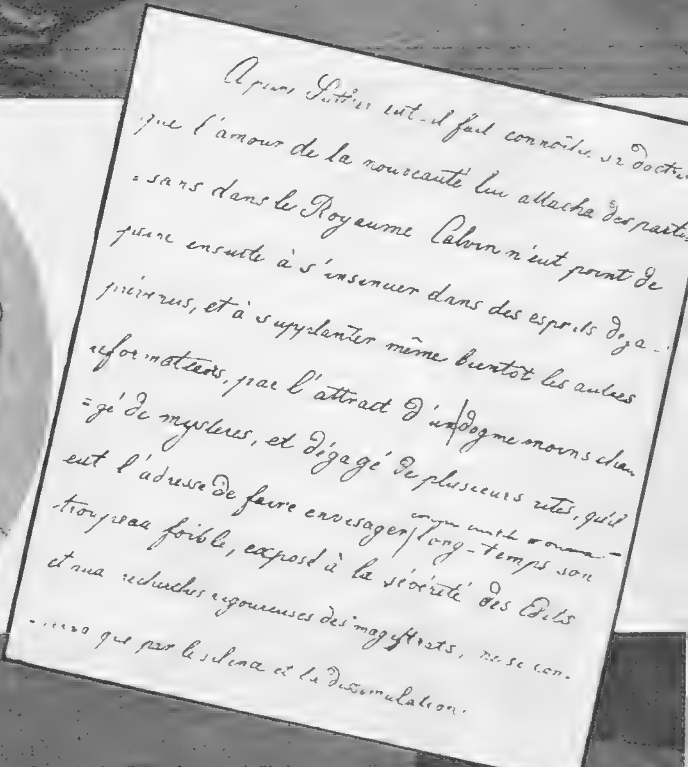
his brother, the Dauphin, a sickly child of three and a half. That little Dauphin was soon to die. He was the lucky one.

On May 24 the Queen was "churched" at Notre Dame, went to the opera, and had supper with her brother-in-law, the Comte d'Artois, at his Paris residence, the Palace of the Temple. From the room where the supper party was held could be seen a grim black tower, standing in the garden—the original donjon keep. She shuddered as she looked at it, prompted by some strange presentiment of horror. "Pull it down, Artois!" she cried. It was not pulled down. In six years it was to be her prison, from which her husband and her sister-in-law, the blameless Madame Elizabeth, were to be driven to the guillotine.

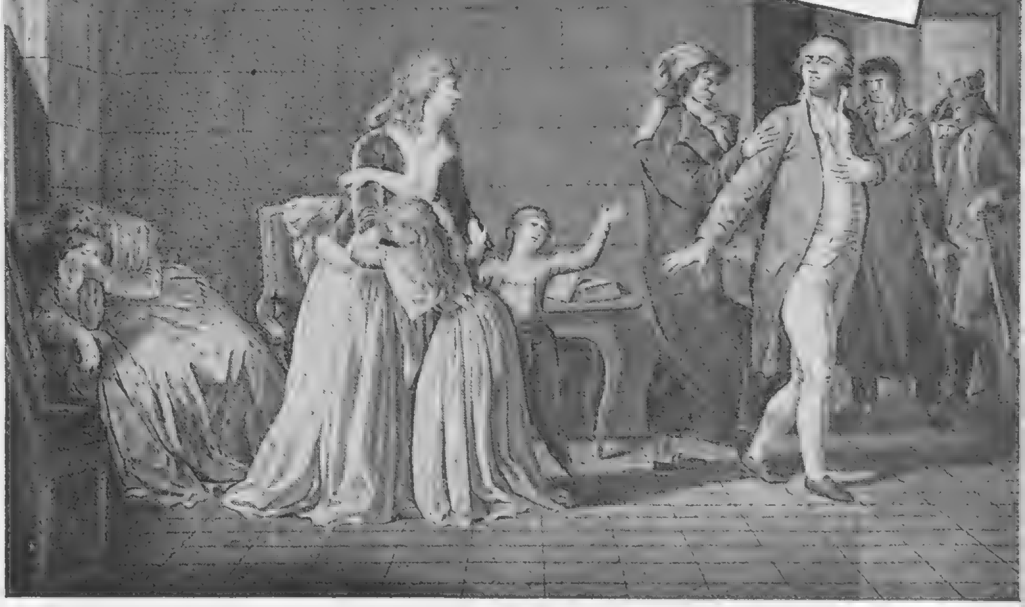
Louis Charles became Dauphin and a person of vastly increased importance on the death of his (*Continued on page* 100)

but Insoluble of Louis XVII





A peine Luther eut-il fait connoître sa doctri
que l'amour de la nouveauté lui attacha des partis
=sans dans le Royaume Calvin n'eut point de
peine ensuite à s'insinuer dans des esprits déja -
prévenus, et à supplanter même bientot les autres
reformateurs, par l'attrait d'un dogme moins char
=gé de mysteres, et dégagé de plusieurs rites, qu'il
comme autant d'ornemens -
eut l'adresse de faire envisager long-temps son
troupeau foible, exposé à la sévérité des Edits
et aux recherches rigoureuses des magistrats, ne se con-
-servoit que par le silence et la dissimulation.



LOUIS XVI's last farewell to his wife and children during their imprisonment in the Temple prison

Dak Bungalow

Sets the Scene for a pretty Drama of Blackmail

TOSKER stood on the steps of the Sub-Collector's bungalow and rattled the door impatiently. A dark face and white turban loomed at the screen, then vanished. Tosker swore and rattled the door again. He was a slim man of about thirty-five, dark and confidently dapper despite the fact that his travel-stained whites were drenched. The hot rain was running off his topee in streams.

A grey-haired Bengali babu came to the door.

"Five thousand pardons, sar," said the babu, "but are you wishing for something in particular?"

"Yes, of course, dammit!" said Tosker. "I want to see the Sub-Collector Sahib."

The babu looked over the visitor's shoulder to the road, where a tonga stood. The pony's head drooped dejectedly in the rain.

"You had better continue to *dak* bungalow," said the babu, wagging his big head once to the right. "Mr. Craven is not able to receive you at this time."

"He'll see me," Tosker insisted. "Just tell him Ben Tosker is here. And let me in out of the rain."

The babu opened the door.

"You will please be waiting on veranda," he said, "while I am informing Mr. Craven."

Tosker pushed past him and strode boldly into the bungalow.

"Please, sar! Please and wait, sar!" Distress wrinkled the babu's brown moon face as he waddled after the visitor, plucking at his sleeve.

"Take your hands off me!" ordered Tosker, striding into the next room.

He stopped just inside the threshold, nodded, and smiled expectantly while the babu was stammering explanations to the man seated behind a desk.

Gerald Craven, I.C.S., D.S.O., Sub-Collector for the *tahsil* of Gorapur, Bengal Presidency, British India, waved away the babu. He did not get up, but sat grasping the edge of his desk with both hands. His delicate fingers seemed almost transparent as they clutched the dark wood. "Hello, Tosker," he said, taking a deep, difficult breath. "What are you doing here?"

"I was in the neighbourhood, so I thought I'd drop in to say hello." He hung his dripping topee on the back of a chair and sat down. "Heard from my sister Frances these days?"

"I hear frequently," said Craven. His hair was pure white, although he was still in his late thirties. His eyes seemed very old and wise, and as unhappy as if they had looked upon all the tragedy of forty centuries.

"Then you didn't divorce her after all?"

"You evidently don't correspond with Frances."

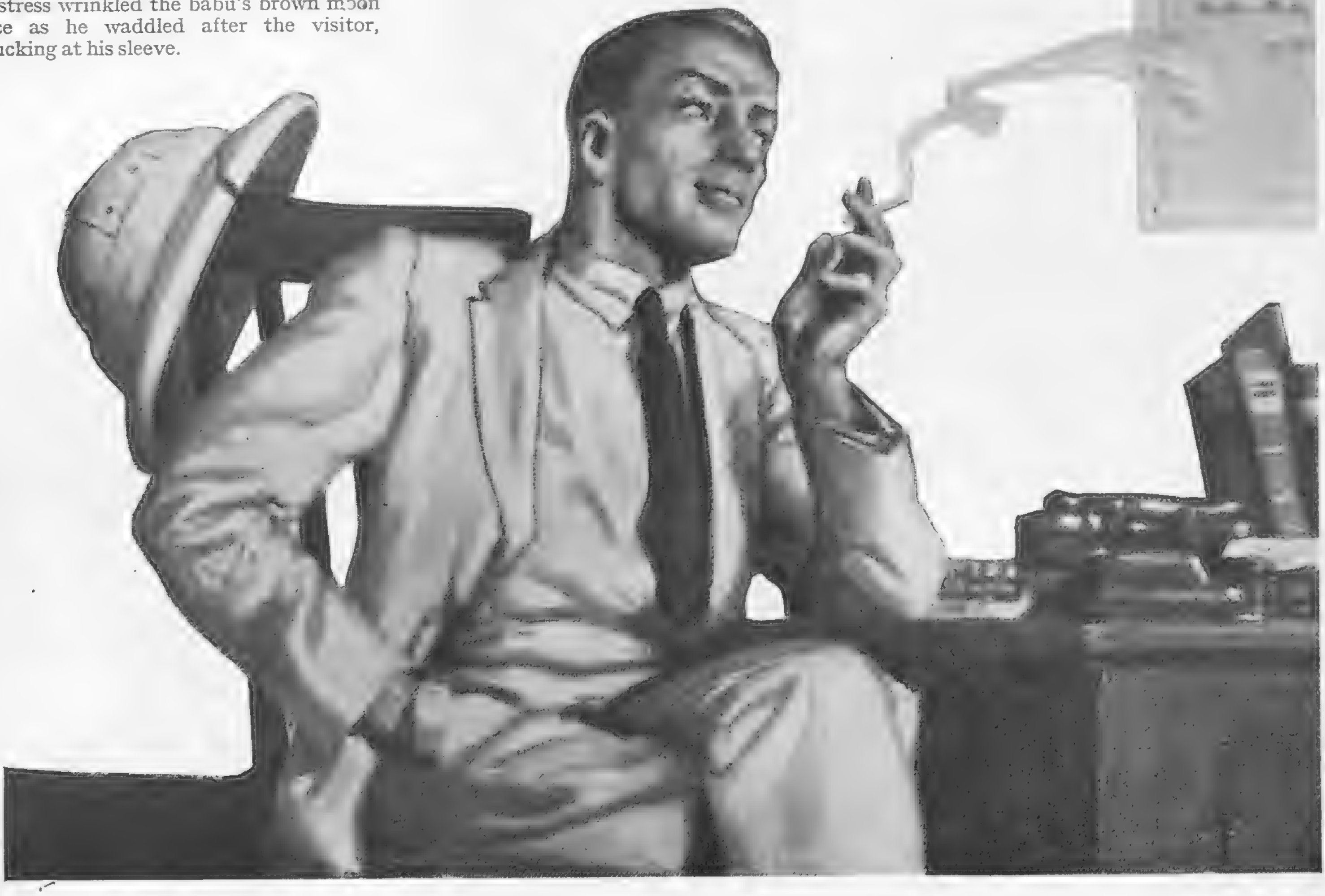
"I've been rather out of touch with things at home," said Tosker, crossing his legs. "I've . . . I've been forced to do considerable travelling these last few years. What about Frances?"

"There was no need of a divorce," said Craven. "I have no intention of marrying again. I'm fairly happy out here. Frances has her job cut out for her, bringing up the children at home. . . ."

"So you're letting her save her face, are you—as a reward for keeping her mouth shut about the death of Major Frick?" Tosker chuckled as he lighted a cigarette.

Craven's lips parted, then set in a firm, straight line. "That Frick matter has been settled for years."

"I know." And Tosker smiled knowingly



through the smoke. "Death from a broken neck, caused by a fall from a third-storey window, probably while intoxicated. That was the coroner's verdict, wasn't it, after the autopsy showed alcohol in the blood? But you seem to forget, Craven, that I was the one who drove you to Frick's apartment about five minutes before his death; that you were in a murderous mood; that you had a strong motive for wanting to kill Major Frick."

"Damn it! I didn't kill Frick!" protested Craven. "When he saw me arrive, he may have thought I'd come to kill him. He hit me and I grabbed hold of him. He was quite drunk. When I released my hold, he backed away in such a hurry that he lost his balance and went through the window."

"Strange, isn't it?" said Tosker, still smiling, "that in view of the purely accidental circumstances, you didn't come forward during the investigation to tell the coroner that you were in the major's apartment at the time of the—accident."

"Don't be a fool, Tosker. You know very well it was needless to expose Frances to the publicity of such a mess. We'd both suffered quite enough on account of Frick. She was completely frank with me. I offered to give her her freedom to marry Frick. But Frick, of course, had no such intentions."

"In view of which fact," said Tosker, waving away a cloud of smoke from before his eyes, "no jury in the world would believe that you didn't throw the major out of the third-storey window to kill him."

Craven got to his feet. Perspiration glistened on his chin.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" he demanded.

"I am," said Tosker, uncrossing his legs.

"You know a Sub-Collector's salary, don't you?"

"I don't want money," said Tosker jauntily.

"What do you want, then?"

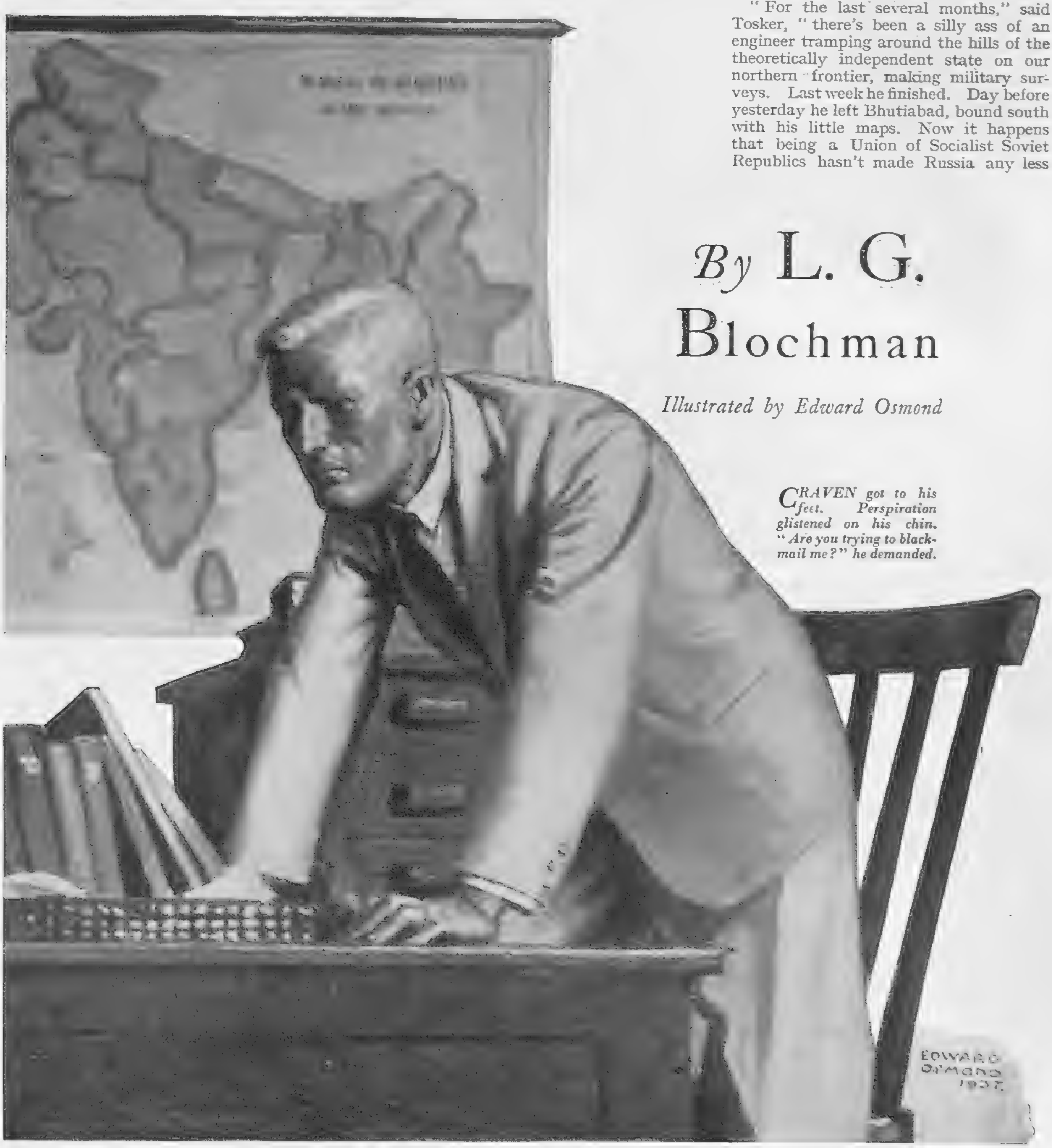
"I have launched upon a—well, a rather risky undertaking in this general vicinity," said Tosker. "Fate has put you in a position—officially and geographically—of being able to help me. In view of my discreet silence for three years, I know you won't refuse. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

Craven sank heavily into a chair.

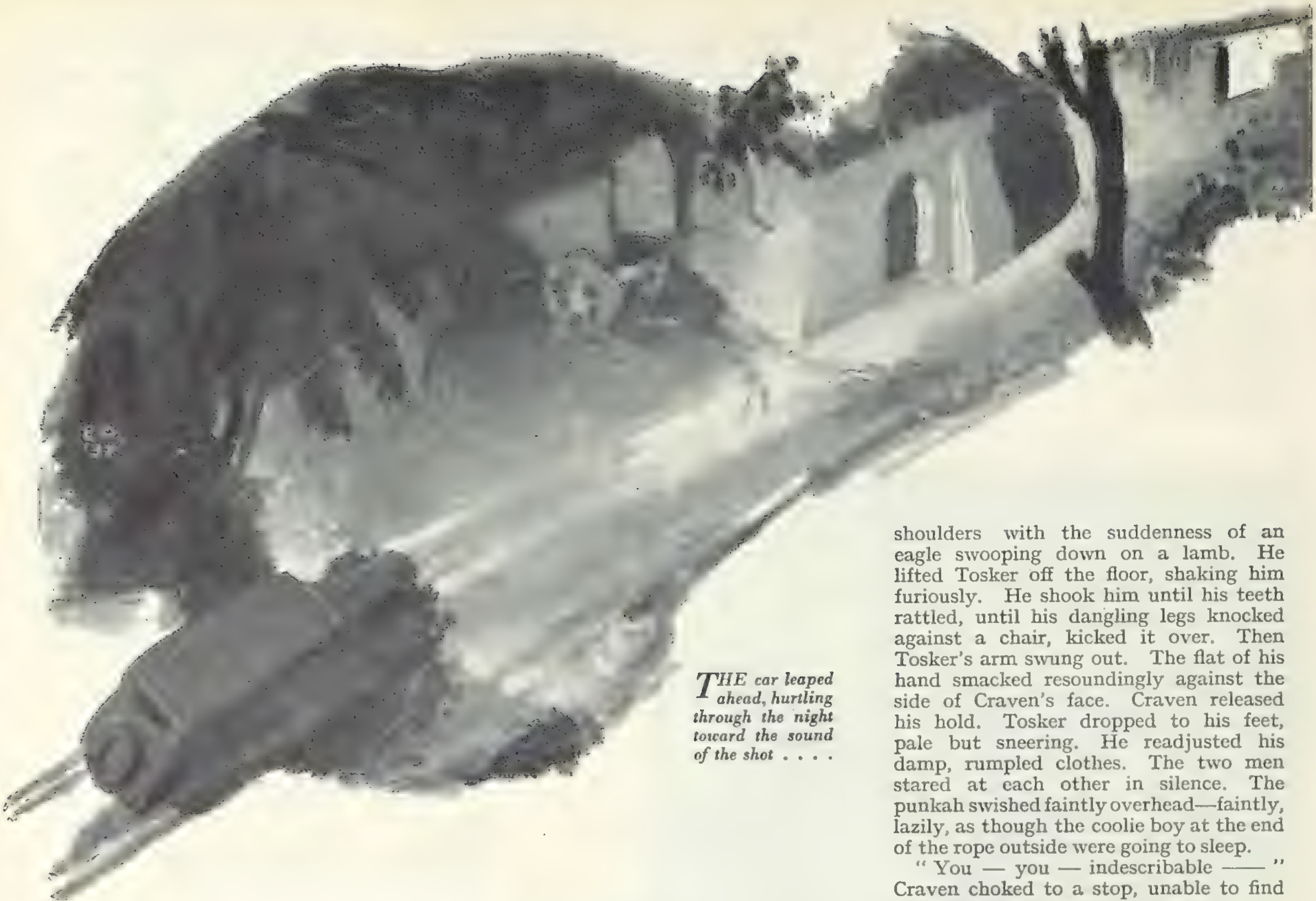
"For the last several months," said Tosker, "there's been a silly ass of an engineer tramping around the hills of the theoretically independent state on our northern frontier, making military surveys. Last week he finished. Day before yesterday he left Bhutiabad, bound south with his little maps. Now it happens that being a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics hasn't made Russia any less

By L. G. Blochman

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



CRAVEN got to his feet. Perspiration glistened on his chin. "Are you trying to blackmail me?" he demanded.



THE car leaped ahead, hurtling through the night toward the sound of the shot . . . .

interested in the northern frontiers of India than she was under the Tsar. In fact, there's a Russian gentleman in Calcutta—with a Bulgarian passport, I believe—who is so interested that he's going to pay me fifty thousand rupees for these maps. Now ——"

"You haven't sold your country for fifty thousand rupees!" exclaimed Craven incredulously.

"Don't talk nonsense, Craven," said Tosker. "What difference does it make who knows that the British are planning to build military roads in non-British territory, or that an engineer has been out to find mountain passes accessible to light artillery? Everybody will know sooner or later, and if it's worth fifty thousand dibs to my friend in Calcutta to know a little in advance, why—— "

"So you've stolen the maps?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Tosker with a gesture of mock innocence. "Not *I*! But there's a very astute Parsee innkeeper a day's journey up the road, who is rather clever at putting just the right amount of veronal or some such stuff into a man's drink. By the time the man wakes up, the Parsee would have had time to hand me—who just happened to be passing—a packet of maps in return for a few hundred rupee notes."

"Tosker," said Craven, "you've always bluffed your way through life with more or less success. But you can't bluff me into—— "

"The matter would have been quite simple," Tosker broke in, "if it weren't for these floods that cut Gorapur off from the railway. I might not even have had to call on you. As it is, I'm likely to be held up here, and the map-maker is only a few hours behind me—if he's that far. I'll want your car, Craven."

Craven sprang up. His lips were colourless as he advanced toward Tosker. Tosker did not move from his chair.

"You can't do this," said Craven in a tight voice.

"Don't be an ass," said Tosker, crossing his legs again. "You don't seem to understand me. Let me put it this way. Unless I get to Calcutta safely and without interference, you'll go home to stand trial for the murder of Major Frick. Is that clear?"

Craven stood above Tosker, looking down at him, breathing heavily. His fingers opened and closed at his sides.

"And suppose," he began slowly, "you should suddenly—drop dead before you got to Calcutta?"

"That won't help you a bit," said Tosker, with a pitying smile. "You'd stand trial anyhow. Read this. It's a carbon copy of a statement I left in a similar sealed envelope with my solicitor in Calcutta. It gives a pretty clear picture of the motives and circumstances surrounding the death of Major Frick. The solicitor has instructions to open it in case of my death. And if I should happen to be murdered, too—the contents might indicate the motive. . . ."

Tosker tendered a long manila envelope with a flat blob of vermilion sealing wax closing the flap. Craven stared at the envelope for several seconds, but made no move to take it. Tosker's upper lip curled a trifle more. He sniffed confidently as he replaced the envelope in his pocket.

Craven's hands stopped working. His fingers became claws, gripping Tosker's shoulders with the suddenness of an eagle swooping down on a lamb. He lifted Tosker off the floor, shaking him furiously. He shook him until his teeth rattled, until his dangling legs knocked against a chair, kicked it over. Then Tosker's arm swung out. The flat of his hand smacked resoundingly against the side of Craven's face. Craven released his hold. Tosker dropped to his feet, pale but sneering. He readjusted his damp, rumpled clothes. The two men stared at each other in silence. The punkah swished faintly overhead—faintly, lazily, as though the coolie boy at the end of the rope outside were going to sleep.

"You — you — indescribable —— " Craven choked to a stop, unable to find proper epithets to apply to Tosker.

"That all you've got to say?" asked Tosker in injured tones.

Craven did not reply.

Tosker shrugged, picked up his topee from the floor and started out. Craven let him get as far as the door, then called: "Tosker!"

Tosker turned, bowed low in mock humility.

"At your service," he said.

"Just exactly what do you want of me?" demanded Craven.

"Now you're coming to your senses," said Tosker as he walked back into the room, righted the chair, and sat down again. "First of all you'll give me a letter. Just a chit on your official letterpress, reading something like this: 'To whom it may concern—The bearer of this letter, Ben Tosker, Esquire, is in my service as an emergency messenger, and his progress to Calcutta should be aided and expedited by all civil servants. . . .'"

"My car mired in up to the hubs down the road a mile this afternoon," said Craven, as though talking to himself.

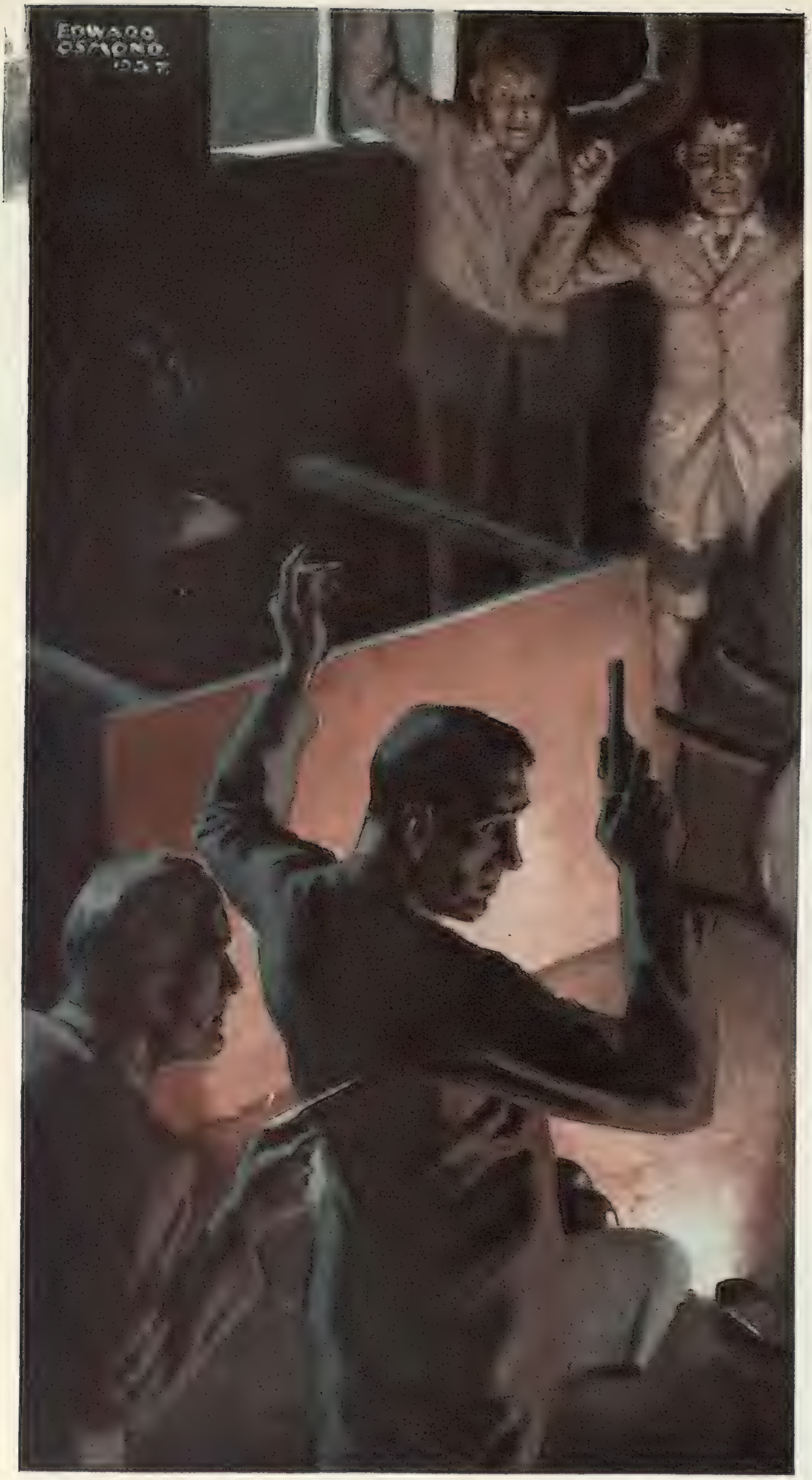
"You'll have it dug out," said Tosker. "It shouldn't take more than a few hours at most."

"You can't get south of Gorapur in anything short of a boat," said Craven.

"How about the road a mile back, the one that runs along the *terai*? It's a long detour, but it follows high ground. I could reach the Eastern Bengal branch line by morning."

"There's a bridge out at Nallah."

"Yes, I know. I inquired about that. They're working on it, and cars may be able to get through to-morrow. We'll find out if a first car might not be able to get through to-night."



"*You won't shoot me, Craven!*"—"*I should dislike shooting you in the back, Tosker.*" *The words came from Craven with difficulty*

"The wires are down between here and Nallah."

"Very well. We'll send a messenger." Tosker leaned forward to touch a bell on Craven's desk. When the grey-haired Bengali appeared, Tosker said: "Babu, the Sub-Collector wants you to send a *chokra* on a bicycle to Nallah at once. He's to find out the very earliest that traffic can pass over the bridge they're repairing. Mr. Craven has urgent need of sending a car through tonight. How soon can you get word back?"

The babu wagged his head. "Roads are extremely muddish," he said. "Bicycling being slipperishly difficult, *chokra* will probably not be returning before ten-thirty this night time."

"Tell him to pedal like hell," said Tosker, "and the instant he gets back he's to bring word to me here."

"Not here," corrected Craven. "He can report to me here, but Mr. Tosker will be stopping at the *dak* bungalow."

"Yes, sar," said the babu, withdrawing.

"And now get out of here," said Craven to Tosker. "The sooner the better."

"For a man who's deeply in debt to me," said Tosker, "you're not very hospitable. At least you'll offer me a drink."

"Get out!" said Craven, raising his voice. "I may have to submit to your blackmail, but I'll be damned if I have to put up with your company."

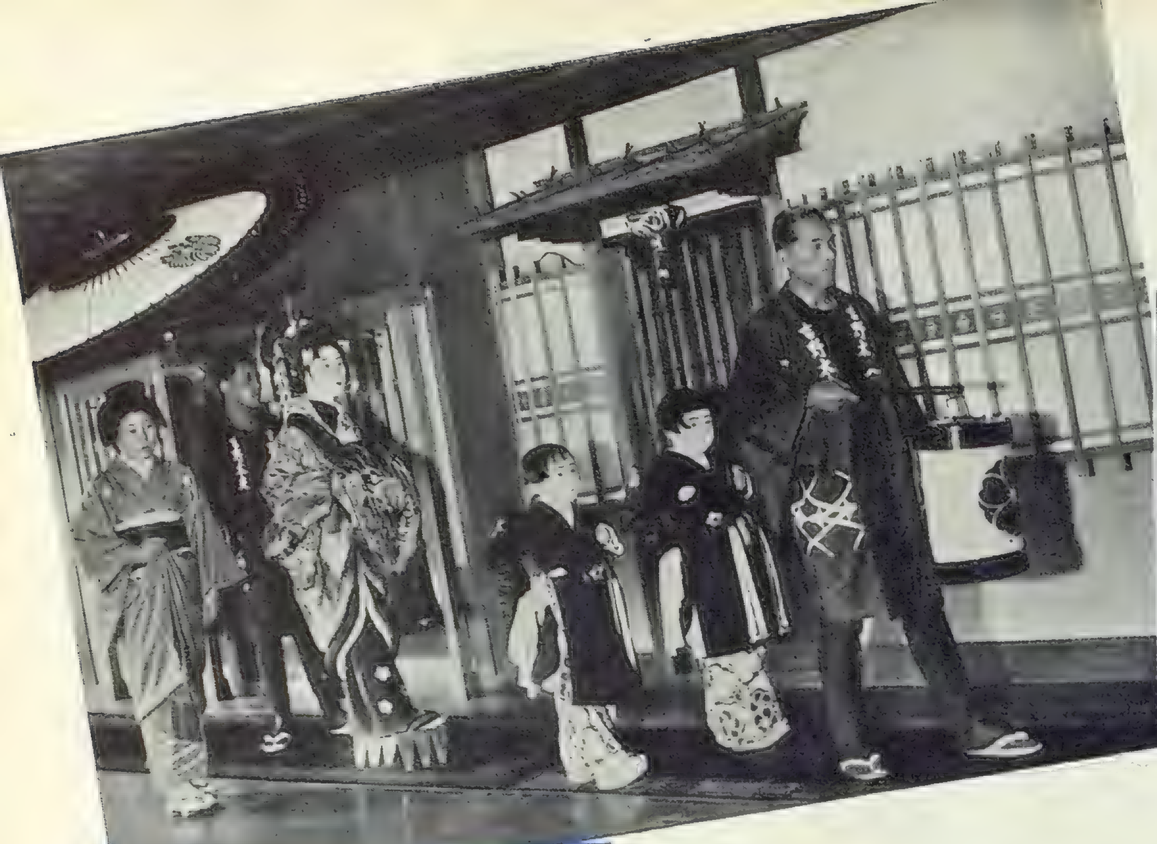
"Very well." Tosker got up. "I'll wait at the *dak* bungalow for word about that bridge until ten-thirty. You'd better plan to send your car for me at the same time. But I want that chit I mentioned before I leave this house."

"Get out of here!" repeated Craven.

Chuckling confidently, Tosker left the room.

Craven paced the floor for two minutes, then, as though all his energy had been spent, he dropped limply into his chair. He yanked out a drawer of his desk and stared down at a revolver lying there in its thin coating of grease. He slammed the drawer shut and stared through wide, unfocused eyes at a map of India on the wall opposite. A chameleon, running along the top bar of the map, halted, its head poised, stalking a mosquito. Craven picked up a pen, fingered it nervously, dipped it into ink, wrote furiously for a moment. He paused, read what he had written, tore the sheet of paper into bits, swept the scraps to the

(*Continued on page* 122)



A PROSPEROUS Geisha girl of Kioto attached to one of the best known houses of entertainment in the city enjoying a brief respite from her work attended by her diminutive service girl

(Left):
A GEISHA of the best class, accompanied by her retinue, on her way to a festival

Among the Dainty Geisha-Girls *of*

By Ignatius

A GEISHA practising a charming classic dance

THE "peacock parade" of Tokyo's night-life flows at dusk through the more opulent section of the Ginza—which is to say, on the west side of that splendid boulevard, between the Shimbashi and the Owari-cho. Here struts the *Mo-Bo*, or "jazz-boy," with his saucy hat, cigarette and shiny cane. Beside him glides his *Mo-Ga*, who is the female of the species. She is very "mod'n" in her Western dress: bobbed hair and glary make-up derived from the American movies; her ivory skin thickly rosed and blanched, and fierce vermilion smears on her eager lips.

The Ginza is ablaze with neon lights; it outshines even New York's Broadway at Forty-second Street. Skyscraper stores, lavish restaurants, cinemas and tea-houses seem to beckon to modish crowds now engaged in the evening *ginbura*: that new word is claimed by the students of Keio University, though a group of young artists in Koishikawa had a hand in it. "*Gin-bura*" implies the to-and-fro swing of a pendulum; and certainly to see and be seen is rich Tokyo's aim at this lovely hour.

One-*yen* taxis drop pleasure-seekers on the side-walk; limousines pull up opposite the Shiseido with prim matrons and pretty maids robed in soft kimonos of exquisite design and fabric. . . . A city of incredible contrasts is this one. An hour ago I strolled up the narrow, steep street of "native" shops called the Kagurazaka; it is close to the black and white watch-towers and pine-shaded bastions of the moated palace of an Emperor who has been declared a "Man-God" by Government decree. That part of Tokyo escaped the awesome earthquake of 1923; so the houses have kept their antique appeal, with carved *hinoki*-wood ceilings, paper windows open to the setting sun, and green-tiled roofs brightly laden with moss and grass, and blossomy weeds.

How wildly unlike this nook is the strident Ginza—a broad, blinding riot of crazy construction, with Tokyo's busy "Tube" or subway roaring under it to all parts. "English" signs shout at one from metallic shop-fronts. The elegant barber offers you "Head-Cuttings," dinner menus list "Soups Differently," and the *couturière* proclaims that "Foreign Ladies Has Fits Upstairs"!

Already we are in the Shiba-ku quarter, and turn in to eat in an austere hall much favoured by the Diplomatic Corps. In one part I see floral tables set out with stiffish chairs. Farther in, and slightly higher in level on the

(Right):
BEING instructed. A class of young girls taking a lesson from a tea-master, or professor of the "Cha-No-Yu," or tea-drinking ceremony, at Tokyo

Today's Japan

Phayre

tokonomo, are spread cool *tatami* mats and luxurious cushions, with low tripod trays for patrons who will slip off their shoes and "go native" for the evening.

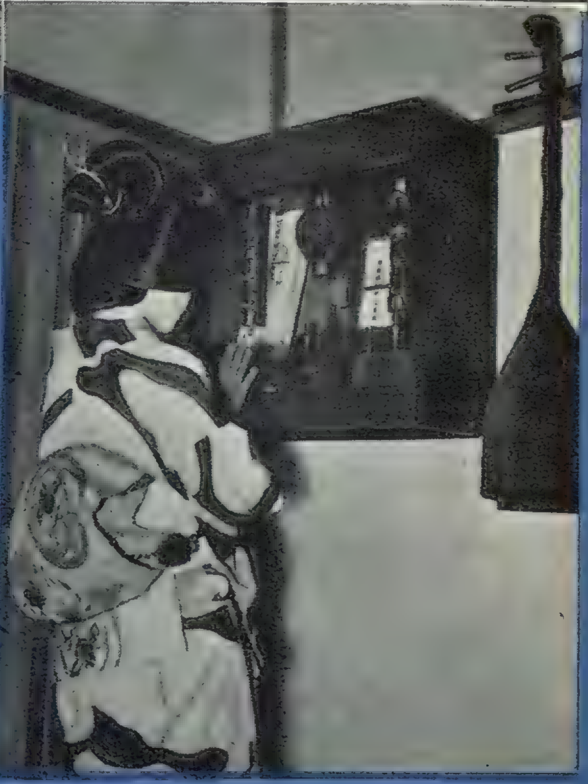
Reclining here upon padded arm-rests I meet notables like Toshio Shiratori, the present Minister to Sweden (he was a former "spokesman" of Tokyo's Foreign Office—the *Kasumi-ga-seki* or "Misty Barrier"); grave, bald Torikichi Obata, too, an ex-Ambassador to Berlin; Doichi Matsuda, Japan's envoy in Rome to-day, and slim, wiry Tokichi Tanaka, a former Ambassador in "Red" Moscow and now director of the *Chugai Shogyo Shimpo*, which is Japan's *Financial News* or *Wall Street Journal.*

European attachés are here also, with German bankers, Italians and Americans. All are intent upon exotic *plats* as they loll at ease, with lovely geisha kneeling before them to pour out heady rice-wine (*saké*) or chant poems to the low, sad notes of the *samisen*-lute.

Who are these bird-like geisha who despise the current craze for *yofuku*, or foreign dress, and are the essence of all that is exquisite in the subtle psyche of Japan? I can only compare them with the brilliant *hetæræ* of Athens, whose foremost figure was the peerless Phryne. She sat to Praxiteles himself as a model for his radiant Aphrodite. Her body's beauty broke down her accusing judges as well as the stern pose of the Areopagus, and confirmed the triumph of these Greek "geisha" over the common law.

"Four babies a minute" are born in Japan, where soil and resources are stoically poor. In that island-empire a farmer may be forced to raise a family of five on an acre and a half of land that yields only £35 a year. His sons can enter the fighting Services; but—as also in China—"mere" girls are a drug and a drag on the nation's economy. So hunger-hounded, debt-ridden peasants often "pawn" their unwanted daughters to moneylenders, who advance on them as little as £5 to £20. The average "pledge" is for three years; but never-solvent fathers find it easy to borrow a second time—and even a third!

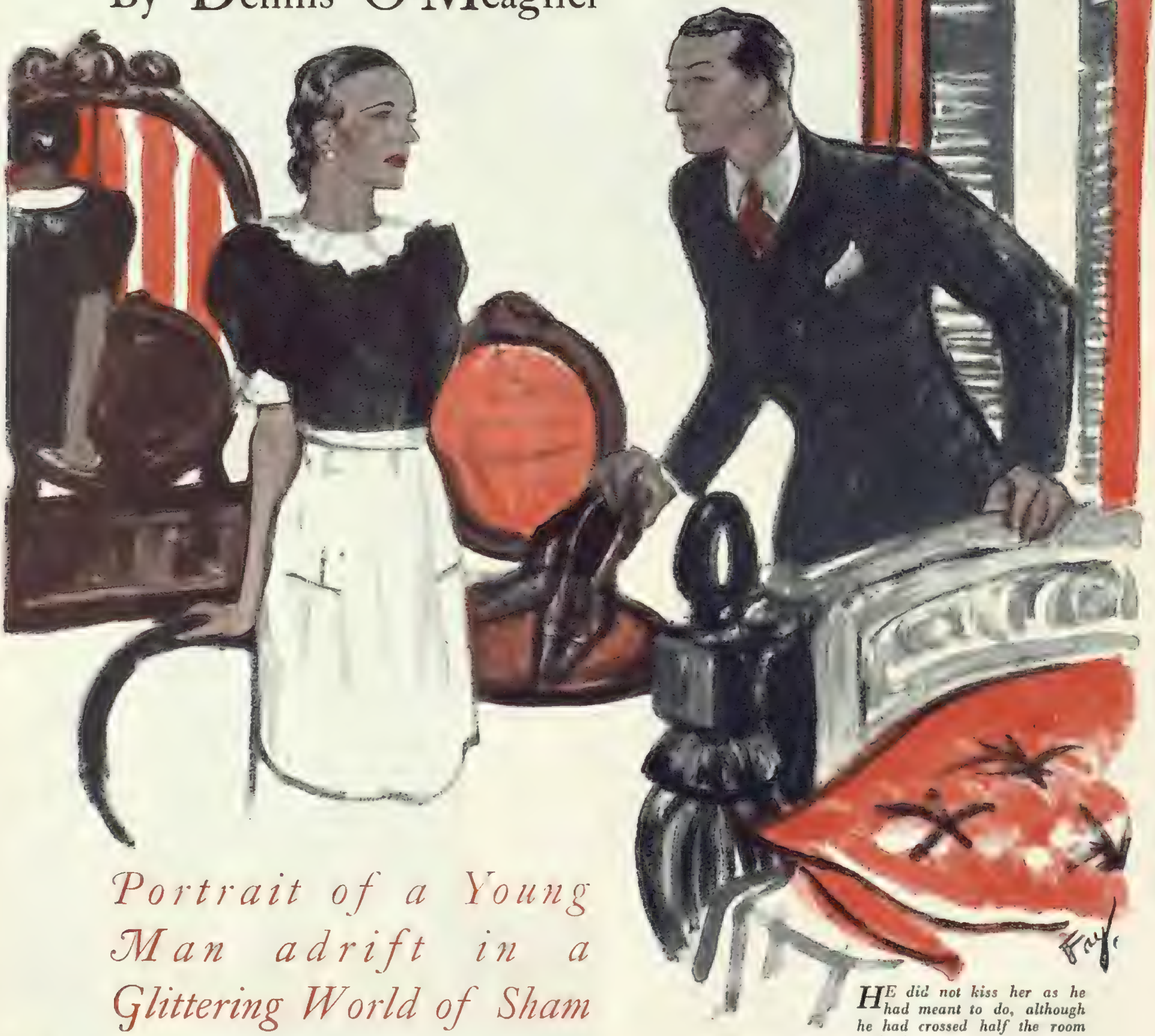
(*Continued on page* 92)



WORSHIPPING before her private shrine to the Fox-God, which is believed by the Geisha to bring good luck. (Below) Getting ready for the guests. Two young Geisha preparing bowls of saké

I am Naturally Not Suggesting . . .

By Dennis O'Meagher



Portrait of a Young Man adrift in a Glittering World of Sham

HE did not kiss her as he had meant to do, although he had crossed half the room and she appeared to be waiting. He picked up his shoes

YOU know the Mirador. She stands aloof and superb on her private hill, surrounded with fountains, palms, canna lilies, agapanthus and fuchsia, presenting a vast blue and white façade to the sky, the town, and the passing ships. When one mentions the Mirador, the Grand fades humbly into comparative insignificance. Likewise the Palace, the Splendide, the Majestic, and even the golden-domed Excelsior.

The Mirador has a monopoly over taxis, pigeon-shooting, the bathing beach, the casino and the *poules de luxe.* She also holds first option on the sun. The sun is her valet the minute he appears over that tremendous blue mountain that preserves Mentone for the English. While she opens her blue-shuttered eyes, bathed in his golden warmth, the pastel houses below are required to wait on in the shadows of the night. And his last rays linger upon her when he has run his course and is forced down reluctantly behind the Estorels.

Leo Bennett occupied but one small cell of this magnificent structure. One, that is, if you exclude the *cabinet de toilette*, whose plumbing, though beautiful, was unmentionably continental; and small only if you compared it with the Maharajah's suite next door. At least there was room in it for one enormous bed, two armchairs, and a canapé so deep, so wholly enticing, as to merit the appalling term

" slushious." Indeed, to go farther, the entire aspect of the room was slushious, with its walls of exotic magenta, its carpet thick and darkest blue, its fittings which glowed with that superiority of ancient gold instead of just looking like best brass.

In fairness to Leo, he never liked the room. But he had got used to it. It was in keeping with the wardrobe trunk, the neat row of treed shoes under the oak wardrobe, and especially with the gold-backed brushes, monogrammed, on the dressing-table. The brushes, be it said, were never used. Leo only wielded a comb. A tortoiseshell one, nevertheless. For no bristle yet discovered could possibly train, each in its meticulously appointed place, the dark, silky strands of Leo's hair.

Outside his window a cloud of mimosa whispered and shook. The wind came in, bringing its scent, deadly for hay fever, heavenly to those who escape out of the North. But Leo had lived too long in the South. Its subtle breath no longer greatly stirred him with its alluring freshness. He accepted it as he accepted the sunshine now descending upon the white town and the shimmering sea. Impersonally. The sea that in the morning started grey, like a pearl, as it was now, turning slowly into shades of deepening blue as the day wore on, then back through turquoise into grey again with a tinge of pink. But it always shimmered. Except when it was raining, and then it went jade. Which was not very often because the sun hardly ever ceased to shine.

Probably there are only about two things in life of which one can have a surfeit. Either very good, or very bad, weather. The other things—women, wine, food, music, and even hairdressers—crop up in such variety that one only requires a tenth the intelligence of a will-o'-the-wisp to escape engorgement. It was the height of the winter season, and Leo longed for rain, but not here. It did not interest him that hotel proprietors rubbed their hands at the exceptional spell and prayed for it to lure Englishmen hither despite the rates of exchange. February. And for weeks Leo had almost pined for England. Once there, he imagined himself getting a new deal.

He pictured a pall of mist rising over the river. Trams clanging across the bridges with lights going strong. Hooting tugs. Wet pavements. Rotten coffee, but hot tea and bacon and eggs; smuts and the drone of traffic and Cockney voices; darts, and draught bitter, and steak pudding; fires that grilled one's buttocks while one chafed one's hands with the cold; and a job.

A job among clerks, nerveless typewriters and the perpetual shrill voices of office boys. The stale old jokes mercifully interlarded with new ones; steam from drying mackintoshes; the new typist; the office sweep on the " National "; and pay! Regular weekly pay!

Leo woke up and stared across the mimosa, across the blue-green sheen of Scotch firs and the now amethyst bay. " Anyhow," he voiced the thought, " who the hell cares for salvation ? " It was as well to be philosophical.

Something continued to gnaw for a considerable time after he had dismissed the main idea. He had crossed too many bridges, burned too many boats, not to know what it was. Well, whither now ? He supposed, anywhere. His imagination cast about for fresh horizons and found them. He was still only thirty. Then his mind snapped back like elastic. He felt a mill-stone around his neck—at all events, an excuse to himself for staying on. He sighed. If it weren't for that damn hotel bill!

He sat hunched on the edge of the bed, ruefully examining a shirt. It had been a very good shirt. In spite of the debilitating effect of many launderings, it was still a delicate shade of blue. In the days when nobody had even remotely foreseen a financial crisis it had cost much money. His eye was baleful. He had a dreadful misgiving that he, too, was beginning to show traces of wear and tear. Daily the struggle to live became more and more of a strain.

His breakfast arrived on a tray borne by a small Provençal servant. She said *Bonjour* and the word *monsieur* was like a soft caress.

"*Ma petite*"—he thrust the garment under her brown eyes—" what can one do about such tragic cuffs ? "

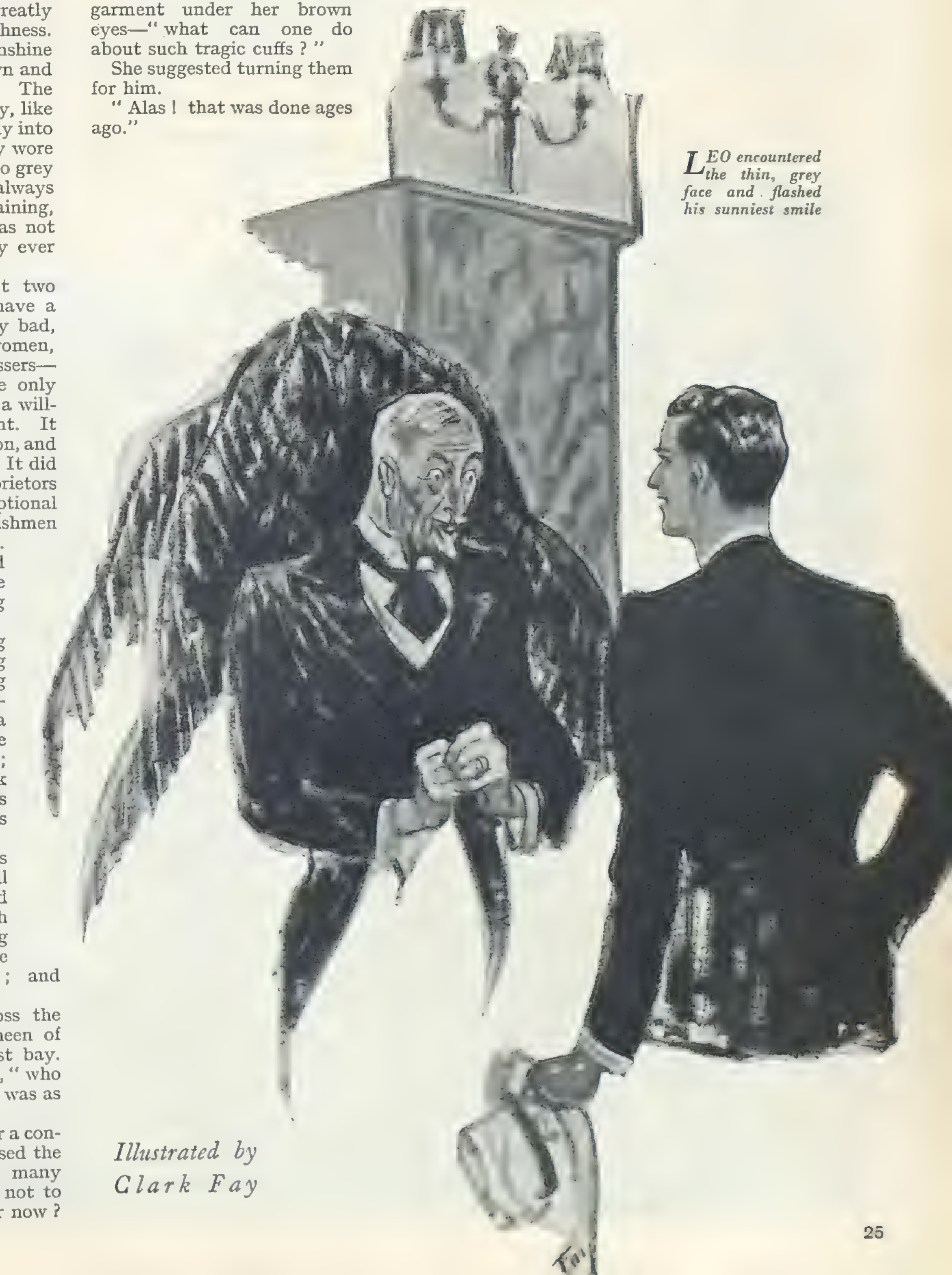
She suggested turning them for him.

" Alas! that was done ages ago."

Memory stabbed. It was like picking up a biography read before, but only half remembered. He laughed at the seeming absurdity of connecting Leo Bennett in that life with Leo Bennett to-day. The only tangible link between the two, in fact, was the shirt. It was like the tattered remnant of a once all-conquering banner. It reminded him, with the dull ache such trophies inspire, of the triumphs, adventures and indolent excitements of those far-off times.

The girl put down the tray and bent close to him. She smiled helpfully. " I will pass them first in starch then iron the ends inside." Her fingers brushed lightly against his as she took the shirt from him. " It is just what I have already done for the poor Sir John."

She was more than mere *femme de chambre* in these days, Céline. She was *petite mère*, quite self-appointed, to all the baronets and bankers stranded on this azure coast by the peak tide of fortune.



LEO encountered the thin, grey face and flashed his sunniest smile

Illustrated by Clark Fay

She shook her head wistfully. "*Une si belle chemise*—it would be a thousand pities to throw it away."

"Golly, child, you're right!"

He had a sentimental attachment for it apart from its being his only clean shirt. It was the sole survivor of the dozen Helen Ginsbourg had given him before her departure, Reno-bound, to shed her second husband. She had intended them to be a sort of *gage d'amour,* fully as significant as platinum and diamonds. Darling Helen. So ardently resolved to erase the Ginsbourg stigma for ever from her passport. And even she, finding the crisis too acute and alimony too uncertain, had broken faith with him. From this very room they had looked out together, made their vows and turned their money over to the new moon. A ridiculous moon, it was, a tiny sliver of orange peel suspended in the vivid wash of the sunset. Far too frail a moon to bring any but the most transient good fortune. It had been transient enough.

It was amazing, Leo reflected, how the general débacle had tended to keep the home fires burning. But it was poor fun for the snake in the grass. *Enfin,* one must realise that bread and butter comes first in life, that temptation only begins after supper.

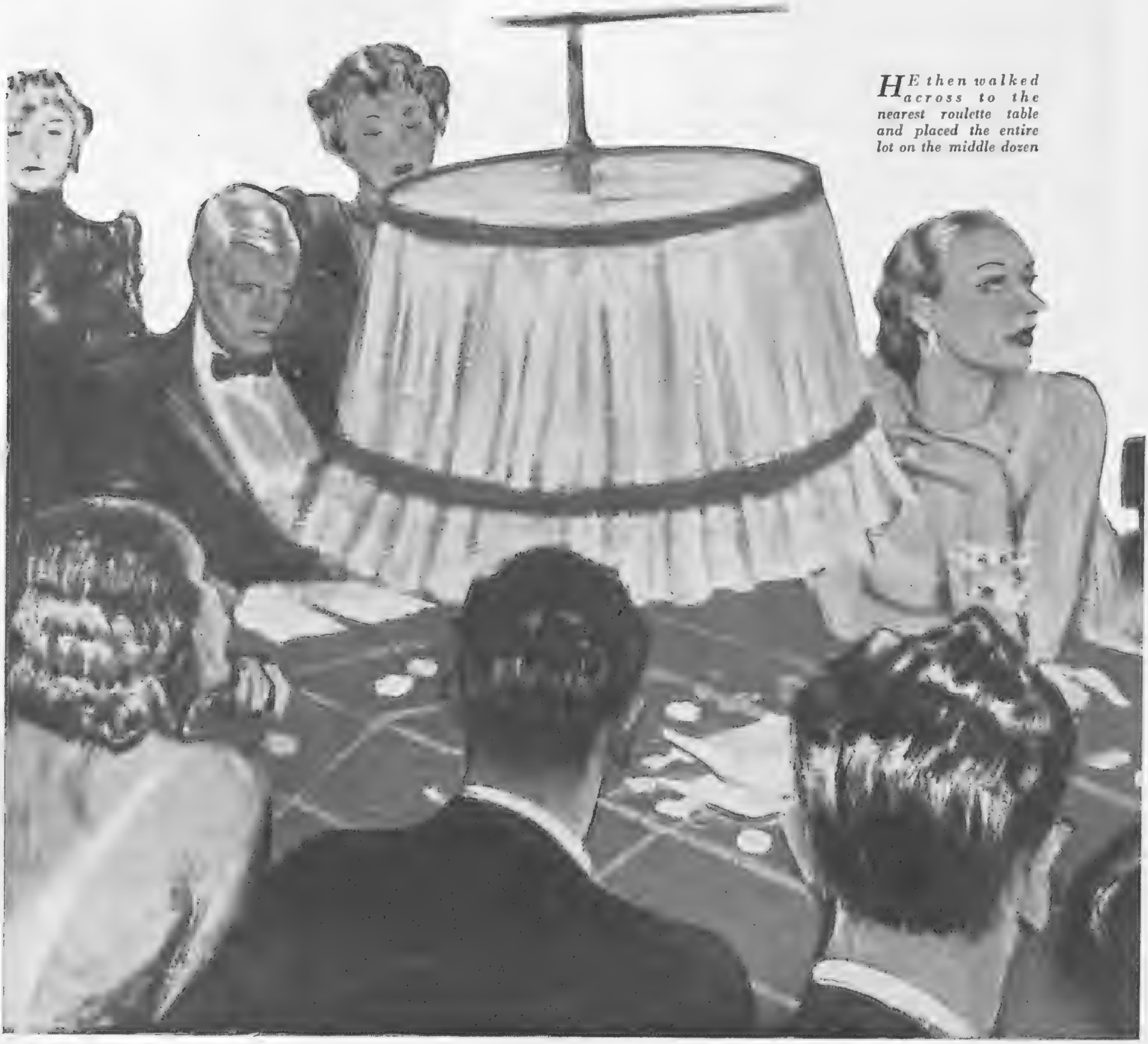
Following the custom of the French, he dipped his *croissant* into the coffee and adroitly conveyed it, dripping, to his mouth. Céline took in his long, lean frame, his dark tousled head, and watched with a half-maternal smile.

Yes, he was successful with women. That touch about the snake in the grass, though, was mostly youthful conceit. To imagine a Satanic impulse in one's love affairs, however trivial, is like putting absinthe in a cocktail, and pardonable in most of us. Actually, Leo was probably more sparrow-like than serpentine. That is to say, nimble enough to pick a living out of the palm—without being caught in the clutch—of circumstance. Content, according to what came to hand, to feather his nest lavishly or modestly.

Knowing this was where numbers of people made their mistake about him. You could not precisely call him either a gigolo or an adventurer. He was difficult to tab down and classify because he conformed to no special set of rules or standards. People who make a fetish of classification found themselves mildly embarrassed about introducing him to their friends. Leo let them down. Who is he? What does he *do*? My dear, how frightfully disappointing. I thought you *always* made a point of knowing.

His breeding showed in his hands, his rather sensitive mouth, his voice, and the way he walked into a room. He allowed himself occasions in which to show his intelligence as well. At times it was slightly slick, like some colonials. One gathered from his conversation that he had flown aeroplanes once upon a time, and he might also have been in the show business. Up to the time Gascoigne sold his stables at Cagnes, he used to ride, and ride uncommonly well. This bore out the rumour—or was it a statement of his own?—that he had broncho-busted, or whatever the word is, on an estancia in Brazil.

As to his means of livelihood, some maintained he had money, and others said he hadn't a bean. The point re-



HE then walked across to the nearest roulette table and placed the entire lot on the middle dozen mains that he managed to go everywhere and do everything—always with the best people. That is, until the paralysis hit the coast. But then, everyone had to pull in their horns, so it was not noticeable. He continued to stay on, nevertheless, at the Mirador long after others had gone scurrying into *pensions de famille*.

The word *négociant*, I think, fits him as well as any. It is a tighter word than "agent"—a title, in fact, requiring no qualifying noun. You must have seen those brass or enamel plates stuck up between the *porte-cochère* and the concierge's lodge: Alphonse Dubois, for instance, sixth floor, who declares himself *négociant* in coal, real estate, *rentes viagères* (whatever they may be), jewellery, corsetry, insurance and mines. First and foremost, mark you, Monsieur Dubois is a *négociant*. But, like Mr. Bennett, he can add to his activities as opportunity occurs.

People found themselves almost automatically going to Leo when they wanted to buy villas, sell their pearls, or put up a baccarat bank. And Leo would take suave, intelligent control. In moments of stress his card invariably invoked the services of the best lawyer, the chief of police, or the best doctor, according to the nature of the trouble. In other words, he always made himself extremely useful, and with an equal amount of tact he converted gratitude into something of more tangible benefit to himself.

Céline had worked a miracle upon the cuffs. He donned the shirt after he had tubbed and shaved. She came in again and began putting away his evening clothes. It was the valet's job, really, and strictly against the hotel regulations. But still——

"Last night, you have won ?"

"I lost."

He caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror as he arranged his tie.

"And—this new lady ?"

She had picked a small handkerchief from the floor.

"Stupidly enough, my little one, we both lost."

"Ah!" She shook her small dark head from side to side. "I think last night you have drunk some things, yes ?"

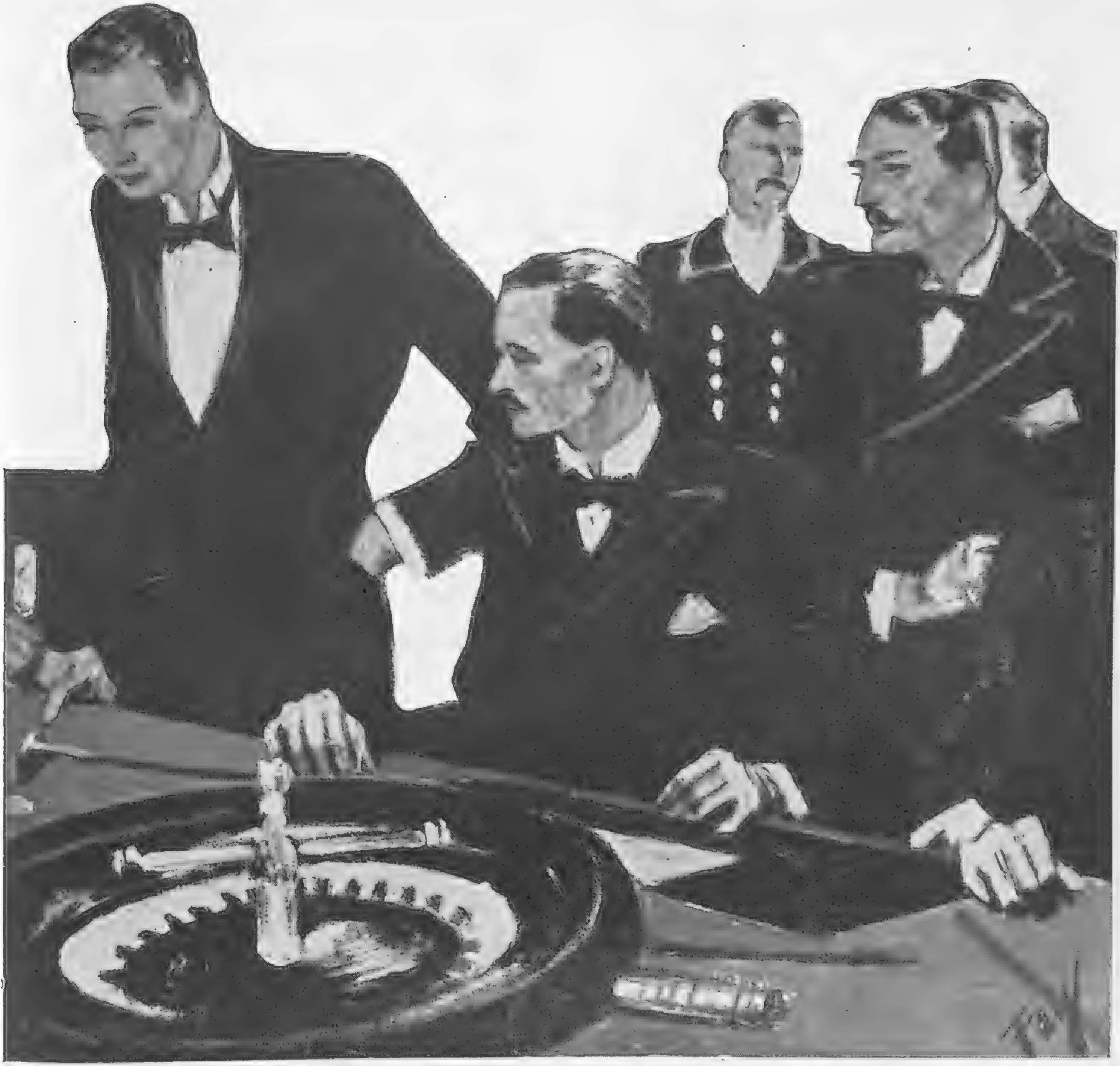
Leo smiled. "Several things."

She regarded him pensively, then said with great solemnity: "You know it makes me 'ver sad to see you t'row your monnay away like that ?"

Leo shrugged and said nothing. She sniffed the handkerchief meditatively. "It is a sweet *parfum*." Quite ungrudgingly she said it. For the hundredth time Leo was astonished at her lack of bitterness, of resentment. In this hotel were people wallowing in everything the material heart could desire, and she was content to serve them, look after them, without a pang of envy.

A warm acquisitive wave suddenly broke over him. For a moment he was completely carried away. Lord, what a wife she would make! This time a house added itself to his dream of bacon and eggs. Nothing toy and suburban, however, but one of those small, expensive houses in Chelsea. Like that one of Carlyle's. Fog outside, warm inside, green carpets and black oak panelling, the smell of good roast mutton, and this brown child to remind him of the sun.

Then from the (*Continued on page* 114)



Is there something effective for removing hair?

AN INVITATION

Painful Sunburn

1 A sticky salve—Red Indian remedy—soothes instantly and removes all trace of burn within eight hours.

Leaves no sun-scar, and clears blistered shoulders, foreheads, noses and baldheads, overnight. It is inexpensive, and should be in every woman's beach-bag.

Scanty Eyelashes

2 These can be *grown* with *make-up.* Streak your lids with the right herbal-oil and give yourself captivating eye-shadow, longer, stronger lashes, ever-smooth lids.

And remember that oil catches any dust that is going and stops it from entering the eye.

Weather-beaten Hands

3 There is a lotion which turns the horny hand of toil into a lotus-petal—*even while it dries.*

You can pass straight from housework to receiving guests with confident, pale hands.

Another lotion, applied at night, will draw out all inflammation from tired swollen hands—whatever the cause—reduce, refine and whiten them.

Overweight?

4 Drink a tonic tea. Six weeks of this tea-drinking—7s. 6d.—has reduced women known to the staff of this magazine by over a stone. It does not enervate, but invigorates. It is safe for the most delicate; simple and health-giving.

Or, if you prefer, spray away your adipose tissue. Twenty minutes in a tingling foam-bath will take off three to six pounds and will not fail to exhilarate.

And a certain powder in your home-bath will slip away with two pounds every time.

Hairy Legs

5 One special eradicating treatment undertakes to keep limbs silk-smooth for the entire bathing season—or six months.

Ultra-sensitive Skins

6 If your skin is easily roughened, blotched or infected, there is a delightfully cool astringent make-up-foundation lotion which acts as an absolute preventive against *outside infection.* Keeps the face feeling and looking fresh, clean and smooth all day. No word for it but first-class.

Hairy Face

7 Try a dermal treatment which consists of a lotion, balsam, cream and powder.

Or, if you would rather compromise, use a specially prepared bleach which renders a fine growth inconspicuous.

Crepy Necks

8 Many necks are mere relics.

Now, why? When four days' application of a balsam combining herbal and glandular extracts will re-form the most derelict case. One week will rebuild. A fortnight will say good-bye to salt-cellars, ridges, pouches, and crinkles.

Tired Feet

9 These will want to be up and doing once they've been energised by a *radio-active* rinse. This rinse is for those who over-work their feet indoors.

For those about to hike: footsoles should be wiped with a handkerchief drenched in Eastern essences, before setting out, and again at journey's end. Using this, fatigue evaporates. No stiffness torments the next day.

Breaking Nails

10 Varnish dries the nails and makes them brittle. To counteract this, preserve the nail by placing a special colourless enamel just under the varnish.

For very bad cases, rub a cream over the finger-tips at night; this always prevents breaks.

Hollow Eyes and Cheeks

11 A vitamin-charged skin-food, distilled from the juices of one of our most refreshing fruits, will soon revitalise and re-contour a tired face.

A strawberry paste acts like a cocktail on the cheeks. Finger-tip it on and leave for twenty minutes. You'll notice the uplift.

A tropical water-lily mask will see you radiantly through special occasions. Spread it evenly over your neck and face. Leave it and lie down for forty minutes: close your eyes and be rejuvenated.

Dyed Eyebrows and Lashes

12 These are advisable for swimmers, tennis, and sportswomen generally. A reliable dye can be obtained in any colour to suit type or make-up. It is fast for a fortnight, harmless to lashes, becoming.

Ever-Red Lipstick

13 It's the acid in the system that turns your lipstick blue after a while. To-day, a stick has been produced that stays constant. It is *non-absorbent,* and can be as vivid or as faint as you please, according to the thickness with which it is put on.

Corns

14 How odd to retain them when a draught from a field-root, dropped on to a cotton-wool pad and strapped over the corn, pulls it out and prevents its recurrence.

my nails are breaking badly,

I have a slight down on my face.

I cannot make powder adhere to my nose.

For years I have suffered from acne,

By every mail they pour in, these and similar questions. So we decided to deal with them all together this way. First we listed the beauty problems that seem the most pressing and general. Then we solved them, drawing from our own experience and knowledge and rounding up the beauty salons for the latest news and ideas. If your particular trouble is among them, write for fuller particulars—too long to be detailed here—to Chrysis, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. We will reply by return

Freckles

15 A cream has recently been devised—the work of many years' research—which cuts out the freckle-making rays of the sun.

This cream is the foundation of a waterproof make-up. Protection is absolute, freckling impossible.

Dandruff

16 A new form of shampoo can be brushed into the head between washes to freshen and clear the scalp. It stimulates beyond words.

Another form of the same shampoo is for washing and contains vitamin F, which disposes of dandruff. This can be had with henna or camomile in addition, should brightening be required.

If You Perspire

17 Perspiration discomfort will be relieved immediately by a powder which absorbs moisture, but does not clog the pores. Its ingredients are not perfumed, yet they keep the body smelling sweet.

If you suffer especially under the arms, doctors recommend a liquid that drives the heat concentration away from those parts and distributes it evenly over the body. This liquid neither harms nor stains, but *saves* clothes.

If hot feet are your trouble, a chemically prepared powder sifted into the stockings alleviates and deodorises, and is all that is comforting and comfortable.

Grey Hairs

18 Colour can be brought back by a lotion containing the pigment-restoring properties found in tree-bark. This also restores life to weak hair.

Clammy Hands

19 You can cure these by an astringent which keeps the palm dry and hand-clasp cool. It is delightful to use.

Halitosis

20 No self-consciousness, please. There is a delicious mouth-wash to give you a pleasant taste and make you as pleasing as anyone to speak to. And that's all about it.

To Conceal Facial Disfigurements

21 You are saved if you can cover these by a flesh-tinted film through which no blemish can be discerned. Powder and make-up go on over it. This preparation hides spots, scars—of any dimension—and scratches.

To Dispel Scars and Brown Marks

22 A preparation painted over these at night will draw out any pigmentation. To be used three times a week: discoloration from the most obstinate scar will vanish after six weeks' treatment of "night-mask" and complementary skin-food.

This also deals with acidity, and is the way to obtain a flawless complexion.

Lack-Lustre Hair

23 Instead of a soap-wash, massage the head and towel-foment in a cream compiled from glandular extracts. Then rinse out.

Silky-suppleness will have come back to hair that has been over-permed or bleached, and grown harsh and dry. A lovely rippling set will be obtained.

This cream reconditions the scalp, nourishes the follicles and fosters thick growth. There is nothing like it for swift results.

Rough Elbows? Red Arms?

24 These are due to a deficiency in certain oils in cells under the skin. A balm, patted in any time, will beautify and blanch while it re-tones these cells and starts them producing *oil*.

And when you are doing nothing at home, sit with two lemon halves on your elbows. They keep there by suction. They whiten and soften.

Puffy Eyes

25 A herbal sachet cut to the shape of the eye, wrung out in hot water, and held in place round the eye by a clever strap, will take away bags or shadows.

A finger-print of muscle-oil and astringent will then contract any loose skin so that there is no wrinkling.

Acne, Pimples?

26 Sulphur was grandmamma's remedy. Harley Street specialists have returned to it. A firm of chemists have bought the leading skin-specialist's sulphur formula for a pill, a soap and a cream. With these focused on the spot, no spot remains.

Severe acne cases are often due to individual poisoning. If you think your case is one of these, send in full particulars. They will be diagnosed, then treatment will be prescribed, which is easy to follow, has strong medical recommendations and has never been known to fail. Tested and proved.

Looking Haggard

27 After a long day at the office or a long rail-journey, you need a physical, mental and spiritual stimulant.

But you may only have three minutes in which to stimulate.

On such occasions, use a fragrant herb-wash, the quintessence of flowers. The scent will transport you, the essences transform you, so that your face looks quite reasonable without any make-up on at all. And simply blooms under a hint of powder or rouge.

HOLIDAYS

Holidays are the greatest hazard in the world. Destined for the refreshment of the human mind, the rejuvenation of the human body, and the soothing of overwrought nerves, they engender family quarrels and break firm friendships just as naturally as sparks fly upwards.

Right through the year they hover on the horizon, so deceptively bright in the distance, waiting as they draw near to turn peaceful discussions into raging arguments. They are, in fact, a perpetual monument to the hope that springs eternal.

And all because we sacrifice the bright pictures of our anticipation to the easy slackness of procrastination; because we persuade ourselves that sentimentality is a worthy substitute for similarity of tastes.

No amount of sunshine will counteract the depressing effect of a gloomy companion: so there is only one thing to be done.

From the very beginning, be frankly selfish. Make up your mind what you want to do, and go to it. Maybe you won't be too popular at first, but at least you and your companions will not have to keep up a miserable pretence that is infinitely more wearing than one sharp difference of opinion.

It is pretty certain that nobody wants to spend three weeks or so with a martyr. Better, if necessary, all to go your different ways, returning full of new enthusiasms, new ideas, new interest.

We will take it that you who read this are a wife, and that you have earned a holiday; that your husband has, and the children too, for that matter. He is probably longing for peace and quietness after the rush and worry of city life. You are pining for a little excitement after the humdrum weeks, one so like another, of ordering meals and driving to the station and looking after clothes.

The children want to go camping, to run wild on a farm, or to romp all day long on golden sands. If you have already given them the best gift they can have—a sturdy independence—they will be easy, for they won't mind whom they are with so long as they have companions of their own age and somebody to see that they feed when they are hungry and sleep when they are tired.

The only insurmountable difficulties about their holidays are the ones you build up yourself.

If you are lucky you may be able to find a place where your husband can play golf or fish and drink his glass of beer, where you can find gay and stimulating people and parade some new clothes, and where the children can run wild. That depends largely on your ingenuity and the strength of your inclination.

If you cannot, why not each choose the place that you like best? After all, why should anybody feel hurt because, for three weeks or so in a whole year, everybody wants to be an individual, and not just part of a family?

It is stimulating to stand alone sometimes, just as it is dangerous to merge too closely into one's background. It is grand to be a person, and not just one of a crowd who know you so well that a look from them can deflate you when you feel yourself rising to dizzy heights.

It may be that the strings of your life are woven so closely with those of your husband and children that you cannot visualise any happiness away from them. Then it is up to you to be sure that they feel the same way. It isn't strange, it isn't sad that youth calls to youth, and there is no need to search for the beginning of tragedy if your husband longs sometimes to be a man among men.

Why not call a Round Table Conference, find out what everybody wants to do, and try to make it possible for them all to have their own way without having to suffer any pricks of conscience?

And if you happen to be odd man

(*Continued on page 82*)

Old Tales Re-told

MASANIELLO : *Lord of the Lazzaroni*

Written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

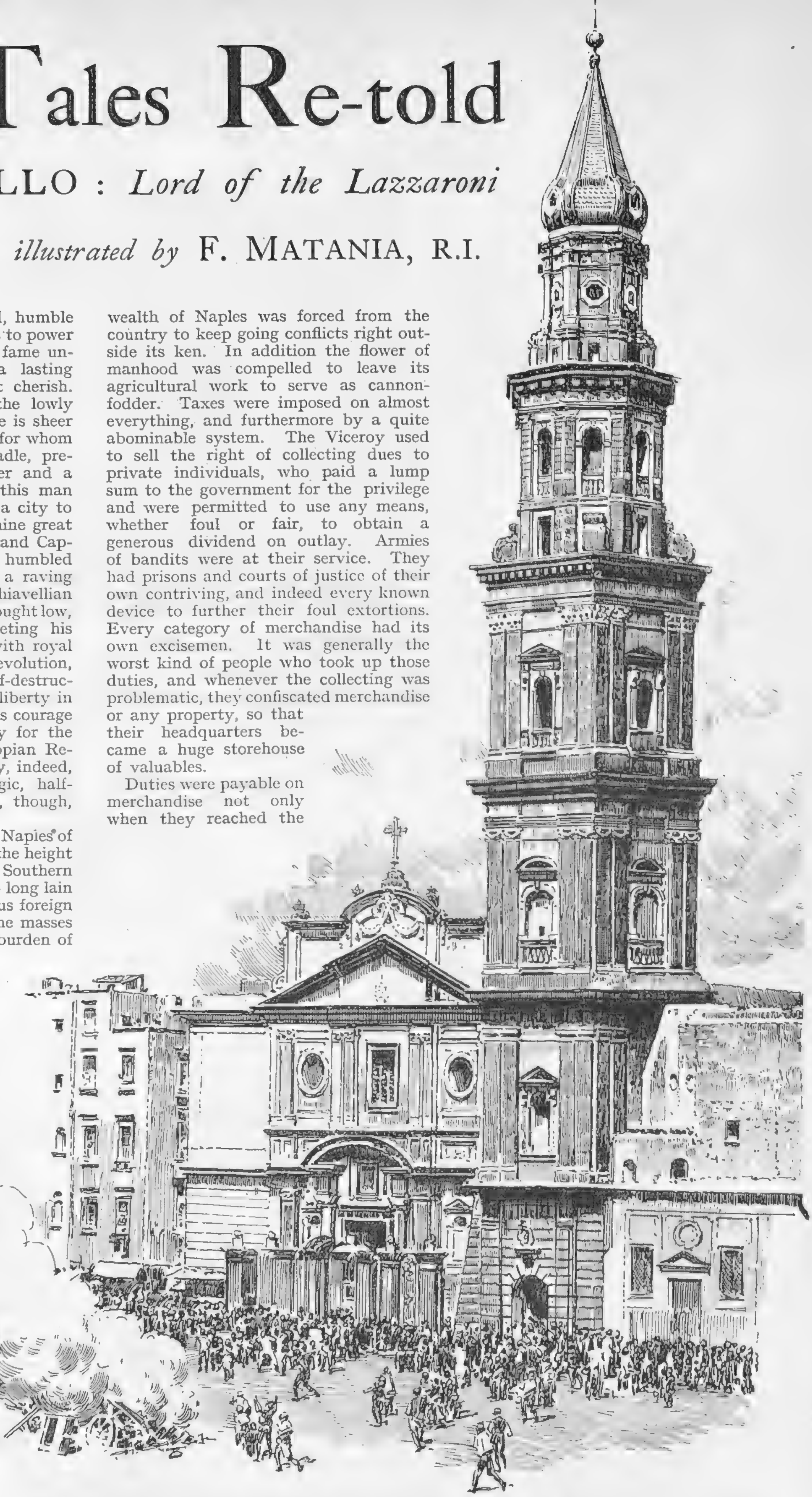
IN every age, in every land, humble men have scaled the heights to power and greatness, achieving a fame undreamt of and leaving a lasting memory that the world might cherish. Such a one was Masaniello, the lowly Neapolitan fisherman, and there is sheer drama in the story of this man for whom a monk, seeing him in his cradle, predicted more than kingly power and a dominion brief but glorious; this man into whose hands chance gave a city to do with as he would, who for nine great days was lord of the lazzaroni and Captain-General of the people, who humbled the power of Spain, who died a raving madman partly through the Machiavellian cunning of the Viceroy he had brought low, and who at length, after meeting his terrible end, was laid to rest with royal splendour, a very hero of the revolution, triumphant in the midst of self-destruction, having struck a blow for liberty in an age of oppression, and, by his courage and perception, paved the way for the gallant but ill-starred Parthenopian Republic of later days. In history, indeed, Masaniello remains a half-tragic, half-glorious figure, wholly human, though, and wholly unforgettable.

The story has its setting in the Naples of the mid-seventeenth century, at the height of the Spanish domination of Southern Italy's fair city, which had for so long lain beneath the yoke of unscrupulous foreign powers, ever ready to exploit the masses and to add still further to the burden of their taxes.

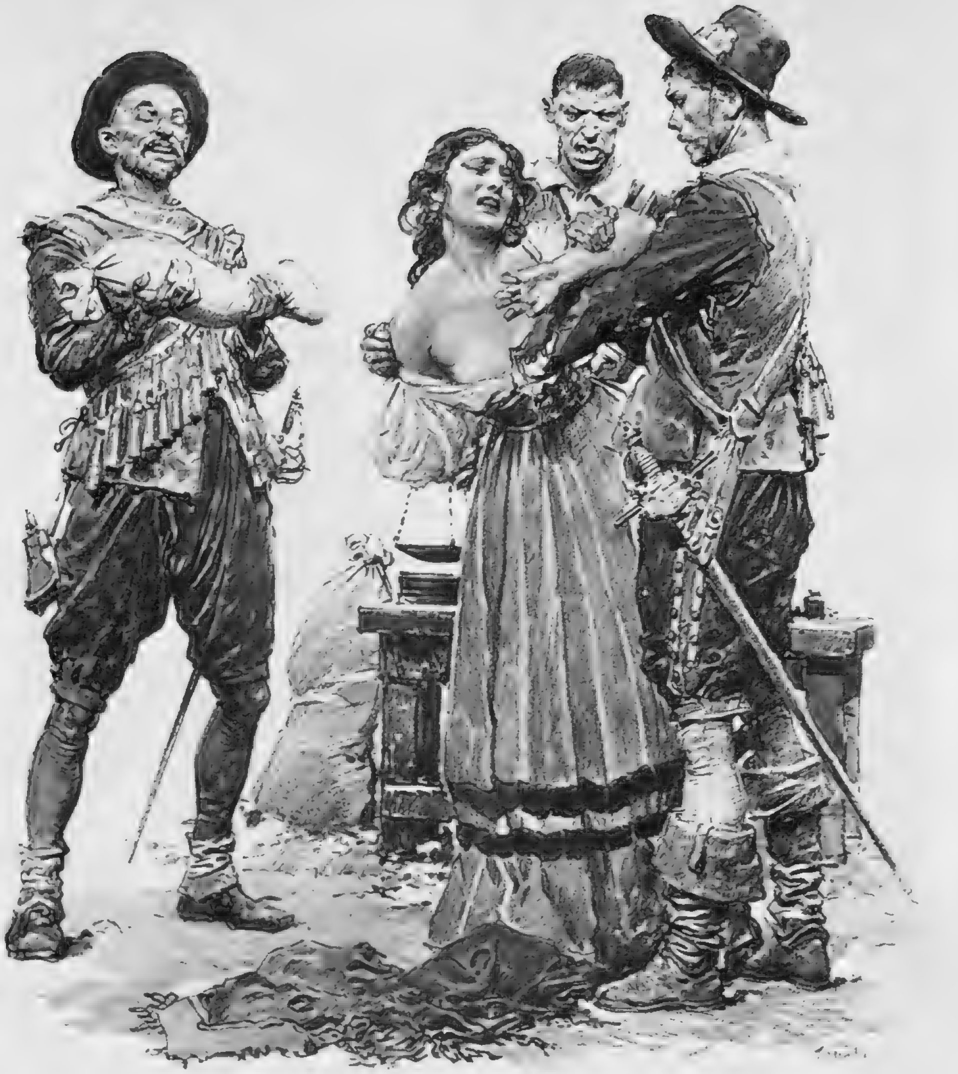
At this time at the head of the government of Naples, and acting on behalf of his Most Catholic Majesty King Philip IV of Spain, was a Spanish viceroy. The people were divided in three categories—the nobles, the middle classes and the lower classes or lazzaroni. The last, in spite of being more numerous than the other two classes together, had only one representative, whilst the others between them had five. Thus it was that in all deliberations the lazzaroni were outnumbered, in consequence of which the poor were left no chance whatsoever of obtaining any recognition of their rights and if their representative as was often the case, happened to be a man inclined towards bribery, conditions were even more appalling.

The king, in Madrid, was sustaining several costly wars, and was incessantly demanding money from the Neapolitans, so that the wealth of Naples was forced from the country to keep going conflicts right outside its ken. In addition the flower of manhood was compelled to leave its agricultural work to serve as cannon-fodder. Taxes were imposed on almost everything, and furthermore by a quite abominable system. The Viceroy used to sell the right of collecting dues to private individuals, who paid a lump sum to the government for the privilege and were permitted to use any means, whether foul or fair, to obtain a generous dividend on outlay. Armies of bandits were at their service. They had prisons and courts of justice of their own contriving, and indeed every known device to further their foul extortions. Every category of merchandise had its own excisemen. It was generally the worst kind of people who took up those duties, and whenever the collecting was problematic, they confiscated merchandise or any property, so that their headquarters became a huge storehouse of valuables.

Duties were payable on merchandise not only when they reached the



Masaniello's men burning the goods of the wealthy outside the church of St. Maria del Carmine at Naples



Without any sense of decency Masaniello's wife was stripped and searched

frontier of Neapolitan territory, but at the gates of every important town. Thus it happened that two yards outside the limits of a town, an article cost half the price that it cost two yards within, and many poor people, hoping to be allowed to pass tax free with small quantities of goods, were wont to go shopping outside the urban limits.

It was at one of the Neapolitan gates that one day a young woman, presumably with a baby in her arms, aroused the suspicion of the guards. The baby was snatched from her, and it turned out to be a stocking filled with flour.

Without any sense of decency, the woman was stripped, searched, and taken to a prison kept by Giovanni Ferizia, exciseman of flour and corn. The name of the smuggler was Bernardina d'Amalfi. When the news was brought to her husband, a young fisherman in extremely poor circumstances, he rushed to the prison and in vain sought his wife's liberation. But Ferizia had sentenced Bernardina to a fine of 100 crowns, to raise which her husband was obliged to sell everything he possessed, to borrow everything he could, and even to beg in the streets. He took eight days to raise the exorbitant ransom. As at long last he was escorting his wife away from the nightmare of her prison, he said: "I swear on the Madonna del Carmine that, as true as my name is Masaniello d'Amalfi, I will take revenge on these robbers."

With his mother and sister, Masaniello lived in a little house just on the corner of the Piazza Mercato (Market Place), one of the old squares of Naples still almost intact up to this very day. Masaniello had all the characteristics of the classic type of Neapolitan. Extremely bright, full of imagination and of an amazing loquaciousness, physically very strong and agile, he was the leader of a body of young lads trained by him for a sports display that took place once every year in the Piazza Mercato.

Embittered by the injustice perpetrated upon him, Masaniello began to encourage his pupils to revolt against taxation. He made them cry his motto all through the neighbouring streets, which, in effect, was the old, old cry of "No Taxation without Representation."

Some of the rebels were so young that they could be neither arrested nor punished, but they were strong enough to broadcast the tempting words that found so much silent response in the hearts of the suffering populace.

Soon, a fresh demand on the part of the Viceroy produced a new tax. This time it was on fruit, the only untaxed food left to the Neapolitans. The blow was terrible. Cartloads of fruit were abandoned outside the walls of Naples by vendors unable to pay the tax. The huge Piazza crowded with people was one chorus of cries of despair. Arguments and quarrels were taking place all round the custom-house in the middle of the square.

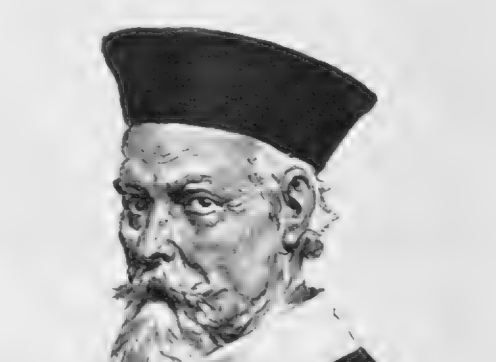
A few days before, for the very same reason, a revolution had broken out in Palermo, and the authorities of Naples, fearing that the Neapolitans would follow that example, besides doubling their guards, had sent to the Piazza Mercato the representative of the people, hoping that by his presence he could command respect and obedience. In fact, he was there threatening a severe flogging to a man who had brought in a load of fresh figs. The man was trying to argue that the duty that he had to pay compared with the price that he could get left him not a farthing of profit. Suddenly he shouted: "Well, if I must have no profit, I prefer to give it for nothing. Come on boys, take them all!" and in saying so he threw his baskets to the crowd. One of the foremost boys was Masaniello. He took a handful of fresh figs and flung them in the face of the representative of the people, shouting: "No duties, no taxes, long live the King of Spain, down with the Government!"

The scene that followed beggared description. The custom-house was attacked from every side. Very few guards escaped unhurt, the authorities were pelted with fruit, and then with stones, until forced to retire.

The custom-house contained a large amount of furniture seized from the people in place of money. It was set on fire, and in a short while the flames outstripped the highest building in the square. This happened on the morning of July 7, 1647.

From the little window on the first floor overlooking the Piazza, Bernardina, Masaniello's wife, her heart palpitating with fear and anxiety, saw her husband jump on to a wooden platform left behind by some jugglers. From there he addressed the populace. He had not only the voice, but also the born orator's rhetorical power, so that invariably he inflamed all who heard him, winning them to his cause. From that day the platform became the place from which he delivered all his speeches.

Whilst this pandemonium was going on, the Viceroy of Naples, the Duke of Arcos, received a messenger, who gave him the news of the insurrection, adding the alarming tidings that an immense



Julius Genorino

crowd, led by a young fisherman, was coming towards the Palace. The Viceroy had barely the time to realise the gravity of the position, before the square in front of the Palace was filled with people shouting for him to come out.

The Duke was a man of experience. Cold, calculating and crafty, his policy had always been to face his opponents with a friendly smile, and then, as soon as the chance came, to strike suddenly, unexpectedly, and by the darkest ways.

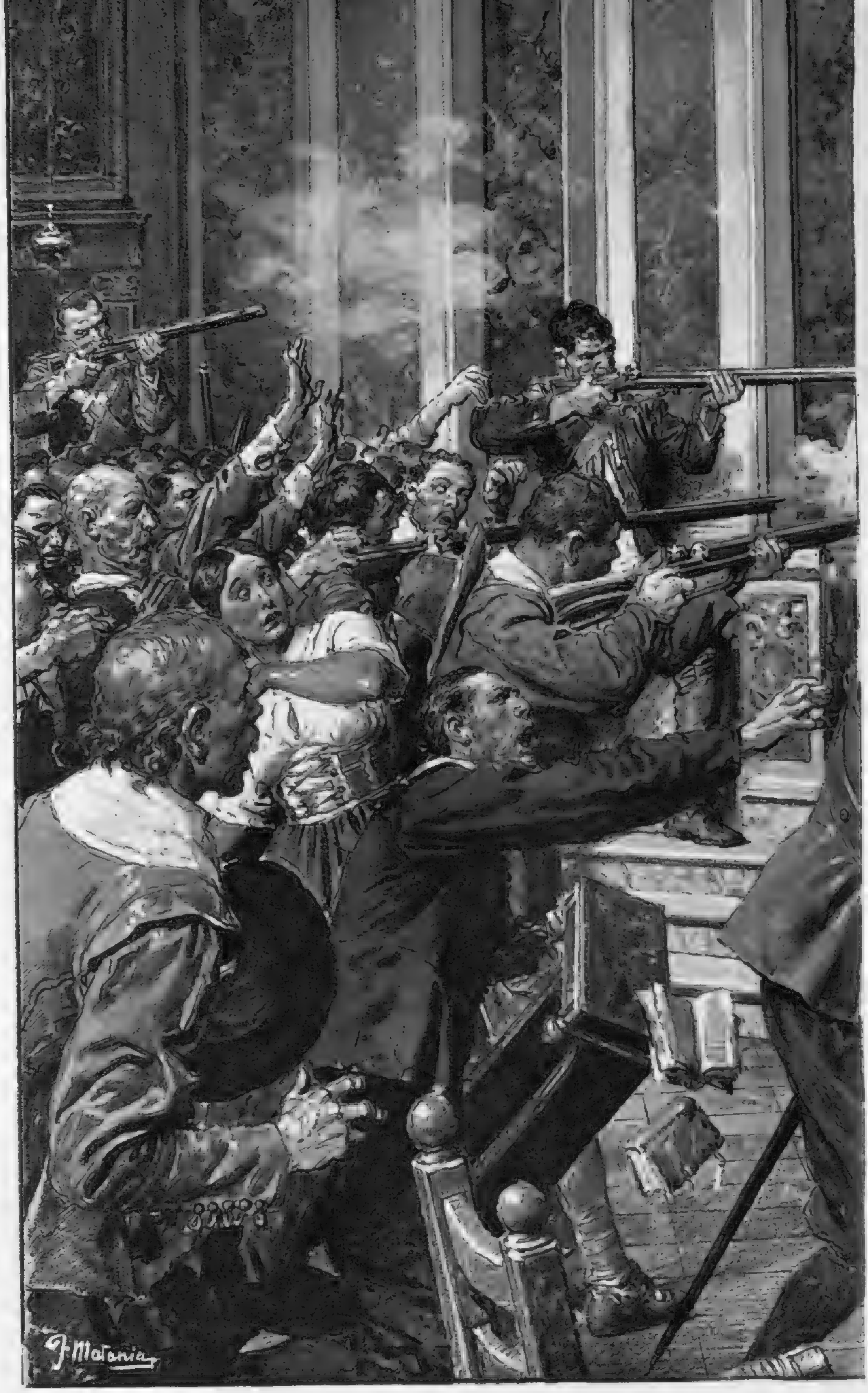
Accordingly he appeared on the balcony and promised to grant the people everything they asked. He kept his apparent coolness, even when he saw that the guard of the Palace was overpowered, and that a human torrent was forcing its way through the principal door. He was trying to obtain silence enough to be heard when someone pulled him in. At the same time, other windows opened, and the rabble appeared. They made signs to the crowd in the courtyard, and then began an orgy of destruction. Furniture of the most exquisite workmanship was thrown out of windows and over balconies. Gilded chairs, painted screens, ornamental desks, curtains of costly brocade, inlaid wardrobes, Venetian mirrors, all crashed to destruction on the granite slabs of the street below, where they were burned in huge pyres.

Curiously enough, as though he was not concerned with the state of affairs, no responsibility or blame whatever was attached to the King of Spain, for the mob repeatedly shouted: "Long live the King, down with the bad government!"

Everyone expected that at any moment the dead body of the Viceroy would be thrown from the window, but somehow or other he survived. A trifle pale, but quite collected, he appeared in the street, amidst a chorus of curses. He was rapidly surrounded by the armed rabble, but they hesitated to touch him. . . . That hesitation was his salvation.

But then he made a serious blunder. He threw handfuls of gold coins to the crowd. The effect was not what he expected, because some of the insurgents threw them back at him. The situation was well-nigh desperate, but he succeeded in climbing into a carriage, and struggling every inch of the way, he reached the door of St. Francis opposite the Palace. There at last he was safe. It seems that several of his faithful friends had had the presence of mind to discard their rich dresses, and, disguised as rebels, to protect him during the short but difficult journey across the Piazza.

After this incident, the people seemed inclined to retire quietly, when suddenly a shot rang from the Palace, and a young man of the people fell dead. The effect was more than disastrous. The body was tied to a chair hoisted on rebels' shoulders and carried right through Naples. This gruesome exhibit inflamed the populace to a truly terrifying degree.

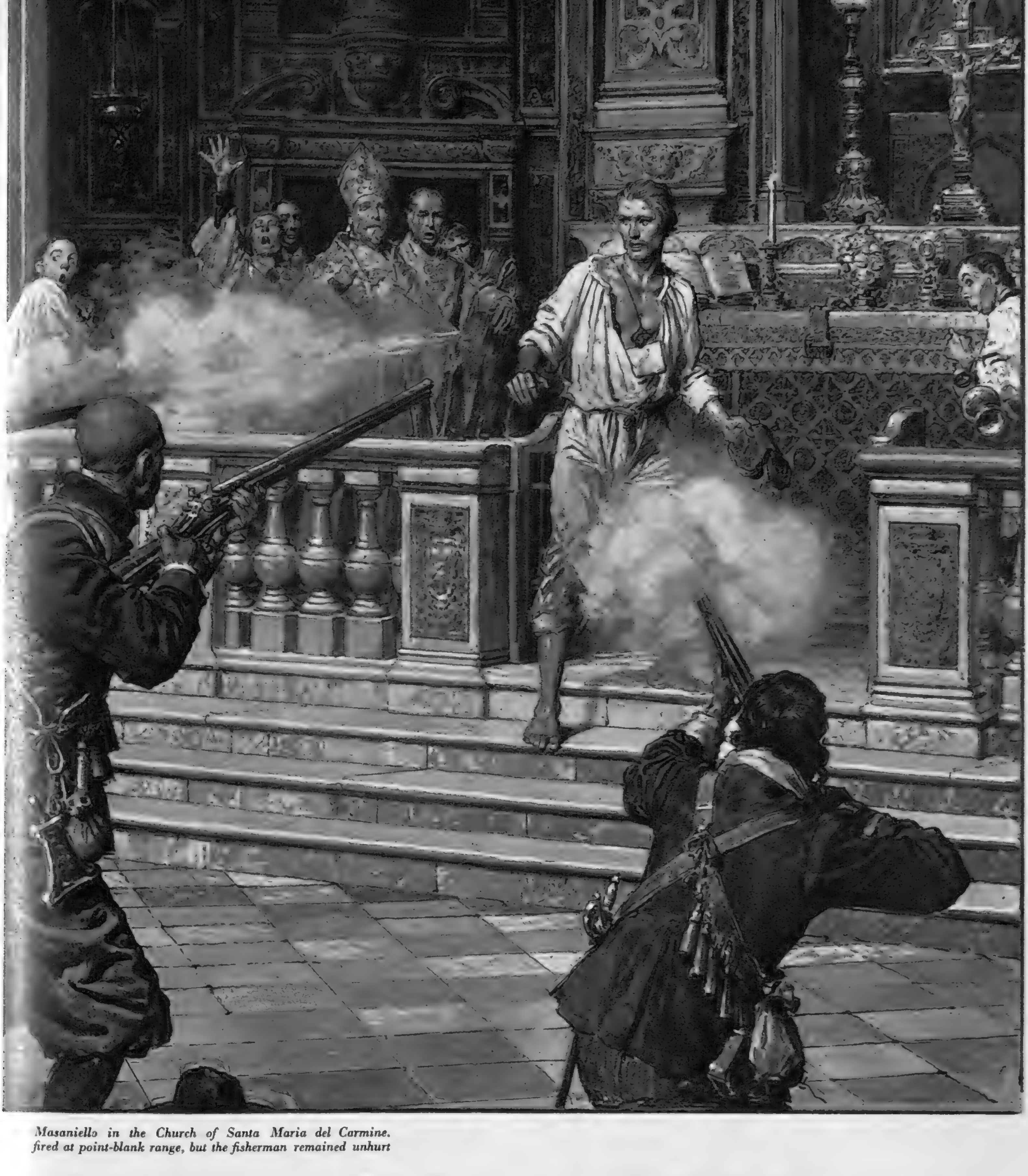


The treacherous attack on
Seven arquebuses were

At this time churches were still considered a sanctuary for all seeking protection from persecution. It so happened that the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine was sheltering the famous bandit Perrone, who had an amazing record of crime, and had been in the service of the hated Duke of Maddaloni. Often he had heard Masaniello's fantastic plans for saving Naples from the inquisitorial government, and had heard him say that if he had but three men as deliberate as himself, he would have aroused the entire city. Everyone had laughed at him, except Perrone, who had offered his services.

Masaniello was still too young and inexperienced to know that man's nature does not change, and he accepted the offer without realising that only an upright man can fight for an upright principle, and be genuine and true to the end. At the first sign of the overthrow of law and order, Perrone left his hiding-place, and joined Masaniello. Another companion who became the real directing mind of the entire movement was Julius Genovino, an octogenarian priest and altogether an extraordinary type, whose history alone would make an interesting book, a man of very high learning, and as cunning as a fox. In the past he, too, had been rebellious to the Spanish yoke, having been arrested, condemned, and imprisoned. Troublesome and restless, he had fought all his life, and when he succeeded in being liberated from prison, he became a priest, to all appearances devoting himself to theology, but in reality only waiting an opportunity for revenge. The opportunity arrived, and he had no difficulty in availing himself of the dynamic energy of young Masaniello.

The furious people were simultaneously carried away by two different waves. One was the ready action of Masaniello,



Masaniello in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine.
fired at point-blank range, but the fisherman remained unhurt

made captain of the people. The other was the effect of a masterly stroke conceived by the inexhaustible brain of old Genovino. He had spread the rumour that the Emperor Charles V. had granted a Charter to the city of Naples, exonerating the town for ever from any taxes or duties whatsoever. This document, called the " Privilege," was supposed to be hidden away by the Viceroy in order to protect the sharks.

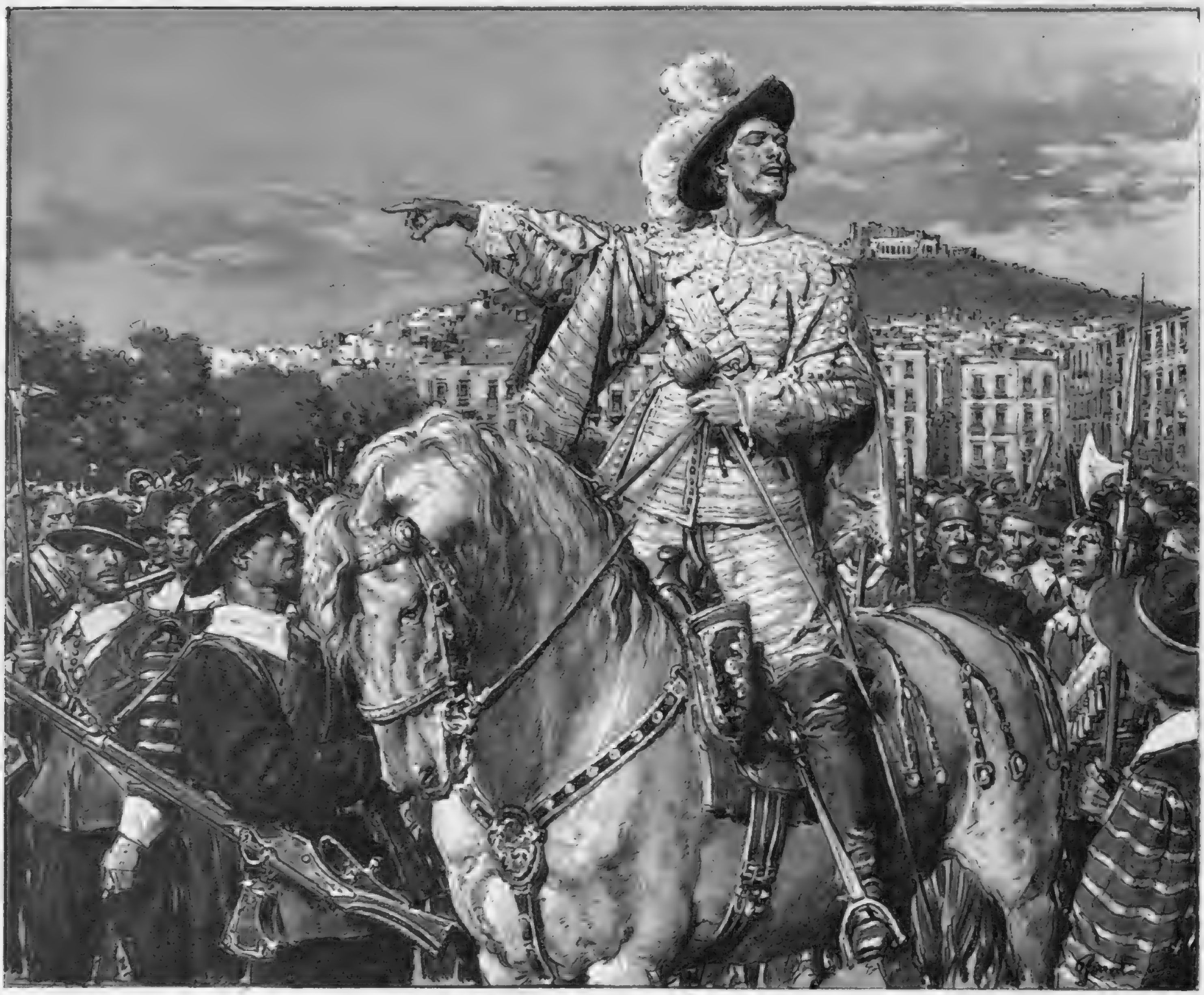
No one doubted the existence of this document, and in a few hours over three hundred thousand Neapolitans were clamouring for the delivery of the " Privilege."

The Viceroy had by this time succeeded in reaching the Castel Nuovo, an enormous fortress at the seaside end of the city. When he heard of the request for the " Privilege," he said he had never heard of it. In fact, the " Privilege " did not exist at all. He spoke truly, for it was indeed a figment of the imagination of Genovino, who, cunningly enough, knew only too well that any denial on the part of the authorities would merely increase the fury of the Neapolitans. Genovino also spread the news that in the past he had had the opportunity of perusing this famous document, and he remembered it perfectly well.

The Viceroy did make an attempt to extricate himself, charging the good Cardinal Filomarino to hand to the people a certain document which he said constituted their charter. The old Cardinal went to the Piazza Mercato, and there the paper was read. No doubt Genovino made a sign of denial, because a general outcry ensued.

Masaniello was not the man to waste his time listening to bogus documents. He believed in action, and being the captain of the people, mounted a horse, and, with thousands of his followers, started to work opening the prisons, destroying all documents, briefs, and anything he could lay hands on. His army was growing hourly and clamouring for weapons. Masaniello, with his usual solemnity, swore that by the next morning, every man, woman and child would be armed to the teeth.

Every armoury was sacked, carts laden with barrels of gunpowder were seized. One factory which had refused to deliver weapons was fired, with the consequence that an enormous stock of gunpowder exploded, destroying many houses and killing sixty people. Arquebuses were found in thousands. No one had ever expected that so many weapons existed in a town apparently so peaceful the previous day.



Masaniello, for once gorgeously attired, rides through the streets of Naples to meet the Viceroy

Just as Masaniello had promised, the night between July 7 and 8 had been sufficient to equip a formidable army. The Viceroy decided to match strength with strength—secretly calling 500 German mercenaries from Pozzuoli, a few miles away from Naples. Masaniello heard of it, and went to meet them. One hour later he reappeared in the town with 500 more rifles, drums, and trumpets, and 500 prisoners tied up in lines with ropes, like strings of sausages.

Another great event was that the price of bread was brought down by half, while the quality rose to luxury standard. The same thing happened with every other edible.

All Masaniello's work had been achieved in a surprisingly short time. The historians are unanimous in expressing their amazement at the lightning rapidity and skill with which this man was fighting and governing at the same time. Twenty-four hours had hardly passed since he had risen from the humble position of a poor fisherman to become master of Naples, the leader of a powerful army, and the idol of the biggest city in Italy. He soon realised his power, and used it to establish discipline in the ranks of those wild spirits constituting his army. To them he explained that the rebellion was against the sharks who had fed their insatiable greed with the blood of the poor people. They were going to be punished and their belongings burned. Burnt, not stolen, because no one must ever say that the Neapolitans had stolen a single pin. He added: " Remember, my people, we must be severe but upright."

He brought out a list of more than sixty houses that were to be razed to the ground, and threatened with the penalty of death anyone who would dare to steal anything, however insignificant. Those were not vain words, because Masaniello's integrity was proved by a few severe examples.

The first shark to taste Masaniello's vengeance, was Ferizia, the very one who had extorted 100 crowns from him before releasing his beloved Bernardina. Knowing what would happen to him, he had disappeared, but he could not take with him the enormous stock of confiscated property accumulated for many years. There was so much of it that a small town could have been handsomely furnished. It all became a prey to the flames. In five hours everything was reduced to ashes.

The same scene was repeated with all the rest of them, of which the number increased considerably as fresh lists came in.

The combing-out of the town for weapons had been so fruitful that Masaniello had gained possession of big guns with which he also organised his artillery.

Another remarkable thing never seen before was the regiment of women, fully armed, and led by a general, a young amazon of twenty-five, a woman of astounding beauty.

At the same time many noblemen were trying to unearth this famous charter of Charles V; for the people, impatient of waiting, had commenced a search on their own account, creating immense damage and dreadful complications. Finally the Cardinal produced another charter containing all the concessions demanded by the public. This was the olive-branch tendered by the crafty Viceroy. It was shown to Genovino, who, after having studied it for an entire night, accepted it as the "authentic" document. This fraud, not less than Masaniello's drastic actions, contributed to the abolition of the taxes.

The Piazza Mercato was one compact mass of overjoyed people, so was the adjacent Piazza del Carmine. The church was packed to overflowing. The Cardinal, in his most elaborate robe, and surrounded by a semicircle of minor clergy, was making public the contents of the charter. Masaniello, still dressed only in his ragged shirt, with his chest bared, was proudly watching the result of his work expressed on the joyous faces of the people, when some armed men pushed their way through the crowd. The bandit Perrone explained that they were his men taking their places for the safety of Masaniello. The latter received them with a friendly greeting, but when he knew that 500 more mounted men were approaching the Piazza, he ordered Perrone to keep them outside the town until the reading was over. At this moment, from a distance of only a few feet, seven arquebuses were levelled at Masaniello, and seven shots echoed under the sacred roof. The pandemonium was indescribable. The culprits disappeared under the blows of the crowd, who tore them to pieces. But Masaniello stood there unhurt. Calmly he re-established order, and improvised a wonderful speech, wherein he said that the Holy Madonna of the Carmine had preserved for the faithful people of Naples their leader and servant.

In fact, it was nothing short of a miracle that he was not riddled with bullets. The religious credulity of the population soon classified Masaniello as a super-human being protected by Heaven.

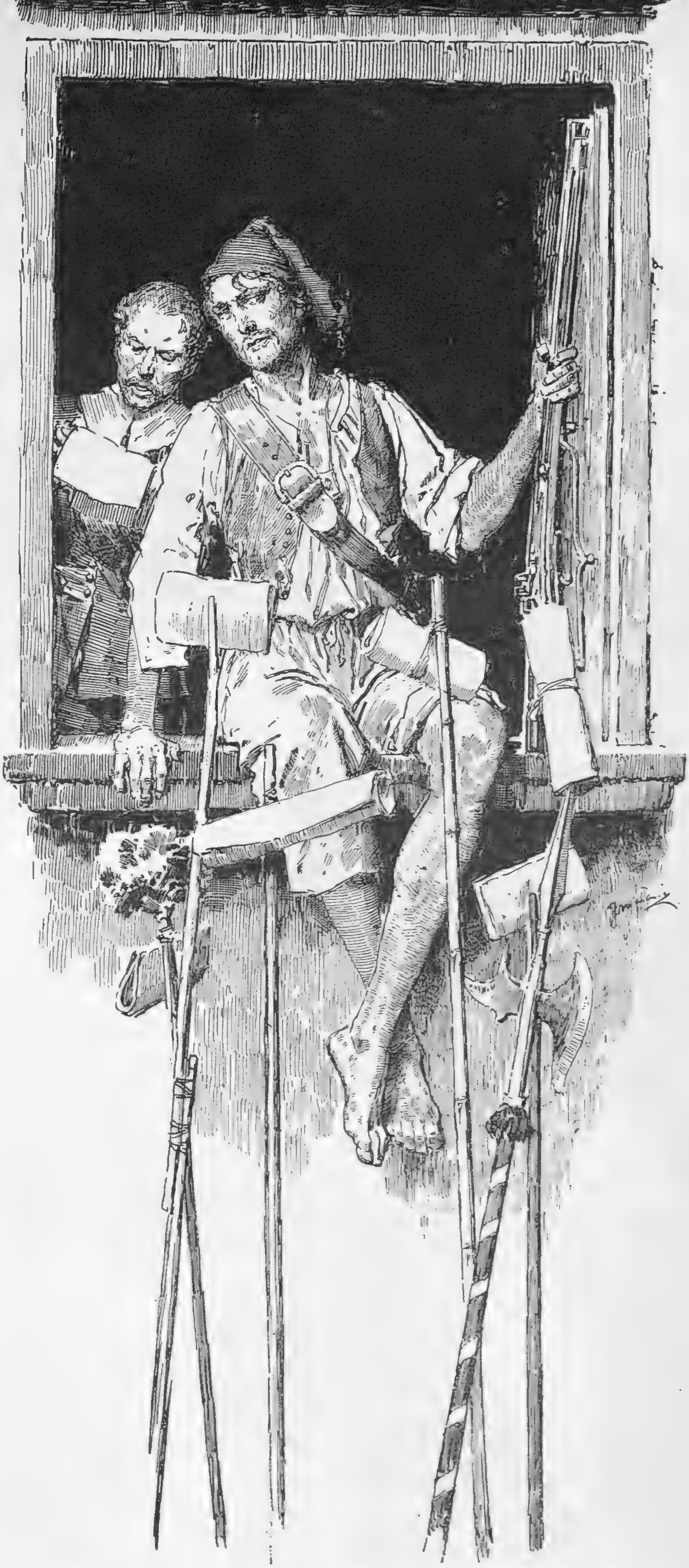
The attempted murder had been organised by Perrone by order of the Duke of Maddaloni. The 500 bandits were to have taken the people unawares, and to have made a massacre, and so wrested the power from the insurgents.

Perrone, arrested and tortured, confessed the entire plot to Masaniello, telling him that the Piazza Mercato and the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine had been undermined with hundreds of barrels of gunpowder amounting to seven tons. The fuses were properly connected and men were ready posted to set them alight. The preparation was such that a hundred thousand people could have been destroyed at one stroke.

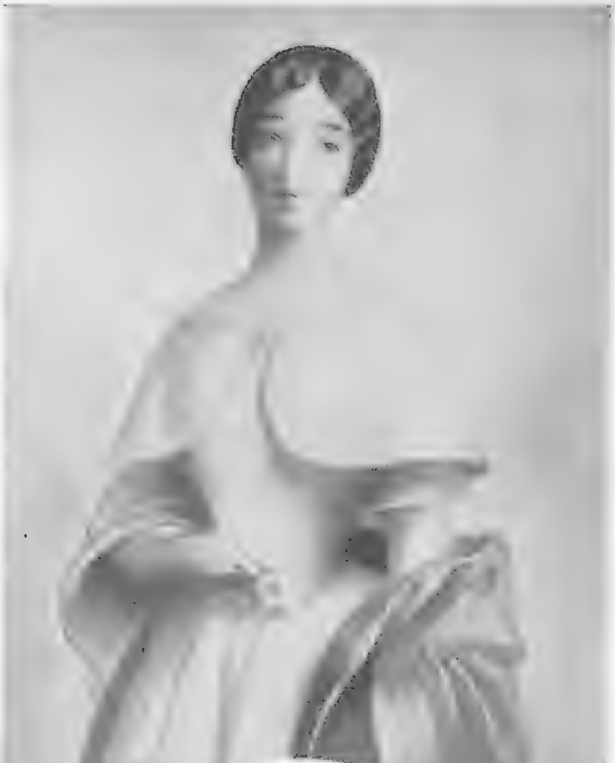
Of the 500 bandits only a few escaped. The rest were executed with their leaders in the Piazza.

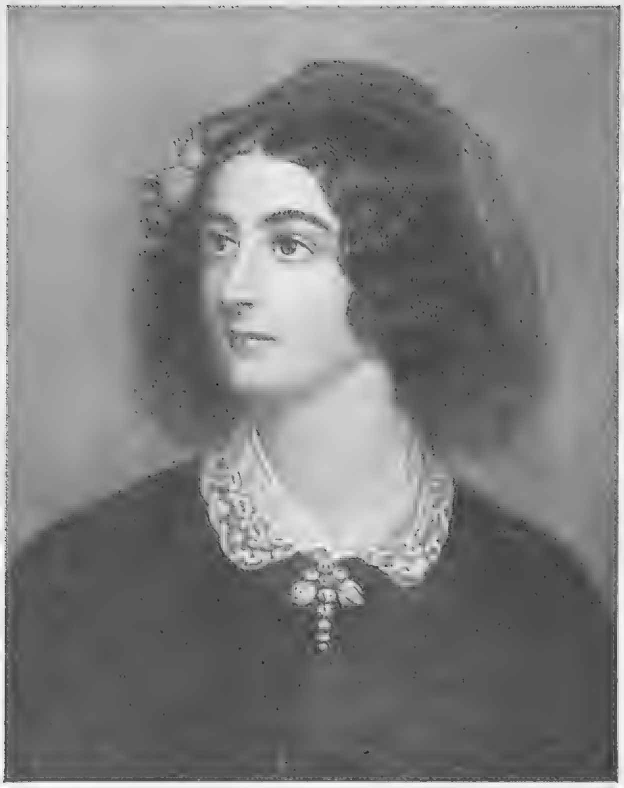
At the same time as this gruesome scene of public justice was being enacted, the people all over Naples were expressing their joy that peace was made with the Viceroy. It was decided that Masaniello should pay him an official visit with the object of securing a ratification of the "Privilege." He was quite willing to go, but he refused to discard his fisherman's dress. In every one of his speeches he had

(*Continued on page 120*)

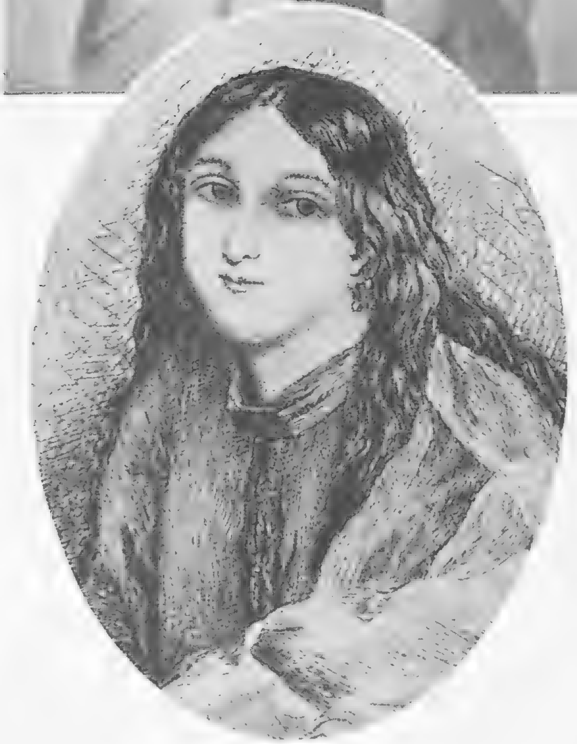


MASANIELLO resumed his fisherman's dress, and his place sitting on the window-sill with his legs dangling outside. From there he passed his judgments; at the same time receiving papers and documents, handed up to him at the end of long rods





LOLA MONTÈS, a contemporary of Alphonsine Plessis and who, some say, was the heroine of Dumas's story



(*Top*)
A PORTRAIT of " La Dame aux Camélias " reproduced from a French book published soon after the death of Alphonsine Plessis

ALPHONSINE PLESSIS. Reproduced from the original portrait preserved at St. Evroult de Montfort (Orne)

" She was tall and slight, with black hair and a white complexion. Her head was small; she had long enamelled eyes, like a Japanese woman, but they were sparkling and alert. Her lips were ruddier than a cherry; her teeth were the prettiest in the world; she looked like a little figure made of Dresden China."—Jules Janin.

The Woman

Who was the actual heroine of the film " Camille," of Dumas's play and Verdi's opera, the immortal " Lady with the Camellias"? Not Lola Montès, says the author of this article, but Alphonsine Plessis

SO long as Dumas's play and Verdi's opera continue to attract the public, so long will discussion wage as to who was the original of the portrait the French playwright drew. Indeed, since " The Lady with the Camellias " went on the films, portrayed by Yvonne Printemps and then by Greta Garbo, discussion became intensified. Who was the woman who was Camille? Camille of La Garbo's film; Marguerite Gautier of the play; Violeta of " La Traviata," three women merged into one.

Some say Camille was Lola Montès; others insist that she was Alphonsine Plessis. Many a night have I spent at Montparnasse, or in one of the Place du Tertre cafés, alongside the Sacré Cœur of Montmartre, listening to the pros and cons of a literary argument. Sometimes our talks would be side-tracked from character to author: what about the tale that Dumas the younger did not write " The Lady with the Camellias " ? How about that? Is the tale true that the play was written by an obscure author from whom Alexandre Dumas the elder purchased it, touched it up a little, and gave it as a present to his son to launch him on his literary career?

It is a curious fact that " The Lady with the Camellias " was the only manuscript of the younger Dumas which is not in the handwriting of Dumas himself. However, I do believe that Dumas was responsible for the play, and I base my belief on the fact that Lord Henry Seymour, in his Diary, states that the younger Dumas was very friendly with Alphonsine Plessis during the last three years of her life, and many of the events which occurred in the life of Alphonsine Plessis are reproduced in the life of Marguerite Gautier, which makes me also believe that it was Alphonsine Plessis, and not Lola Montès, who was the real-life personage from whom Dumas the younger drew his character.

Take for one instance the great gambling scene in " The Lady with the Camellias," and in " La Traviata." Alphonsine Plessis was a great gambler. Every summer, accompanied by some *preux cavalier*, she used to visit Baden-Baden or Homburg; in Paris, every night after the theatre she would visit a gambling club. Is it not perfectly natural that she would talk gambling to a man like young Dumas?

Then, again, the very question of the camellias. Dumas did not invent a legend; he reported something which had become legendary. Camellias in those days were

THE Gambling Scene from the film "Camille"

GRETA GARBO, who played the title-rôle in the film "Camille" recently produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

who was Camille

By Harry J. Greenwall

the most expensive flowers in Paris; they cost 4s. 6d. a bloom. And Alphonsine Plessis wore a bouquet of them every day.

Paris in the 'forties must have been a heaven-sent gift to novelists and playwrights of that period. What we to-day call the Boulevards were so called then, but how different they must have been! The Boulevards consisted of a mere stretch from the Opéra to the corner of the Rue Drouot; that is all that really counted. The rest was just for those who were not Boulevardiers. The Boulevardiers were actors, artists, journalists, politicians, courtesans, and some aristocrats.

The Rothschilds lived in the Rue Laffitte, and at the corner of that street and the Boulevards was the Maison Dorée, where food was a ritual. I can remember when it closed for the last time, just before the war. The restaurant died a lingering death, but in the 'forties, when they ran races of pleasure, it must have been gay. There is a story that Cora Pearl once, for a bet, ran across the Boulevard nude, from the Maison Dorée to the Café Anglais. In the Café Anglais, Dumas the elder used to stalk into the kitchen and insisted on cooking the lunch he had ordered for his guests—not always to the pleasure of his guests, it is said.

On the corner of the Rue Laffitte, opposite the Maison Dorée, was a tobacconist in which served a delightful creature who charmed all the Boulevardiers. Alfred de Musset fell in love with her, and his friends, according to Lord Seymour, were afraid he would "commit an imprudence," which meant he might marry her.

On the corner of the Rue Drouot was a little *table-d'hôte* run by a Mademoiselle Thiers, sister of the statesman. When the brother was in office, journalists from Opposition papers would go and interview the lady, and obtain sarcastic stories about the proprietress's brother, whom she apparently did not like.

When there was game on the menu, a journalist would ask innocently, "Did your brother send you these pheasants?"

"No, *Monsieur*," replied Mlle. Thiers primly; "the Prime Minister has not the honour of purveying game to my establishment. He is not a very good shot; in fact, I purchased these birds at the same shop where he buys his."

The National Guards used to go out in uniform and in platoons to shoot hares and rabbits at St. Denis; then they would swagger down the Boulevards ogling the women.

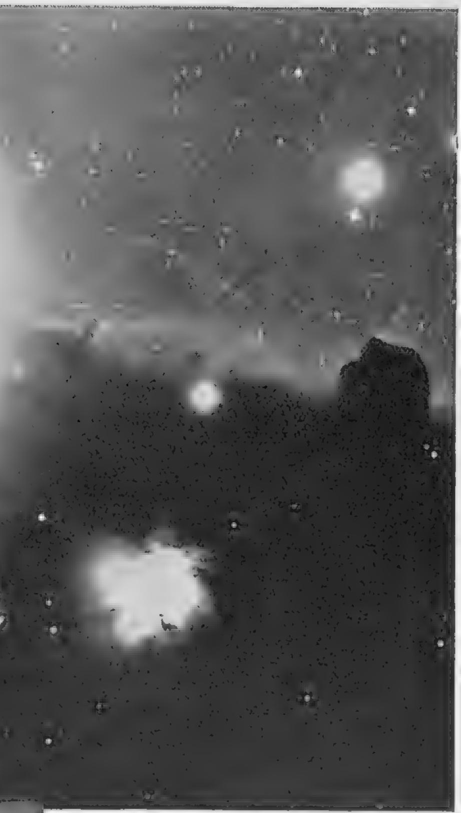
One day a new face appeared in the Café Anglais. The face was that of Alphonsine Plessis.

I have reproduced at the beginning of this article Jules Janin's description of her. Other writers were just as lyrical in her praises. *(Continued on page 90)*

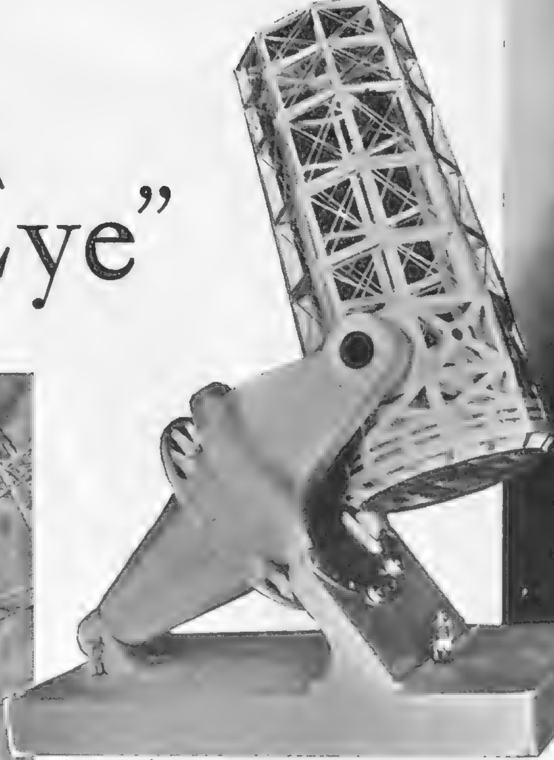
ALEXANDRE DUMAS père

ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils, author of "The Lady with the Camellias"

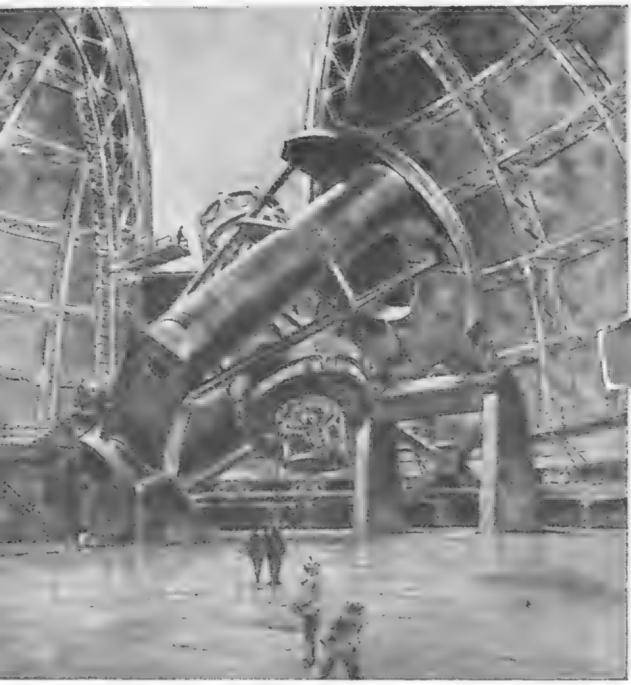
Secrets of the "Great Eye"



THE Horse's Head in the nebula in Orion. A photograph taken by the 100-inch Hooker reflector. The new 200-inch reflector will be powerful enough to penetrate more than three times as far into space as any existing instrument



A MODEL of the great telescope itself. The 200-inch mirror will rest at the bottom of the open steel tube



THIS reproduction of a drawing made for the Californian Institute of Technology by Mr. R. W. Porter shows the 200-inch telescope completed on Mount Palomer

AT the Institute of Technology at Pasadena, in Southern California, a body of experts are busy grinding and polishing the largest and heaviest slab of glass ever cast. It is 200 inches, or 16 feet 8 inches, in diameter, and turns the scale at 17 tons. It has been dubbed the Great Eye, and will form the lens of the world's greatest and most powerful telescope.

By the time this mammoth piece of astronomical artillery for exploring the heavens is ready for work something like a decade will have been spent upon it, if we include the time devoted to necessary experimental work. It was not a case of building a telescope a little larger than existing instruments, which would have been difficult enough, but the jump forward was so great that it presented many entirely new problems.

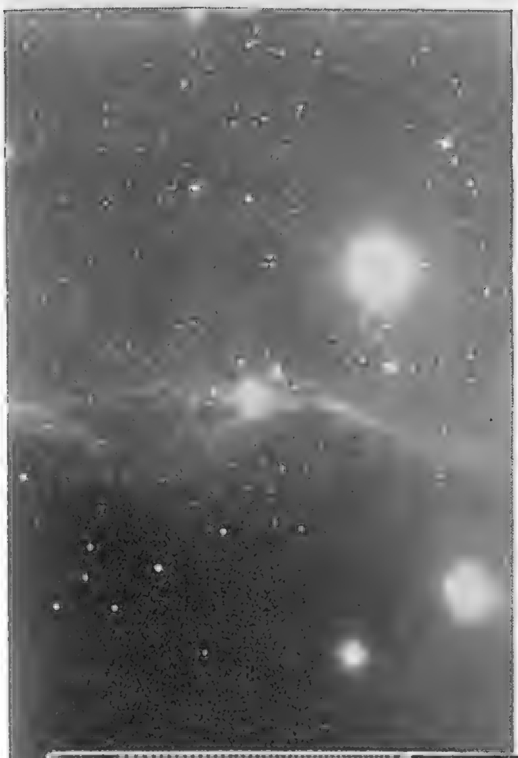
The largest of existing telescopes is the 100-inch Hooker reflector at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. This astronomical giant weighs 96 tons and possesses an object-glass 100 inches, or 8 feet 4 inches, in diameter, which alone turns the scale at 4½ tons. A sum of £125,000 was spent upon it. It will be a mere pigmy, however, compared with the mammoth instrument which is to be set up on Mount Palomer, a lonely mountain top in Southern California. This colossus of star-gazers will weigh no less than 450 tons and its lens will be the 200-inch mirror already referred to.

Yet half a century ago the most powerful of telescopes did not represent a weight of more than 15 to 20 tons, with eyepieces 25 to 26 inches in diameter. It was in 1888 that the Lick Observatory first opened its doors and astounded the astronomical world with a 36-inch refractor telescope. It was built under the will of the late James Lick, an American millionaire, who left a sum of £140,000 to found and equip an observatory which was to contain a telescope "superior to and more powerful than any instrument ever yet made." The telescope was built and set up in a steel house on Mount Hamilton, not far from the city of Jose, in California, constituting a department of the University of California. The remains of its founder are interred in a vault under the pier supporting the telescope. It was far and away the most powerful instrument of its day and astounded the scientific world with its discoveries.

Lick's example was quickly followed by other wealthy men. Telescopes grew in size and power and were named after their donors. It developed into a veritable race among the great observatories of America as to who should hold the blue riband of the astronomical world. The Lick was soon followed by another mighty refractor with an object-glass 40 inches in diameter, known as the Yerkes telescope, the gift of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes to the University of Chicago. It is said that when the famous American railway magnate decided to present the university with a great telescope he jocularly remarked: "I don't care how big it is; but let it 'lick' the Lick," referring, of course, to the recently completed instrument on Mount Hamilton.

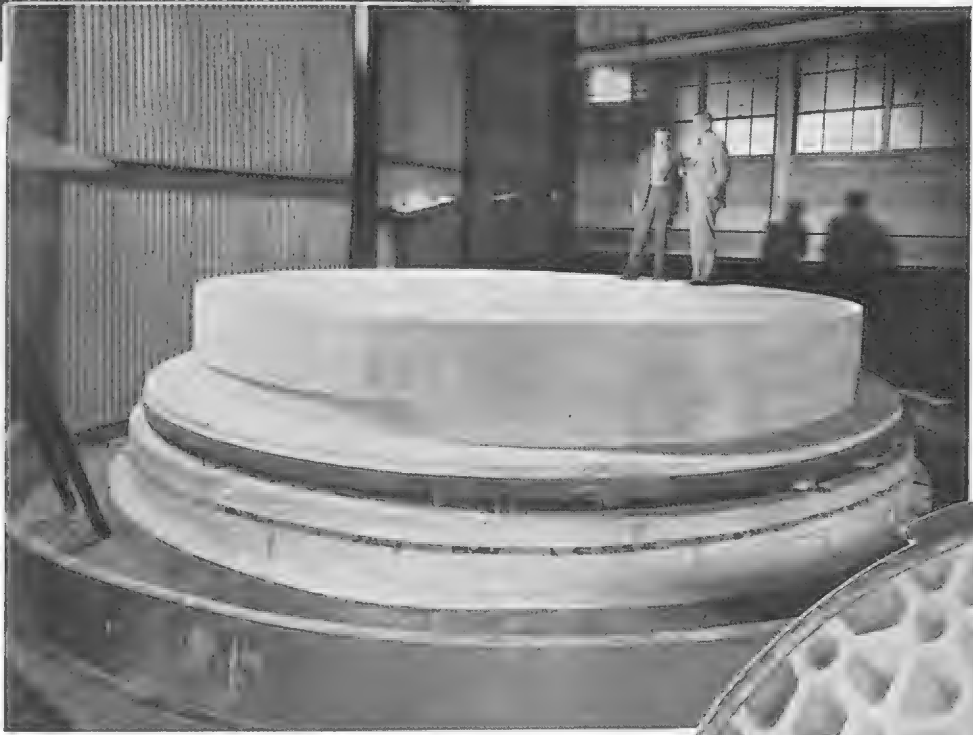
Hardly had the Yerkes got into its stride and began to astonish the astronomical world with the way in which it could pick up stars, when work was begun on a still larger instrument with an eyepiece 60 inches in diameter, which was completed in 1916 and set up in its steel house on Mount Wilson, in California. Long before this star-gazer was ready to wrest new secrets from the heavens Canadian astronomers, jealous of the big instruments owned by the American observatories, induced their Government to enter the race for the world's greatest star-gazer, and a reflector with a glass 72 inches in diameter was planned and set up at Victoria, in British Columbia. It represented the largest single contribution ever made at that time by any government to the cause of astronomical research. It is the largest telescope in the British Empire and a magnificent instrument. Its object-glass is twice the diameter of that of the largest telescope in this country, the 36-inch Yapp reflector at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. This instrument was a gift to the observatory by an American, Mr. W. J. Yapp.

Not to be outdone by Canada, American astronomers planned an in-

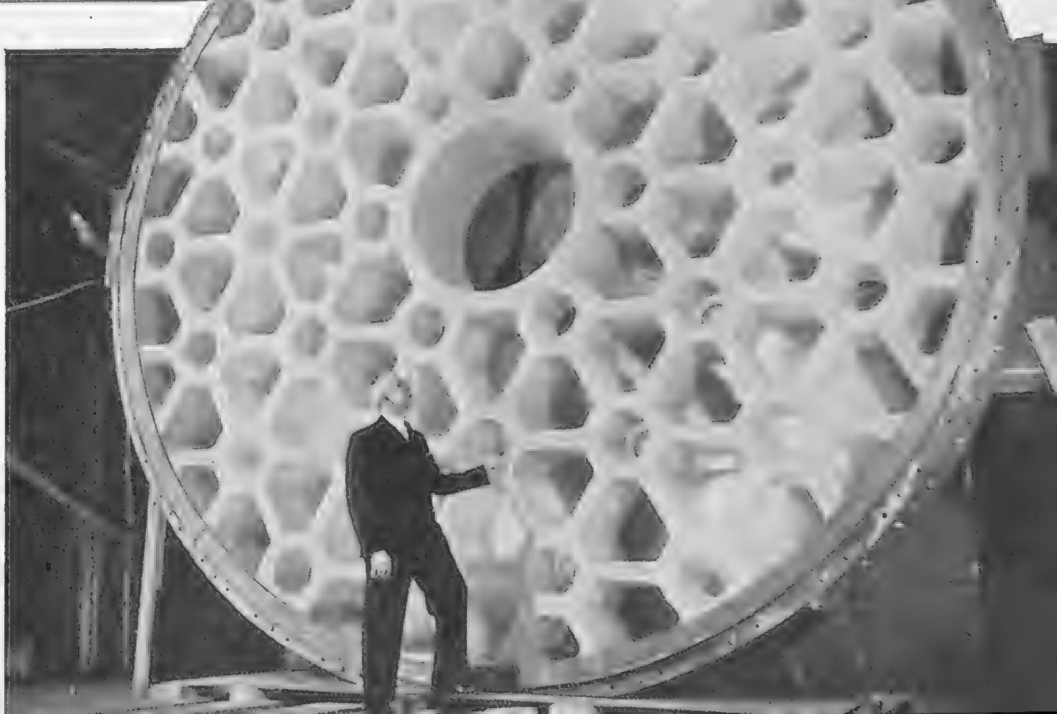


The 17-ton Mirror of the World's Greatest Telescope and What it is Expected to Reveal

By Harold J. Shepstone



THE 200-inch disk after the mould rim had been removed. Dr. G. V. McCauly, physicist in charge of disk-making, and Dr. J. C. Hostetter, Director of Development and Research, are standing on the disk. (Right) The back view of the disk, showing the ribbed structure designed to reduce the weight without any loss in structural strength



strument with a 100-inch mirror, the Hooker reflector, at present the largest of existing telescopes, and which is the astronomical wonder of the famous Mount Wilson Observatory. Here it must be remembered that every time the object-glass of these instruments was increased in size, be it a matter of only a few inches, it called for much pioneering work, as, apart from the problem presented by the mirror itself, it meant that every feature connected with the mechanism and operation of the telescope demanded careful study. In making the 100-inch mirror the manufacturers had eight failures before they felt confident of success. Even then there were internal irregularities in the glass, and it was not until it had been partly ground and polished that it was found to be suitable for astronomical work.

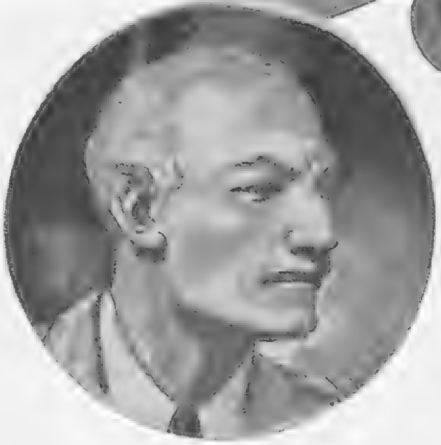
It took four years to grind and polish the mirror and bore the necessary hole in the centre. What was originally a flat disk of glass was ground until it became parabolical in contour. Any light reflected from any point of its surface comes to a focus at the same point, 42 feet away. Altogether a ton of glass was removed in the grinding and polishing operations. The precious mirror, now weighing 4½ tons, was then placed in a specially designed steel cell at the bottom of the telescope tube ready for work.

The telescope is of the reflector type—that is to say, it is the reflection of a heavenly body which the observer sees. You do not look through the mirror directly at a star. The star's light-rays are caught by the large mirror at the bottom end of the telescope tube and reflected back upon a secondary mirror or prism, and there held until examined or photographed. It makes a star appear 250,000 times as bright as the eye sees it. It is enabled to do this because a mirror with a diameter of 100 inches has in reality an area 250,000 times as large as the pupil of the human eye. A little light is lost in the process of reflection, but virtually nothing to speak of. It brings the moon, our nearest neighbour in space, which is about 240,000 miles away, within a few hundred miles of the earth. Perhaps its great magnifying power will be better understood when it is stated that it has brought within photographic range 1,500,000,000 stars, decidedly startling when it is remembered that the number seen by the naked eye is less than five thousand.

When the 100-inch star-gazer was built everyone declared that the limit in size had been (*Continued on page* 92)

Wingate *and* Son, R.A.F.

"*STONEY*"



By J. H. Stafford

Love, Discipline, Honour and other Complications in a Touch-and-go Affair for all Parties

"YOU have nothing to say," said Squadron Leader Wingate. "You openly and brazenly flirt with another man's wife——"

"No, sir," Eric Wingate cut in; "friendship is not necessarily flirting. Mrs. Graham is——"

"Another man's wife," said the Squadron Leader. "In defiance of the etiquette of the Service, you persist in these objectionable attentions."

"Objectionable ?"

"Objectionable to me; obviously objectionable to her husband, and objectionable to anyone who has the slightest respect for social order, discipline and decency."

As he spoke those cold, fathomless grey eyes that so nearly matched his hair gazed past the younger man and through the open fly-netting window to the distant peaks of the Himalayas sprawling in tortured disorder across the Border. The grey, snarling brows lifted slightly in contemptuous disgust.

As Flying Officer Eric Wingate stood rigidly at attention facing the man whose iron discipline and blind, unreasonable devotion to duty had earned for him the name of "Stoney Wingate," a dull flush crept over his finely moulded features; the impetuous, impatient half-smile that normally clung in pleasing curves round the corners of his mouth had gone, leaving the face more aggressive than attractive.

"Will you kindly leave Mrs. Graham out of this, sir ?" he said, and beneath the quiet words there rippled a stubborn defiance. "I took a civilian up in a Service machine without permission. That is my crime. That is what I demand to be charged with."

"I was not aware that you had been charged with any crime," the Squadron Leader answered quietly. "You are being advised that your conduct is contrary to the standard I expect in a station under my command—conduct that I will not tolerate."

"Yes, I know—officer and gentleman stuff; tradition and duty; the glorious tripe that choked the life out of my mother——"

"Silence !"

The word struck Eric Wingate like a blow in the face. For the first time in his memory he had roused this cold, military machine to swift anger. Hardly a gentlemanly thing to say to one's father. But it was true, wasn't it ?

The Squadron Leader was speaking again. "That is all—now. You may go."

Eric Wingate hesitated and started to mutter an apology, but, meeting his father's eyes, he choked it back, saluted with crisp precision, and left the office.

FLINGING himself down in a cane chair in the mess, Eric Wingate gazed meditatively at his shoes. So his father resented his friendship with Ruth Graham. Well, wasn't she everybody's friend—as popular in the camp as her husband was unpopular ? As sweet and refined as he was coarse and vulgar ?

Once again he pondered on that strange union. Fate was indeed in a careless mood when she mated these two—Ruth Graham, with her exquisite, fragile beauty and soft, gentle voice, and—that beast, Graham, with his loud, loose tongue and drunken habits. Handsome in a big, blustering way, conscious of his strength and openly contemptuous of those smaller and weaker than himself; one of those hulking brutes who understand nothing of fear and even less of their fellow creatures. That he loved Ruth was inconceivable, that it flattered his vanity to possess her was obvious.

Eric Wingate's thoughts were interrupted at this point by Duncan of "A" Flight. "Why the frown, Winnie ?" he said, using the name by which Eric Wingate was known in the Squadron. "Why the gloom ? What's wrong ?"

Nobody ever confused Eric with his father. Nobody ever dreamed of referring to the C.O. as anybody but the C.O., a significant fact in a Service in which nicknames are the rule.

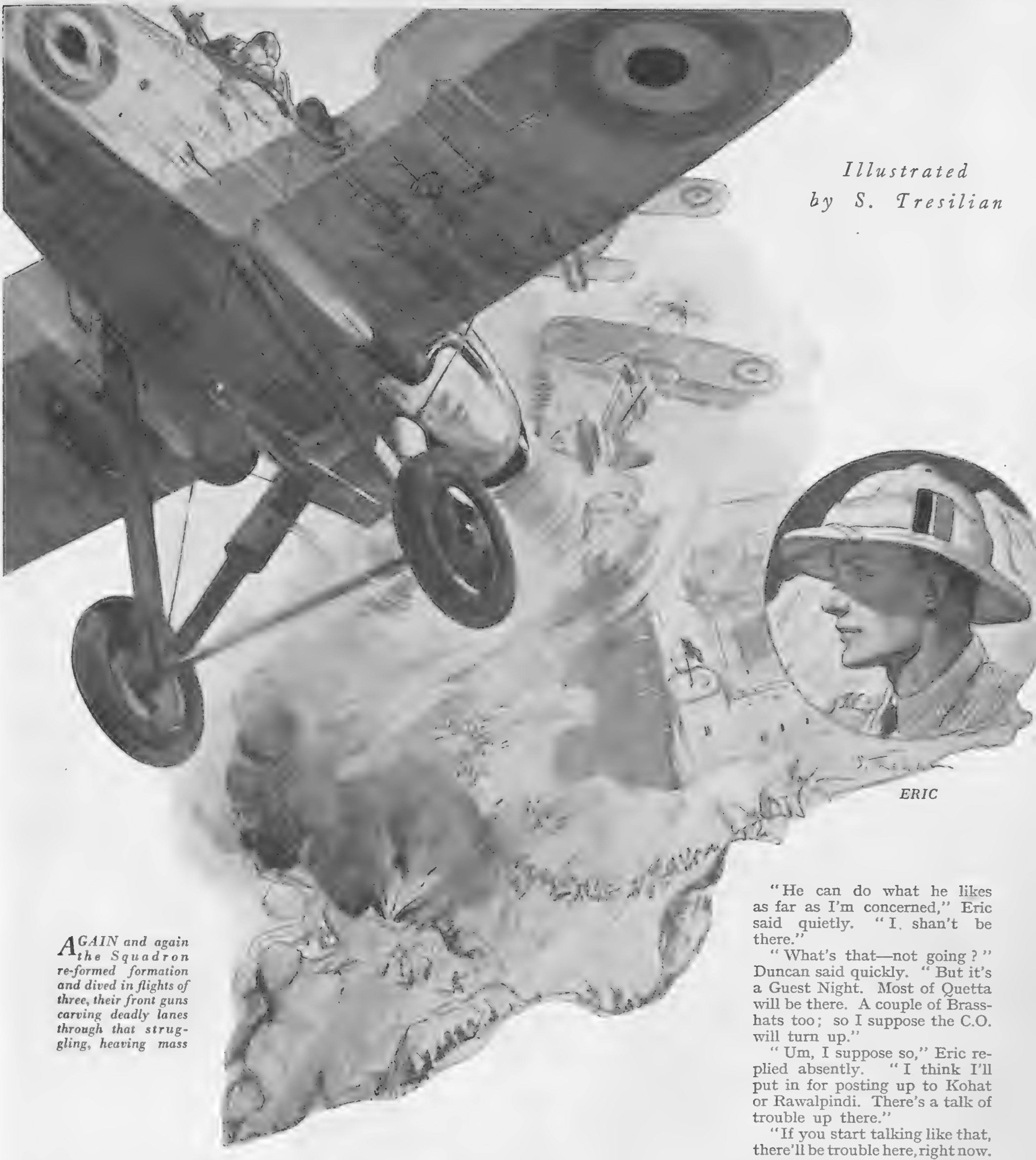
"Nothing," Eric answered, still staring gloomily at his feet.

"Oh, that's bad," Duncan said, in mock concern. "I say, what happened about that joy flip with Mrs. Graham ? Did he kick your pants ?"

"Never mentioned it—not a word."

"That's strange. I might try it myself. I would if I thought she'd come. It would serve Graham right if we all butted in."

"Well, you do, don't you ?"



Illustrated by S. Tresilian

ERIC

AGAIN and again the Squadron re-formed formation and dived in flights of three, their front guns carving deadly lanes through that struggling, heaving mass

"We do our best, laddie, we do our best. She needs somebody bright and cheery after you and Graham. You know, Winnie, something nasty will happen to that man one day. He'll come to and find somebody has made a pin-cushion of his liver. That bearer of Mrs. Graham's—you know, the Pathan—had to have a couple of stitches in his cheek where Graham knocked him down. They've smothered it up all right, but it doesn't do, that sort of thing. There'd be trouble if the C.O. heard about it. Wonder the native sticks there. Seems he's devoted to Ruth; she'd only need lift her finger and he'd knife his own brother. Well, she wants somebody like that around."

"Who's orderly 'dog' to-morrow?" Eric asked suddenly, in a desperate effort to change the subject.

"Jeff Dixon," Duncan replied, and deliberately ignoring the other's attempt to evade the principal topic of camp scandal, he continued: "I suppose Graham will make a beast of himself at the Gymkhana Club dance to-morrow night—he usually does. If he's soaking it too bad, we'll keep out of the way."

"He can do what he likes as far as I'm concerned," Eric said quietly. "I shan't be there."

"What's that—not going?" Duncan said quickly. "But it's a Guest Night. Most of Quetta will be there. A couple of Brass-hats too; so I suppose the C.O. will turn up."

"Um, I suppose so," Eric replied absently. "I think I'll put in for posting up to Kohat or Rawalpindi. There's a talk of trouble up there."

"If you start talking like that, there'll be trouble here, right now. Who's Ruth going to run to when that walking whisky-keg of hers gets a fit and starts tidying up and making the North-West a place fit for heroes to live in when they're drunk?"

"I don't know, and I don't think I care," Eric said, rising. "And for goodness sake give it a rest. Find something else to talk about—if you must talk. Leave Graham and his wife out of it. I'm sick of listening to it. It's not my business, or yours, or anybody's but theirs."

And as Duncan muttered "Well, no, er—no, that's right," Eric stamped sullenly from the mess. Watching that tall, straight figure, Duncan smiled to himself. "Sick of it?" he murmured. "Wants to get posted to 'No Man's Land'—or no woman's. Strange. Not fright. Not whisky. Not sun. I wonder. But I'll bet you a bottle of Scotch to a nigger's curse, Jimmy Duncan, that our little Eric turns up to-morrow night." And so confident of the accuracy of his prophecy was Flying Officer Duncan that he immediately reversed the order of his self bet and called for a spot of his winnings on account.

JIMMY DUNCAN would have been perfectly safe in drinking the whole of that bottle, for almost the first person he saw as he strolled into the Gymkhana Club lounge that served as a dance hall was Eric Wingate. Almost—for, naturally, he saw Ruth Graham first, and as these two drifted past the door at that moment in a lazy waltz he found it difficult to see one without also seeing the other.

"Nice pair," he mused, "nice dancers. Gosh! But she's a lovely creature—more beautiful than any woman on a Hill Station has any right to be. Certainly too good for that drunken—steady, here is the fellow." And Jimmy Duncan gazed past the massive figure that approached him, into the bar at the entrance to the dance hall.

As Graham neared him, Duncan nodded and made to pass. Couldn't ignore the man, however much one disliked him. He wouldn't be ignored, anyway—not Graham. He wasn't that sort.

But Duncan wasn't to pass, for as he drew level with Graham a huge paw-like hand reached out and gripped the lapel of his white mess jacket.

"Here, you, Duncan. Go and find my wife; tell her to bring her things," said Graham, his heavy, spirit-laden breath striking Duncan like a wave of poisonous fumes.

Duncan hesitated. It occurred to him to tell Graham to go himself, or go to the devil, but one glance at those surly features convinced him of the ugliness of the other's mood, and wisely he decided to humour the man. Couldn't have any bother to-night with a Colonel and a Major-General in the place.

He found Mrs. Graham seated between Eric and Captain Vincent, of the 2nd Punjabis, and after two apologetic coughs, began: "Forgive my intrusion, Mrs. Graham. Mr. Graham is waiting for you in the bar. He said—that is, asked that you would bring your things." His glance rested for a moment on Eric Wiugate and between the two men a message flashed.

Mrs. Graham rose; she did not need a glance to flash messages to her—she knew. Turning to Captain Vincent as Eric held her cloak, she said: "I'm so sorry to have to leave you. Perhaps I shall be back later."

"The sorrow is mine, Mrs. Graham," Vincent smiled, as he bowed gravely over her hand.

Excusing himself, Eric escorted Mrs. Graham across the floor, between the knot of figures at the door, and turned into the bar, with Duncan bringing up the rear.

Graham watched the trio, a leering grin on his face. "So it takes two of you to bring my wife when I want her," he said, and, turning to Ruth, he added, in a voice that was little more than a snarl: "Wish your little playmates good night; we're going home."

Eric Wingate coloured, swallowed a hasty retort, and said quietly: "Must Mrs. Graham go yet? The dance has hardly started."

"Don't mind me, Mr. Wingate," Mrs. Graham said hastily. "I'd rather go—now." Her hand rested lightly on Eric's sleeve.

"Don't mind me either," sneered Graham. "Go on, kiss him."

Eric Wingate was conscious of all eyes on them; of a sudden hush in the idle babble; of an awful stillness in the room.

There was something of his father's frozen calmness in his voice as he gazed steadily at Graham and said: "You don't realise what you're saying, Graham; better go home and rest."

"Ho," Graham boomed, "I'm drunk, eh? Drunk."

"Bruce, please," Mrs. Graham begged. Swiftly she turned to Eric. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Wingate—it's—oh, please understand."

"Let's get out of this," Eric said quietly. "Let me take you home."

"Just a minute, Wingate, just a minute," Graham said, and the menace in the voice caused several of the men to edge nearer, for undoubtedly the man was in a dangerous mood and lashing his vile temper with every word.

"So I'm drunk," he growled. "And you think that's an opportunity to sneak off to my bungalow with my wife. My wife. D'you hear?"

Eric moved closer. "I'll advise you not to say any more, Graham," he said, and again it might have been his father's voice.

Graham ignored the remark. "'Let me see you home,'" he mimicked. "Why not say what you mean? 'Let me come home with you.' Wait till I turn my back, then slink in like a pariah dog with its nose in the air and its tongue hanging out, sniffing for the first——"

Smack!

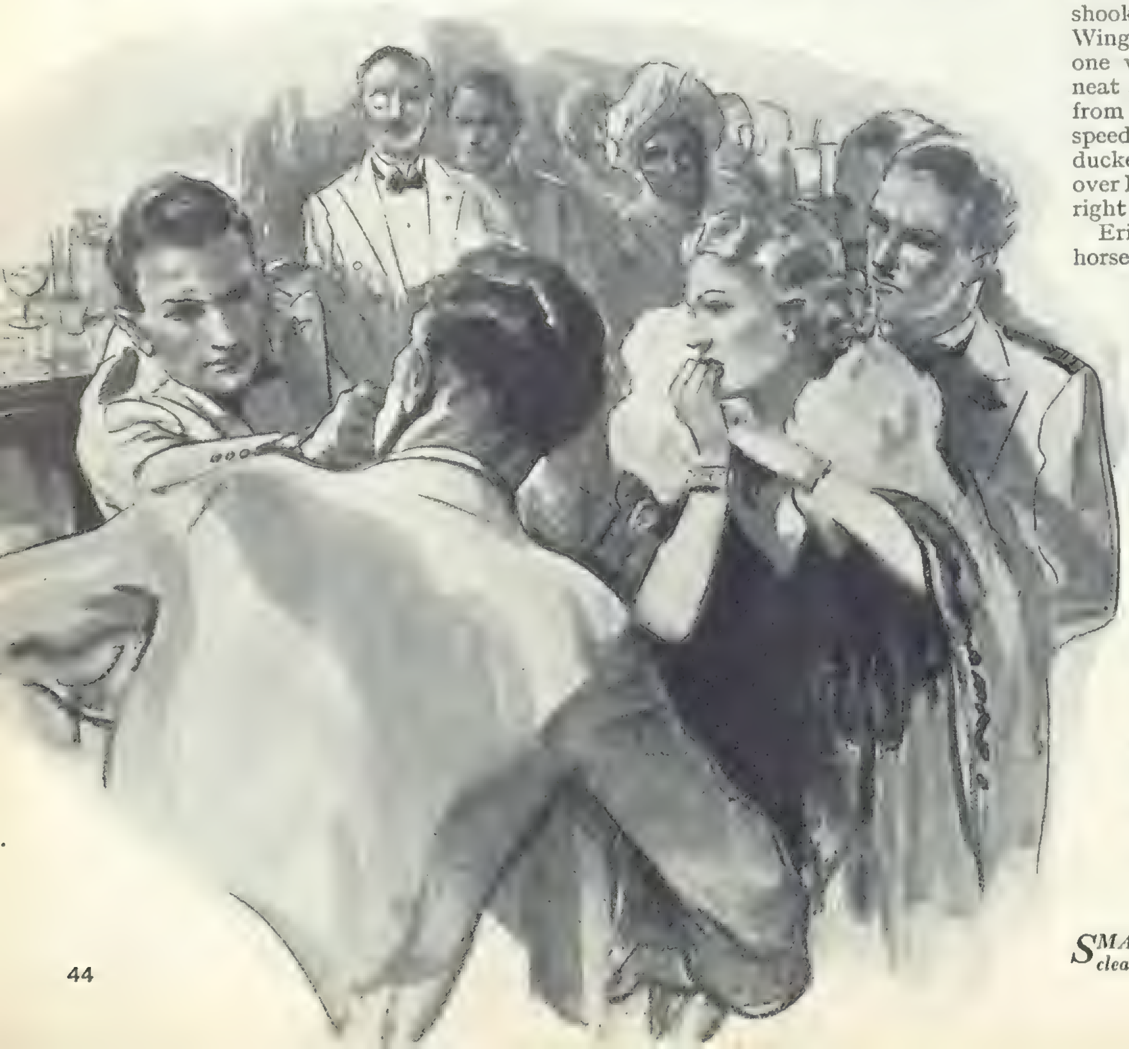
The blow landed clean on Graham's open mouth. He reeled against the door, slowly wiped one great hand across his mouth and stared stupidly at the blood. A dreadful silence held the room as he shook his head and advanced on Eric Wingate. Not in a blundering rush as one would expect, but with the quick, neat steps of a boxer. His left shot out from the great bunched shoulders with a speed amazing in a man of his size. Eric ducked and the blow grazed harmlessly over his head. Simultaneously Graham's right flashed up from his hip.

Eric felt something like the kick of a horse on the side of his head; it lifted him from his feet and sent him sprawling at the feet of a group behind. Sick and dazed, he grasped at something by his side, discovered it to be a lady's ankle, and hastily withdrew his hand.

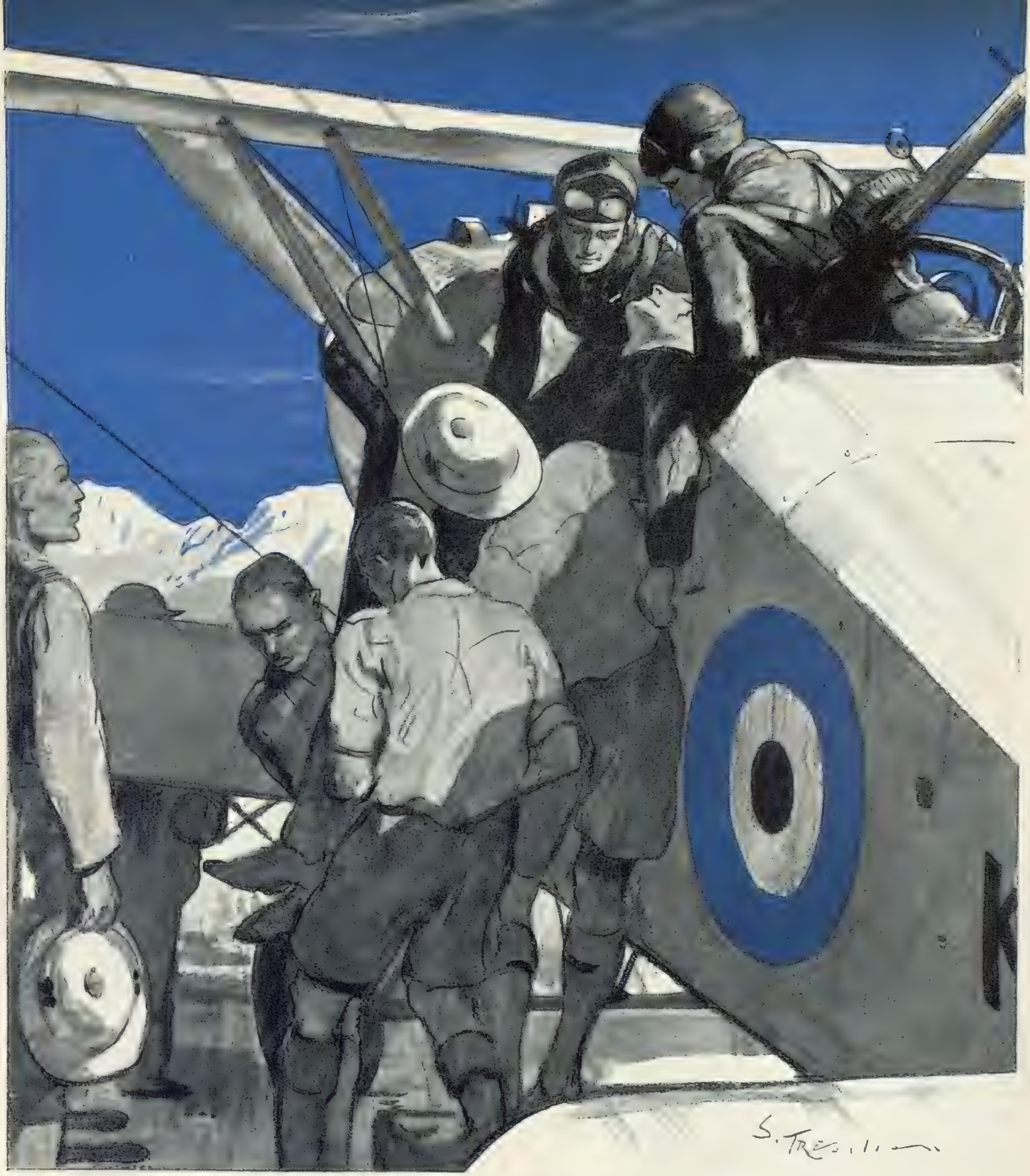
Somebody was helping him up; somebody was speaking to him; he couldn't make out what they were trying to say. Who was it? Graham? He put up his hands like a man expecting the rush of an opponent and determined to meet it to the best of his ability. Then the room steadied a little, and he gazed at the grim, carved-oak features of his father.

"You will go to your bunk. Stay there until to-morrow. Report to my office after colour-hoisting parade."

No anger. No disgust. No emotion of any sort. Just an icy-cold, passionless order that stung more than that blow on the head.



SMACK! The blow landed clean on Graham's open mouth



AN uncomfortable silence fell on the group about the machine as Graham's body was handed tenderly down and carried into the nearest flight-shed

"But, sir," Eric began. "Let me explain. I——" He paused as he realised that without bringing in Ruth's name he could not explain the circumstances that had led to the incident.

"There will be ample opportunity for that—later," the C.O. said, and turned to Graham.

"Come on, Winnie; can't do anything now," Duncan said, taking Eric's arm.

"Hold on. I'm all right now," said Eric. "Where's Ruth?"

"She fainted. Some of the women have got her in the cloak-room. She's all right. Come on, there's a good fellow."

Still Eric hesitated, glaring fiercely at Graham standing before the C.O., wiping his mouth in a blood-sodden handkerchief.

"My God! I'll kill that filthy beast!" If Eric Wingate thought it was a mutter, he deceived himself. Several faces turned towards him. The C.O. turned slowly, stared as though he was surprised to find him still there, and said:

"Go to your bunk at once."

"THAT was a beautiful welt in the mouth you gave him," said Duncan, as the two sat in a Morris tender on their way back to camp. "I'd have given a month's pay rather than missed that. Did you see his eyes? Biggest shock he's had in his life."

"Wait until to-morrow morning," Eric replied; "there'll be a few more shocks coming for all of us. Hell! I wish Ruth wasn't mixed up in this."

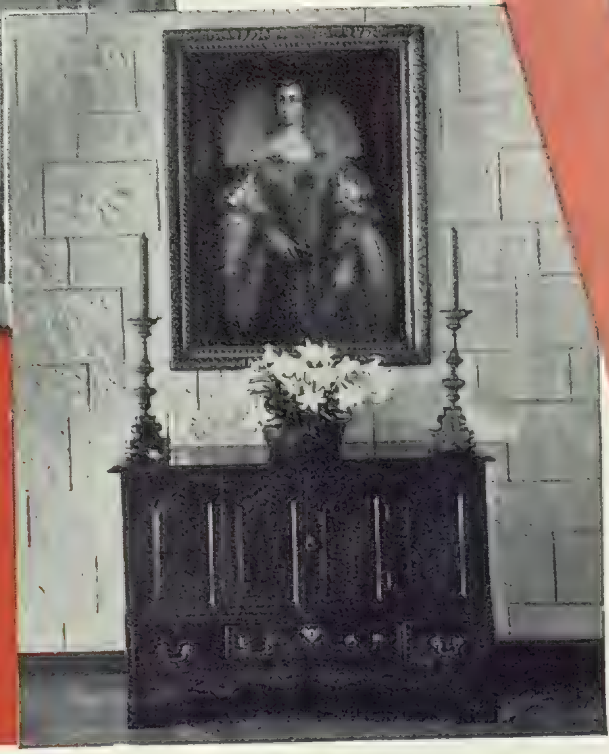
"Don't see how it could be helped," said Duncan. "Of course, it's bad. Superior officer and all that. But, whatever happens, you can rely on the boys."

"Good of you to talk like that, Jimmy," Eric said. "I know the crowd are pretty loyal, but it's my affair. I couldn't have you all dragged in.

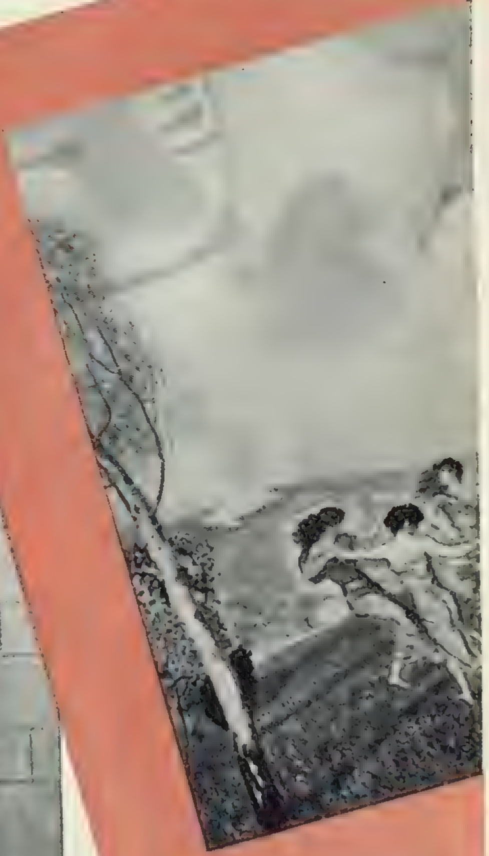
(*Continued on page* 96)

GOOD PICTURES MAKE

The delicate treatment of the animal painting is ideally suited to the mantel with its Classic relief decoration and pale colouring



For the more robust type of decoration a portrait in oils is the perfect accompaniment. Reproductions of the Dutch and Flemish schools are ideal for this purpose



(Right) Von Stuck's "Dance of Spring." The pale colouring and the gay spirit of this charming composition will beautify the simplest modern room

It was a bad day for decoration when fashion decreed bare walls. Without pictures homes seemed to have been stripped of all character and charm—all, that is, but of the most superficial kind.

For all that, the experience has taught us something. It has shown that no other form of decoration can invest the place we live in with so much refinement and grace. It has banished, too, for all discriminating persons the convention which led us to hang pictures—any pictures—like rows of soldiers upon the wall.

The importance and the influence upon the home of fine works of art are such as to allow complete furnishing schemes to be built around them. Fine pictures are offered now for all tastes and all pockets, and there is little excuse if homes are still without beauty.

Whatever your reactions to pictures may be, whether you enjoy the matchless gift of appreciation for fine and beautiful things, or whether you merely like a picture because the colours please you, there are works to your taste—fine works that will make your home a better place to live in.

For people whose taste leans towards the antique, for the rich tones of carved oak and the muted colouring of tapestries, pictures of the Dutch or Flemish school are a fine choice to give character and atmosphere to the room.

The power, the emotional quality, of a picture by, say, Rembrandt cannot be expressed in words. The mysterious radiance that suffuses the composition of some of the best known works of the Dutch school reaches out and lays its peace upon the surroundings. Tragedy, mischief, enigmatical wisdom, looking from the painted eyes of a woman who lived and died centuries ago may taunt or intrigue you, it may inspire you with many emotions, but it will never bore you.

If, on the other hand, your temperament responds more readily to the lighter aspects of life, the gracious gesture, the coquettish glance; if the decoration of your home runs to the more elegant, curving, draped and beribboned era of furnishing, get you to a picture gallery and make your choice from the incomparable delicacy of Gainsborough, the divine grace of Reynolds.

If colour only makes an appeal to you, you may have it. That is the amazing thing about the finest pictures. They have all the qualities which most appeal to the untutored taste—if the untutored taste will only pause to realise it.

Reynolds puts a blue ribbon on a hat, and his mastery of colour is so complete that the effect is more dazzling than if all the rainbow colourings were poured upon the canvas. So, if it's colouring you want . . .

Gainsborough gives to his subjects an elegance of mien, a coquettishness of the eye—so if it's charm you ask for . . .

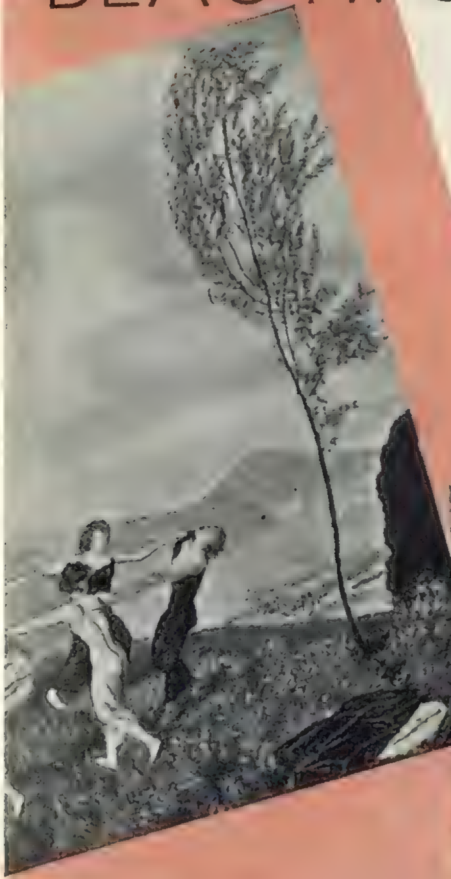
If your home is emphatically modern, the old schools of art are still yours to command. It is another tribute to the incomparable artistry of the Masters that their work is ageless and majestic beyond the vagaries of fleeting fashion.

Modern decorators use pictures in a way that gives the artist perhaps the finest opportunity ever permitted him to display his art.

The simple backgrounds, the clean contours, so typical of the modern interior, give the almost perfect setting for fine pictures. A Canaletto, the Venetian master, hung in a modern room achieved one of the most inspiring and satisfying effects I have ever seen.

Muted colourings, clean, almost gaunt outlines as a setting for the exquisite delicacy of the artist's composition, the dazzling radiance of its lighting, were perfect in their effect. All the maturity, the craftsmanship which is somehow absent from the typically modern scheme

BEAUTIFUL HOMES



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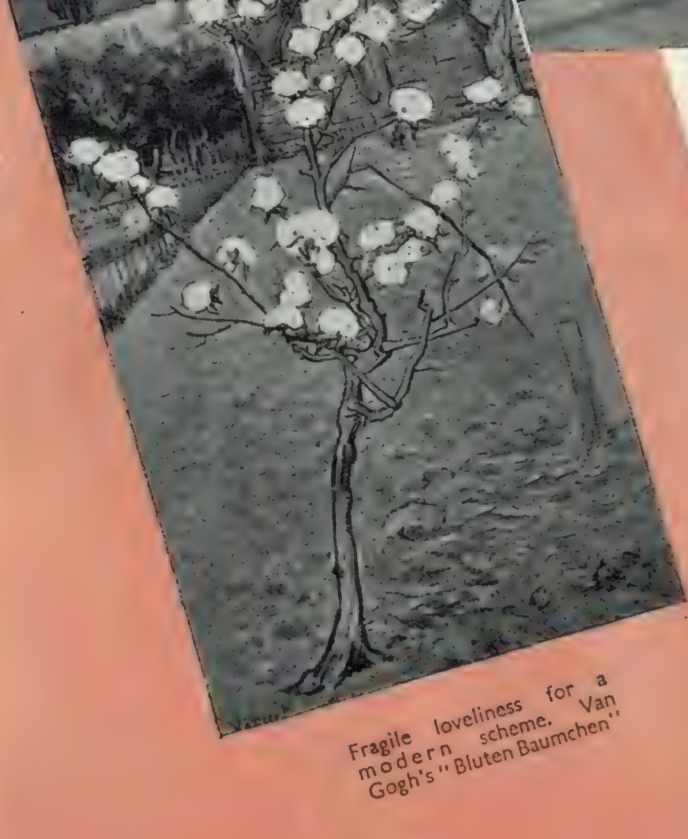
(Below) A fine colour print perfectly grouped between the decorative light sconces and the slender table



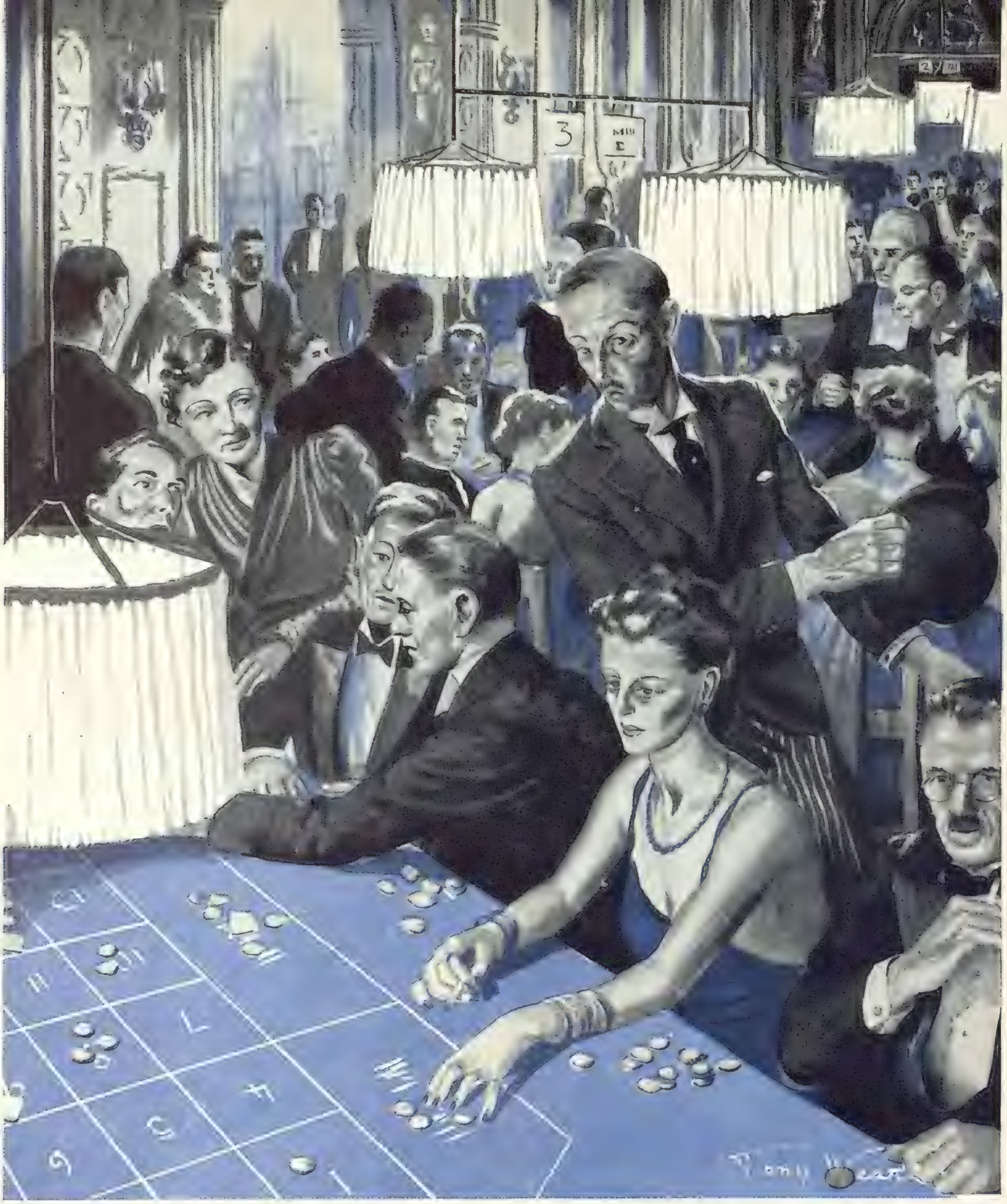
Fragile loveliness for a modern scheme. Van Gogh's "Bluten Baumchen"

Eighteenth-century animal prints bring a fine dignity to the modern room. This is an interesting arrangement over a low brick fireplace

of decoration, comes to the room where pictures of such a quality are hung.

The displaying of pictures is, of course, an art in itself. It would be sacrilege to use any other picture in the room I have just described. It is, in fact, seldom necessary to hang more than one picture in a small room—that is, if the one you hang has the power of the Master and is displayed with a discrimination worthy of his art.

On the other hand, a number (*Continued on page* 102)



WHEN he observed her, Mr. Madden stopped whistling with some abruptness. It was Lady (Muriel) Austruther,

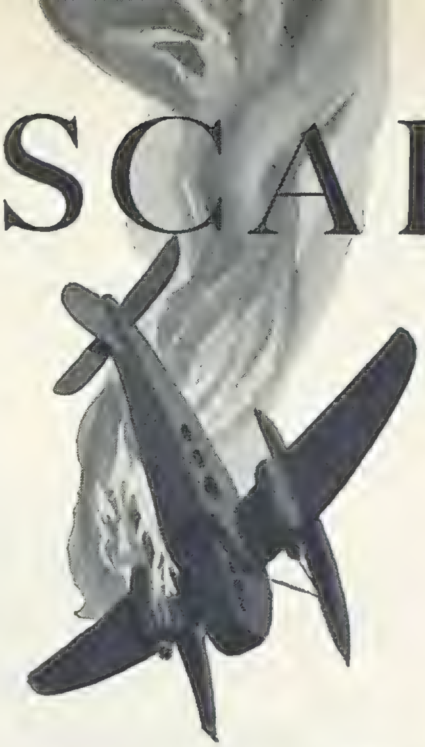
LADY (MURIEL) ANSTRUTHER had hosts of admirers, but none more passionate than Mr. Madden, of "Holmleigh," Beechcroft Avenue, New Malden.

In all other respects Mr. Madden was the most domestic and undistinguished of men, fond of his unattractive wife, fond of his two unattractive children, fond even of "Holmleigh," which he privately considered to be in many ways the least attractive of the lot.

Behold Mr. Madden, smallish, baldish, battered by routine, at 8.31 precisely on the morning of Wednesday the thirtieth of September last. A train drew in. Mr. Madden waited till the first class compartments had rolled beyond him and then entered the third class smoker immediately pursuivant. He seated himself in the far corner with his back to the engine. Immediately opposite him, as usual, sat a brown, cadaverous man who jerked a pipe round the edge of a garden-ing paper, nodded over the top of his glasses, and said "Nice morning." This had happened daily for fifteen years. As was his custom, Mr. Madden opened his own paper, methodically lit his own pipe and said "Ah!" In the paper was a picture of "Lady (Muriel) Anstruther, just back from her adventurous trip in the Congo, snapped on the terraces at Monte Carlo."

Now, on Wednesday the thirtieth of September Mr. Madden's season ticket

ESCAPE



Little Mr. Everyman from the Suburbs Seeks, and Finds, Great Adventure

By

Anthony Gibbs

Illustrated by Tony Weare

expired. That was always a black day for Mr. Madden. Mr. Madden, as you may have guessed, was one of those men who were sometimes tempted to get away from it all. He had been tempted every day for the last fifteen years, but four times a year, when his season was due for renewal, he was especially tempted, because he had to plank down seven whole pounds for the three-monthly renewal of his bondage. Wednesday the thirtieth of September was one of the days when he despised himself for a slave to domesticity and curriculum, when he wished that he could be a little desperate, a little bit more like Lady (Muriel) Anstruther.

As he sat in the train that morning he thought to himself that Lady (Muriel) Anstruther was the very goddess of escape. She was a beautiful and famous lady, and she smiled at him so constantly from the back pages of his newspaper. For Lady (Muriel) Anstruther was "news." She had discovered an unknown tribe of pygmies in Patagonia. She slept one night, alone, in the great pyramid of Cheops. She had travelled right across Africa in a lorry with somebody who was not her husband. She had set out to fly the Atlantic on a cold, grey dawn when Mr. Madden was in bed. It is true that she got no farther than the Irish Channel when Mr. Madden was at the office, but the intention was good enough. Lady (Muriel) did everything that was bold, brilliant, bad, and in every way different from what Mr. Madden did. If a Zeppelin made its first flight to South America, Lady (Muriel) was on board. If there was a Fascist fight at the Albert Hall, she was in the thickest fray. If a gambling hell was raided, she was arrested too. Lady (Muriel) not only seemed to do all these stimulating and delightful things, but she seemed to do them—a point which still had some sway with Mr. Madden—in a minimum of clothing. She was, as Mr. Madden said sometimes in unguarded moments, a great little woman. The lady herself did not, of course, know of the existence of Mr. Madden; but in his soul he worshipped her. At 9.10, precisely, Mr. Madden sighed, rose from his seat, and left Lady (Muriel) behind him on the seat. As he stepped upon the platform at Victoria he cast one regretful look at her. She was shouting, with one hand to her mouth and a bare arm upstretched. It seemed to Mr. Madden that she beckoned him to all that was forbidden and most wonderful.

Then Mr. Madden disappeared, as was his custom, from the sight of men. He walked into the bowels of the Underground and was known no more until 5.53, when he emerged again on the platform at Victoria. He had worked at an office, and he lunched, but no one noticed him. He had also executed three little commissions for his wife—a pack of playing cards, some oil of lavender, and four very small fillets of fish. In addition, he had cashed a cheque for ten pounds, and as he took his place at the queue for the booking office he held seven of them regretfully in one hand. When his turn came he laid them regretfully on the *guichet* before him.

"New Malden?" said the clerk, removing a pen from behind his ear.

"No," said Mr. Madden, still regretfully, "Monte Carlo."

It was a very simple matter, really. As Mr. Madden selected a corner seat with his back to the engine he glanced out of the window and saw a brown, cadaverous man enter the 6.1 for New Malden. Mr. Madden, though he had travelled with him for fifteen years, did not even know his name. At six o'clock Mr. Madden departed. At 6.4 the cadaverous man caught him up on the bridge over the Thames at Chelsea and was wafted within a few inches of his face. Mr. Madden obfuscated himself behind a newspaper and drew gradually ahead.

Twenty-four hours later, sleepless, hungry and unwashed, with nothing but the clothes he stood up in and three pounds ten in his pocket, Mr. Madden stepped into almost African sunlight before a row of one-horsed cabs. There was one thing, one guilty secret, Mr. Madden had always kept from his wife. It was in his pocket now. His season ticket was not the only recurring incident in Mr. Madden's inner life. In fifteen years he had renewed that sixty times in all. Three times he had renewed this other. His fingers closed upon it now, with something like a caress, and drew it out. "We, George Nathaniel Curzon . . ." It was his passport.

"Casino," said Mr. Madden, entering a cab.

That same little book which had facilitated his escape procured admittance to the Casino. Mr. Madden knew all about that, for he had read deeply of Phillips Oppenheim. As he wandered through the florid saloons, with the sharp cones of light falling on green baize like billiard tables, and naked women sporting with grapes and cornucopias in the shadows of

the ceiling, Mr. Madden tried to look like an habitué; not very successfully, because of the limpness of his moustache and the reflective surfaces of his suit and his slightly greenish bowler. To show how bored he was with the whole business, and how blasé about suicides and all that, Mr. Madden whistled. He visited one or two of the tables and leaned over the shoulders of lovely women, whistling. There was one woman who was particularly lovely. She showed a great expanse of sun-bronzed back, her finger-nails were violet, her dark hair was cut like Lord Byron's, and she wore a large imitation pearl in each ear. When he observed her, a little diffidently because of the exposure, Mr. Madden stopped whistling with some abruptness. It was Lady (Muriel) Anstruther.

LADY ANSTRUTHER was one of those rare souls who like to watch the masses in their native haunts. Mr. Madden, unaware that he was in a native haunt of the masses and the real addicts were ushered through door after door into unholier and unholier holies of holies, adopted an expression of condescending camaraderie and watched to see what Lady (Muriel) did. What she did was to fling down a five-pound note in a casual way on to the green baize before her, gaze round the room, receive some pink chips in exchange, and pick them up with a great tinkling of bracelets. Mr. Madden had not got five pounds, but he flung down one in a casual way, gazed round the room, heard the croupier say something in French, and found somebody pushing thirty-three pounds towards him in addition to his stake with a little rake, trying not to look in the least astonished. Mr. Madden collected them. It was then that Lady (Muriel) spoke.

" You ought to leave the stake, little man," she said.

Mr. Madden nodded and said " Ah ! " But within him all was delicious and astonishing convulsion. The goddess of escape had spoken. Still with the set expression of the born gambler, Mr. Madden considered this. While he was considering it the same thing happened again and a polished rake was pushing thirty-four crinkly one-pound notes in his direction.

" Well, I'm blowed ! " said Mr. Madden to the cupids and the cornucopias and the mirrors at large.

Mr. Madden became rather reckless after this. He flung down two one-pound notes in a casual way. One hour later he was flinging them down a dozen at a time. Two hours later he was scattering them like chaff before the wind. By one o'clock that night Mr. Madden, perspiring, dishevelled, and in a kind of disbelieving ecstasy, was the exultant centre of a large crowd, his pockets and the seat of his chair and the table before him a welter of the world's currencies. Sometimes he lost, sometimes he gained. Mr. Madden was altogether too blowed to notice. At 1.55 a.m. precisely, when he rose to go, Mr. Madden tottered from his place and was escorted by solicitous well-wishers to the cash desk, where he decanted a miscellaneous armful of pink chips, white chips, gold chips, and bank-notes of assorted nationality and denomination.

While he waited for entries in a ledger and sums of arithmetic he caught sight of Lady (Muriel) Anstruther " chatting to a friend."

" I suppose," said the friend, " you're going on that inaugural flight to Cairo ? "

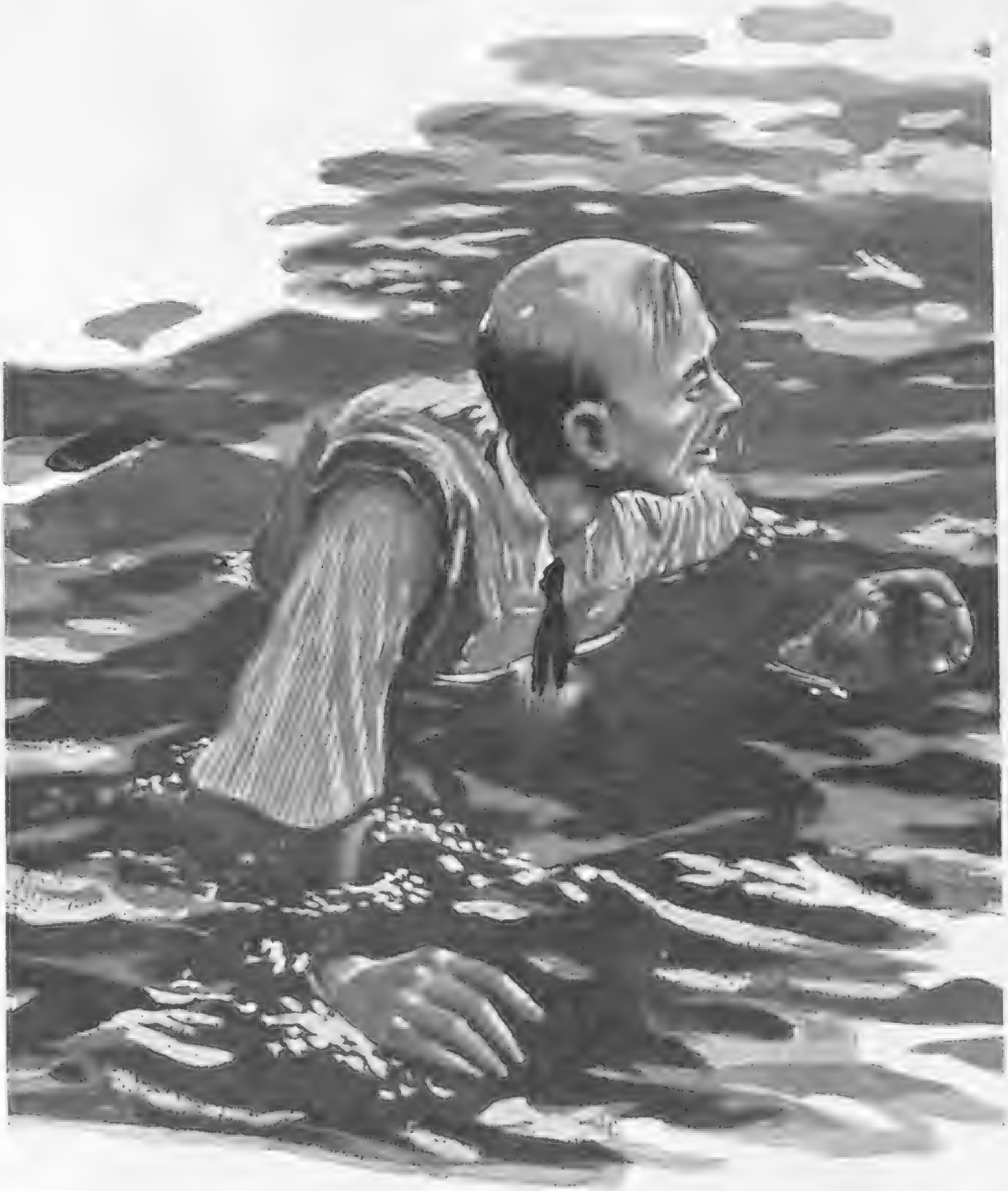
Lady (Muriel) dropped a neat cylinder of cigarette ash on the Aubusson carpet and said, " Oh, I suppose so."

" Eight thousand," said the man at the cash desk, " two hundred and fifty-one pounds."

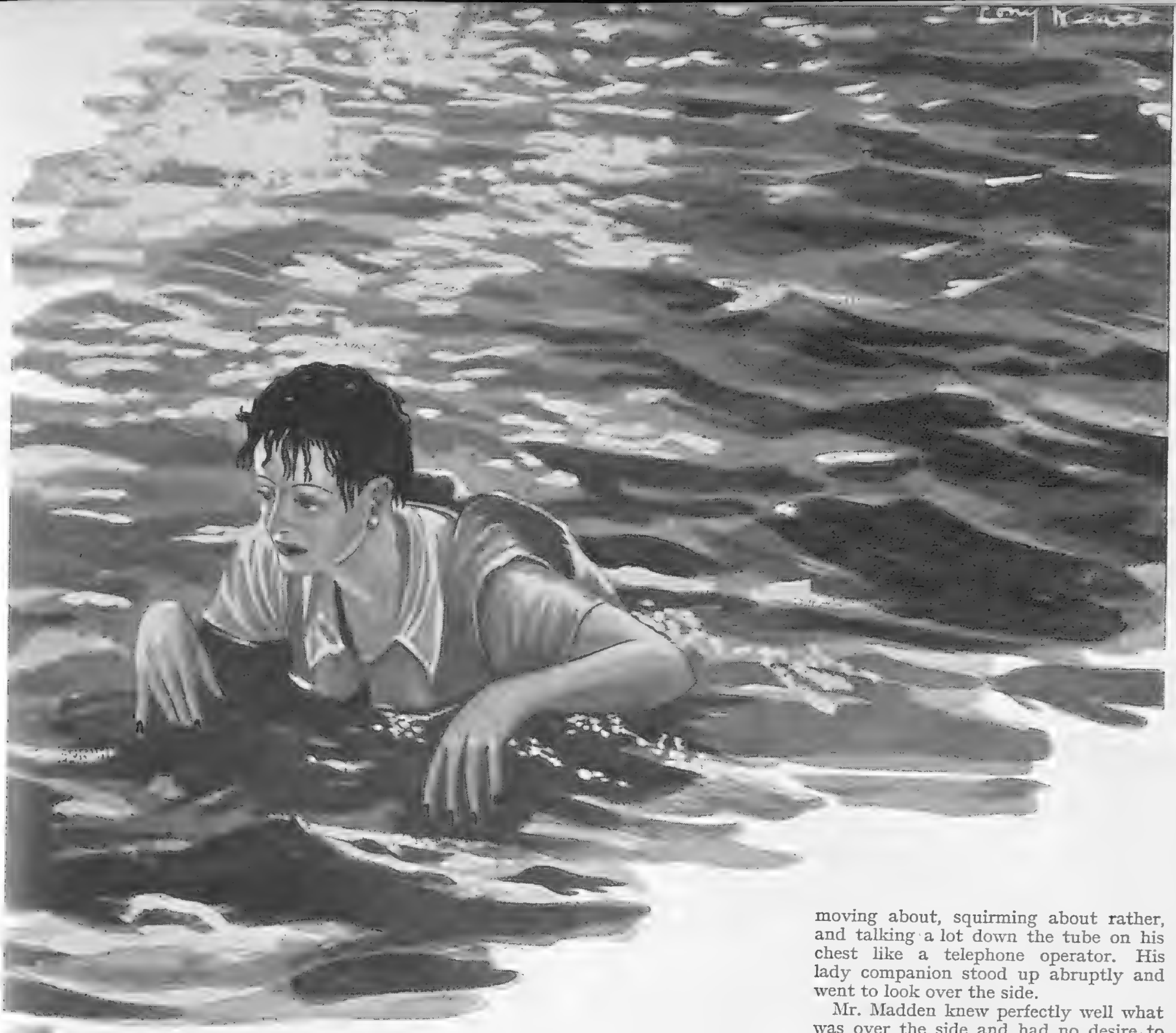
THE supermarine flying-boat was a thing of beauty and sat the water like a great white gull.

As Mr. Madden weighted the stern of a small boat and was rowed over the blue swell towards her, he thought he had never seen anything so graceful or so clean or so unreliable. The suggestion that Mr. Madden was about to trust himself in the most unstable of elements to those delicate wings and those fragile stays impressed itself upon Mr. Madden as a most foolhardy suggestion.

SUDDENLY Lady (Muriel) Anstruther smiled in quite a kindly way. "Well," she said, "what am I?" Mr. Madden swallowed. "You're wonderful!" he said



And there he was standing in the bottom of the boat, clutching two suitcases, supported under the armpits by a sailor on either side and faced with the acrobatic task of mounting a small ladder that lurched up and down before him with a supercilious disregard of human limitations. Then he found himself being literally carried on board while he pedalled furiously with his feet to give some semblance of the effect of climbing a ladder, and was dragged unceremoniously through a corrugated duralumin door and flung gasping into an adjustable chair. A very polite steward was saluting him. Mr. Madden gave him a breathless good morning and wished, for a moment, that there was a paper opposite him round the corner of which a pipe would come and a cadaverous face, together with the clinging aroma of coal smoke and conservatism which pervaded the familiar 8.31. Presently, however, Mr. Madden could see between the neat blue curtains of a little window a smart motor-launch cutting through the water in a cloud of spray, and in a twinkling the cameras were clicking and the flashlights were going fizz as Lady (Muriel) Anstruther stood in the launch and waved, and clung to the ladder and waved, and stood in the doorway and waved, like the intrepid explorer she was.



Mr. Madden was thrilled about all this, because he reflected that before many days were past those pictures would be left lying on the seats of third class carriages and used for the linings of drawers and to wrap fish in; and while he reflected thus there was a mighty roar from the four great engines and rushing wind, and Mr. Madden and Lady (Muriel) were bumping along together on the surface of the water, which had suddenly become as solid as lead. For a very long time they jolted along like this, with a fine pattern of spray on the windows and an indescribable commotion of sound, and then suddenly the motion ceased, Lady (Muriel) in the forepart of the machine seemed to lift somewhat above his level, and Mr. Madden, looking down, was dismayed to observe the waves, filled with an astonishment equal to his own, lying in map-like immovability along an indented coastline.

The riot of noise continued. The courteous steward had plugged Mr. Madden's ears with cotton wool, and supplied Lady (Muriel) with a brandy and soda. He had also passed through a narrow door in front and spent a certain amount of time shouting in the pilot's ear. Each time he did this the pilot nodded.

When he returned Mr. Madden also ordered a brandy and soda. When he had drunk it time seemed to pass more lazily. There was a large speedometer over the pilot's door with a hand that hovered at "180." Next to it was a clock whose hands pointed to a quarter past eleven. Three-quarters of an hour later they pointed to twenty past eleven, or so it seemed. Lady (Muriel) Anstruther and Mr. Madden floated together and alone in a timeless void. Just outside Mr. Madden's window was a large engine, quivering with life. Since it was the only thing to watch, Mr. Madden watched it. Then, in the midst of his great adventure, Mr. Madden fell asleep.

It was undoubtedly Mr. Madden's own engine which awoke Mr. Madden. In health its noise, though deafening, had had a certain serenity. Now it was undoubtedly ill. There was something the matter with it, because it was popping and banging in an irregular way and spitting out little squirts of flame. Every time it did this the whole machine gave a violent lurch. Mr. Madden not only woke up, but became suddenly afraid.

Through the glass of the intervening door Mr. Madden could see the pilot moving about, squirming about rather, and talking a lot down the tube on his chest like a telephone operator. His lady companion stood up abruptly and went to look over the side.

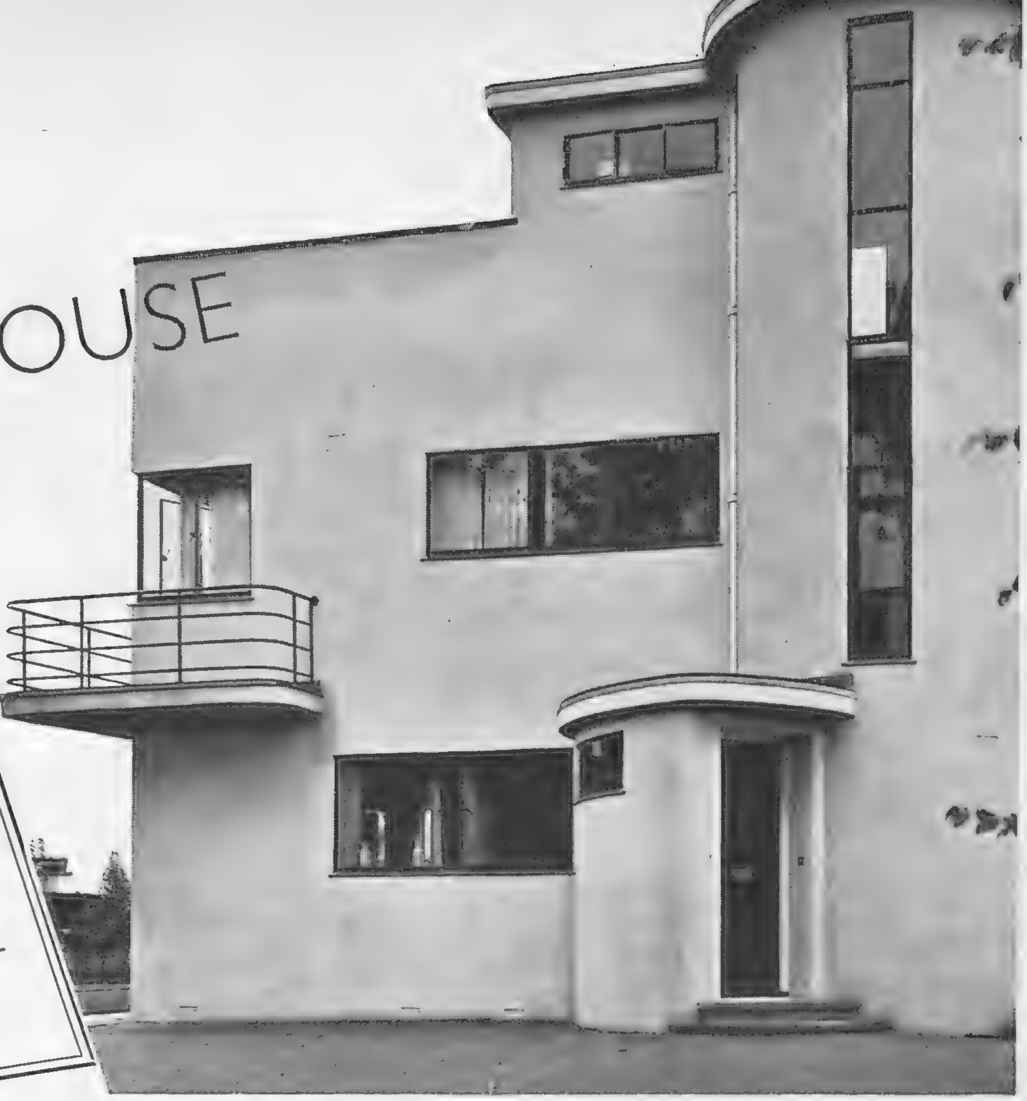
Mr. Madden knew perfectly well what was over the side and had no desire to look at it at all. There was a large engine misbehaving in a thoroughly rude, rowdy way, and there was also a great quantity of very cold water very far down below.

At that moment the engine outside Mr. Madden's window suddenly ceased its banging and popping and became an enormous gas jet throwing out a fierce flame, so fierce that it was almost invisible; and at the same instant of time that Mr. Madden noticed this phenomenon he knew also that the broad wing which stretched out to one side like a deck had taken an abrupt downward plunge, and that Lady (Muriel) Anstruther was directly below him going round and round like a tee-to-tum.

In the extreme violence of this revolving dive there was still a strange relative motionlessness. Though the back of the chair which had once been in front of him now supported his weight in the middle of his chest, it supported it with scarcely any perceptible pressure. Mr. Madden did not have to hold on to anything to achieve the remarkable effect which he was now producing. As if he had spent a lifetime in falling out of the sky, Mr. Madden, in a graceful, airy and competent manner, fell, and twisted as he fell. He even managed, in the midst of these exertions, to manipulate his head through the braces of a lifebelt which he found in a cupboard going over with (*Continued on page* 112)

By Winifred Lewis

HEALTH HOUSE



Health house of to-day and to-morrow. Sun balconies, great sweeps of glass, a flat roof

The Health House of to-morrow has:

- Smokeless coal grates
- Slow combustion cooking
- Water softening and refrigeration
- Filtered air and sound-proofing

It is not so long ago that to have taken any decisive measures to promote good health was to have put oneself irretrievably among the "cranks."

If, from their superior elevation, our Victorian forbears have any means of conning modern health culture activities, they must be extremely pained at so much crankiness. Well, poor dears, many of them expired for the lack of them, so the laugh is on them.

But, seriously, health consciousness has come upon us so slowly that we scarcely know it is here. That goes especially for the measures now permanently established for promoting health in the home.

Although we may hardly realise it, modern home design and equipment offer us endless ways of contributing to more infrequent visits of the doctor.

Quite apart from freak designs, good modern architecture is based on solid principles of health. That's why it pays to get yourself a house scientifically planned and built by men who take a pride in what they do rather than by those who take a profit at all costs.

Spacious planning, rooms designed and located to give free circulation to air, with sunshine where you want it and protection where you don't, are factors for health that should figure in your plans for a home.

Windows should be long and sweeping and placed to catch the sun when it rises and to hold it while it lasts. With fadeless colours and sun-fast fabrics around you, you can forget your worries about sunbeams dancing on the carpet. Just let them dance.

Dust traps are anathema in the health house. This means extraneous carvings and all mouldings that invite microbes to linger. Smooth, easily scoured surfaces are the thing. Dark cupboards are banished and spacious, light, easily inspected compartments are in their place.

Flat roofs develop slowly. Convention dies hard and popular taste still leans to hipped effects and sentimental gables, but, for all that, the health house of to-morrow is flat-roofed. This promises a solarium for every home and perhaps a roof playroom for the youngsters, with glass walls that admit the health-giving rays of the sun.

The sleeping terrace or bedroom balcony is getting support from houses that enjoy some reasonable seclusion. A terrace on the sheltered side of the house, partly screened with glass or entirely protected with sliding panels, is fitted with a modern luxury version of the familiar "camp bed."

Where a garage is built on to the side of the house the flat roof of it is often utilised as a sleeping terrace, a casement door giving access to a bedroom.

Heating apparatus are high on the list of contributions for health in the home. Smokeless coal grates are somewhere near the top. They eliminate soot, fumes and attendant ills. Cooking stoves are on the same principle. The health kitchen to-day is fitted with a slow combustion cooker burning anthracite, which is clean to handle, light to carry and practically free from dirt deposits.

The slow combustion stove is itself immaculately clean and keeps the kitchen softly warm whatever quantity of cooking is done. By burning day and night it sustains a comfortable heat and prevents the unhealthy sagging of the temperature which occurs with some cookers when meals are complete.

Softened water not only conserves the nutrition of cooked vegetables, but works minor miracles upon the health in other ways. As a health factor the refrigerator is too obvious to need further mention, but larders will bear analysis.

It is an old theory, but sound, that food stores should be built on the cool side of the house. That they should be situated away from cooking stoves, hot-water circulation pipes, and cooking odours goes also without saying.

Until recently architects have been skimpy with larder space. This was bad, because whereas the food necessary to a household may be packed into a small area, health requires that it should be well spaced, so that one type of

Left: Air conditioning, science's latest contribution to health. This room, decorated in sheer white and blue, will remain immaculate on account of the clean air which is constantly projected into it

Below: Sleeping terrace at the side of the house where the morning sun falls. All the comfort of an indoor bedroom with fresh air on top

Above: Small kitchen for health and comfort. The slow combustion cooker keeps a cool room temperature, emits no smoke or fumes and is entirely free from dirt

Right: Food in a white-walled, tiled, air-conditioned pantry, as a supplement to the indispensable refrigerator

food does not contaminate another and that there should be ample space for the circulation of air.

The pantry you can walk into and inspect every corner of at a glance is the only really hygienic kind. Wide, tiled shelves should be within easy reach for cleaning and tidying, and every variety of food should have its particular container—each washable, at that.

The practice of fitting a diminutive window into food cupboards should be banned. A large window is essential, but should be fitted with an inside gauze screen, an outside awning and adequate scientific ventilation.

Filtered air is the latest gift of science to the home, so make your choice between an elaborate air-conditioning system for the whole house, a unit for individual rooms and, at a really reasonable cost, a clever device called the Vent-Axia Silent Six Air Extractor. It can be used in the kitchen or any other small room without structural alteration.

Fitted into a window or built into a wall when the building is erected, it removes continuously and draughtlessly all cooking smells, vitiated air or fumes of any kind.

It is essentially a unit for the smaller house or flat where the kitchen is close to the living apartments, and especially where well-heated rooms are without the old chimney ventilation. It also solves the difficult problem of ventilation where windows cannot be left open all night.

This apparatus is moulded in bakelite, which gives it the lightness which enables it to be fitted into a window pane. It is silent in operation and consumes less current than a small electric bulb.

The Vent-Axia, a small apparatus which can be fitted to the window. It expels used air and fumes of all kinds. It can be used in the kitchen or any other small room in the house

BOOKS:

Some American Novels and Others

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

LENDING distinction to the social season of 1937, the Coronation seems to have had the opposite effect upon the publishing season. In the early days, perhaps, the publishers were reluctant to issue promising books, knowing that their lives were apt to be cut short on May 12; and by the time the festivities were properly over the season was too far gone for a good book to win its due reward. This is pure surmise, and there may be a genuine shortage of important works. But, whatever the explanation, the spring publishing season has been an exceptionally dull one. In past years I have urged readers to employ their August holidays in reading some of the outstanding books of recent appearance. This time my list is very short, and consists of two volumes of autobiography—*Ships and Women*, by Bill Adams (Peter Davies and Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d.), and Noel Coward's *Present Indicative* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.)—one novel, *Theatre*, by W. Somerset Maugham (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), and one volume of essays, Dean Inge's *A Rustic Moralist* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.). These are all, in their different ways, easy to read, and may be enjoyed on the beach if the minstrels are not too near. I am speaking, of course, only of those books which I have read.

TURNING to the latest fiction, I have enjoyed, and I think that others will enjoy, Mr. John Moore's *Clouds of Glory* (Dent, 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a flying stunt organised by a Fleet Street magnate, who sends two young aviators to fly, one West, the other East, to meet and marry in Melbourne. The tale is told in a simple and straightforward manner, and the characters, though not deeply explored, ring true. The most memorable feature of the novel, however, is the description of the fearful strain of long-distance solo flying. Mr. Moore renders this so well that no reader will ever again turn indifferently from newspaper reports of the progress of single flyers attempting to break records. I do not know whether the author has had experience of the strain he describes so vividly; nor does it matter, æsthetically. He has taken a comparatively new, but increasingly common example of human endurance and brought it home to the general imagination in a way no other writer, as far as I know, has yet managed to do.

Contemporary American fiction is usually sugary and sentimental or violent and tough; not infrequently, it succeeds in belonging to both classes simultaneously. *The Sound of Running Feet*, by Josephine Lawrence (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), is nearer to the first category than to the second. Miss Lawrence is a popular American novelist who specialises in the lives of the humdrum—rather like our own Pett Ridge, but without the astringent humour which gave his books their unique quality. Her novel is pleasant and easy, her writing adequate and undistinguished. *The Revels Are Ended*, by Robert Carson (Constable, 7s. 6d.), belongs to the second class. It moves fast; the girls are amorous and the men pugilistic, and much of the conversation is unintelligible. Mr. Carson can write. One wonders why he, like so many of the newer American novelists, is apparently anxious to copy the methods and plots of the next fellow. There seems a very real danger of the American novel becoming as standardised as the body of the American automobile.

But another American novel, *The Late George Apley*, by John P. Marquand (Hale, 7s. 6d.), belongs to a school which I had supposed had been crushed out of existence by modern conditions. Mr. Marquand might take tea, any day, with Mrs. Wharton. His methods are, to some extent, his own, but his manners are hers and Henry James's. They still persist, then, at least in Boston, the city of which he writes. In his unhurried narrative he seems to

JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS

The Outside World

"Movie Merry-Go-Round": *by John Paddy Carstairs*

(Newnes, 7s. 6d.).

INTO this account of the film business from A to Z, something of the excitement of rehearsal seems to have crept. Mr. Carstairs is an enthusiast, and the movies, as a career, are probably not always as thrilling as he makes them out to be. But there is a deal of knowledge behind his smile, and there are few technical queries which are not answered in his pages. Many of the numerous illustrations are of great interest, especially the make-up charts of Mmes. Claudett (*sic*) Colbert and Josephine Hutchinson.

"My Ireland": *by Lord Dunsany*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

THIS gentle, delightful, slightly romantic book, the work of one of Ireland's most distinguished sons, sets out to describe Ireland and the Irish to all who care to listen. There have been many such attempts, and they differ widely. Perhaps it is wisest to regard this as a charming book, which anyone may enjoy.

"Denmark": *by Agnes Rothery*

(Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.)

EVERY year sees the appearance of a number of volumes like this, the product of writers not precise enough to give us a guide-book, and not rich enough in personality to hold us by their charm. Of this rather woolly form of literature, however, here is quite a good example—and the Danes, especially those living in Copenhagen and around it, at Klampenborg and Skodsborg, will doubtless be glad of it. There are some thirty photographs reproduced; like the writing, they are all right as far as they go, but might be better.

"Life is My Adventure": *by Barbara Mullen*

(Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.)

THE young dancer who here tells the story of her packed and vivid life (to date) is the daughter of Pat Mullen, the "Man of Aran." She was born in America, and brought up there; her father, who returned to Ireland, she did not see again till fourteen years later, when she was twenty-one. She writes with great vigour and picturesqueness, and has the self-centredness of the born autobiographist.

move, with polite serenity, in precisely the direction and at exactly the pace on which he has decided. Occasional Americanisms, the employment even of such slang as we have ceased to regard as slang, may slip past the reader, but never the author. If he does not comment upon them, he inserts them in mentally inverted commas. He has written a good novel, which young people may enjoy for its own sake, their elders for additional and not entirely sentimental reasons. It gives, in its well-modulated way, a remarkably full picture of the changes in American life during the last fifty or sixty years.

FROM the other side of the Atlantic comes a second distinguished piece of work—*The Outward Room*, by Millen Brand, published in this country by Cassells at seven shillings and sixpence. The subject of this novel is a painful one —lunacy. Even a comparatively happy ending cannot rid this theme of its grimness. But readers who are prepared to suffer in the cause of truth and beauty will find here some remarkably sensitive and serious writing. *The Outward Room* is a "first novel," and it is a long time since a new author made so impressive a debut. Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser have paid tributes to the book's unusual power. If these tributes persuade readers to begin the story, they will have done all that is necessary.

JOHN MOORE, author of "Clouds of Glory"

Translated from the German by Norman Alexander, Ruth Feiner's *Sunset at Noon* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) is a story of Vienna—sufficient attraction in itself for those who know that city. The heroine, Stanzi Flemming, is a young girl who, in spite of owning a rich uncle, is ambitious to make her own way in the world. Fräulein Feiner writes familiarly of journalism and the films, and her novel is persuasive and swift. But I think you must know Vienna if you are to get from it all the pleasure it has in it to yield. The author has possibly studied, and not without success, her fellow countrywoman, Vicki Baum, acquiring amongst other things the useful knack of obtaining a good translator.

THE inevitable thriller, the popular detective story, turns up this month in the shape of *Who Killed Robert Prentice?* (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). The authors of this work, J. G. Links and Dennis Wheatley, were also responsible for that admirable experiment, *Murder Off Miami*, and their latest effort is in the same form as its successful predecessor. That is to say, instead of presenting the reader with the customary narrative made up of description and conversation, the authors offer what purports to be a dossier, pure and simple, containing the actual documents and exhibits as shown in court to coroner, judge and jury. The details have been so meticulously attended to and reproduced that they force the reader into hypercriticism. I must point out, therefore, that in the copy sent to me, Exhibit H, an envelope which is supposed to have been through the post, then steamed open, and then soaked by rain, has virgin gum on its flap. The fact that this led me astray is a compliment to my powers of observation, I think, rather than to the authors' skill.

Their ingenuity is, however, astonishing. Even without the

(*Continued on page* 82)

DENNIS WHEATLEY who, with the co-operation of J. G. Links, has produced another thriller, presented in dossier form, entitled "Who Killed Robert Prentice?"

Left:
RUTH FEINER, whose novel "Sunset at Noon" is a story of Vienna

Anglo-Saxon Humour

"Mr. and Mrs. North": *by Richard Lockridge*
(Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)

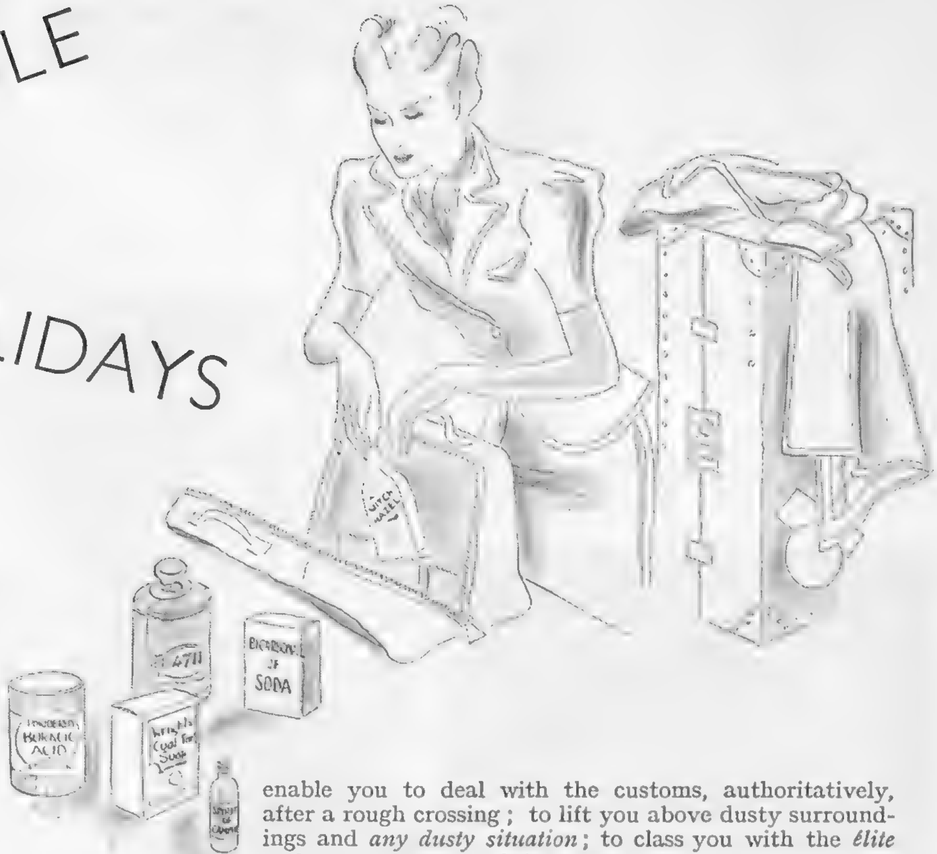
"Funny Pieces": *by Stephen Leacock*
(Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

"A Girl Must Live": *by Emery Bonett*
(Barker, 7s. 6d.)

HERE are volumes by, respectively, an American, a Canadian, and an English humorist; and, like most things in life, they are not quite true to type. We think of American humour as swift, snappy, noisy, but Mr. Lockridge is unhurried and quiet. We think we know Mr. Leacock, and we find we don't. As for our homebred humorist, Mr. Bonett, he is perhaps, the most confusing of all, for he has taken as his model the American, Miss Anita Loos. Let it be added immediately, that he is, to our taste, the funniest of the three.

Mr. Lockridge's hero and heroine are a husband and wife, so universalised that they might belong to the middle stratum of society of any civilised country. Without stressing the similarity, it may be said that Mr. Lockridge has written a modern, and only slightly American, record of a couple who would have been quite at home in the *Diary of a Nobody*. It is a book to induce appreciative chuckles rather than riotous guffaws; its deprecatory realism depends, for its very life, on not soaring. The case of Mr. Leacock is less happy. He seems a little weary in well saying, these days; and, as a contradictory but common result, his jokes are apt to go on too long. He has written better books than this. Lastly, there is Mr. Emery Bonett, introducing us to the toughest and most delightful gang of little gold-diggers. The apparent carelessness of his methods does not disguise his acute perception of feminine technique, and from his pages a young man may learn much about women, even about good women, though there are none of them here. In addition to his more solid qualities, Mr. Bonett knows how to produce good lines. All this, and some pleasant drawings by Miss Anna Zinkeisen, make up a highly diverting book.

INDISPENSABLE FOR HOLIDAYS



My six indispensables for a holiday are Eau de Cologne "4711," Wright's Coal Tar soap, Extract of Witch-hazel, boracic acid powder, bicarbonate of soda, spirits of camphor.

Had I only room for these six, they would see me adequately over India, America, and, of course, the Continent; yet they are so necessary I do not go away for the shortest week-end without them.

Reason: Eau de Cologne first, because you can do almost everything with "4711." Why? Because it is 90 per cent. pure alcohol.

Consequently I find it will relieve almost every headache: at a pinch it will act very nicely as a disinfectant. I have known a man have his snake-bite swabbed hard with eau de Cologne while being led out of the jungle back to camp, and there is no doubt he was saved by the alcohol. Always wipe a thorn scratch with "4711," if you've nothing else with you on a hike—it will smart, but it is worth the pain. And a drop of Cologne behind the ears will revive anyone.

There is nothing like it to counteract exhaustion, to bring you gracefully through a railway journey; to enable you to deal with the customs, authoritatively, after a rough crossing; to lift you above dusty surroundings and *any dusty situation*; to class you with the *élite* and put you on top of the world.

You freshen everyone who comes near you. Some women add it to the water of their face-wash, many use it as an astringent. I find the best use of it in that way is 10 per cent. "4711" to the water of a mouth-wash, because this tones the gums and helps to keep them firm and healthy.

If you don't like the scent of the original "4711"—it is bergamot, neroli and lemon—you can have those three replaced by very modern perfumes in Rhinegold, Tosca, and Troika, and still keep your 90 per cent. alcohol.

So that you can have all the stimulating qualities of "4711," but no one will accuse you of sticking to the same scent as your grandmother.

Now for the soap—Wright's Coal Tar. I know the name conjures up an honest-to-goodness scrub and no nonsense. But what could be more necessary or better, travelling? It lathers in any water; it is hygienic to the limit, and yet it does not dry the skin; it is essentially health-creating. You find it in every nursery. Think of a child's skin. Then think again.

Incidentally, if you are going off the beaten track, you ought to take a bottle of their liquid shampoo. Not only is coal tar notoriously good for the scalp, but this particular preparation is very penetrating and leaves no sediment in the hair. The ointment, too, is good.

Extract of witch-hazel—double-distilled—has 60 per cent. alcohol in it. Sorry to harp on the spirits, but they are exhilarating. Witch-hazel is for bruises, cuts, even for sprains; for wiping over and waking up the wilting face; for soothing, *healing* and revitalising generally. A cure-all.

It can be used as a face astringent, or to calm a burn. If the distilled extract is too dry for you, have witch-hazel as incorporated in Pond's Extract.

Boracic acid is for dusting into socks for long walks. Dissolved, one teaspoonful to ½ pint of boiling water, as an eye-lotion. For dusting over cuts and any abrasions. Certainly for bathing a gumboil.

Bicarbonate of soda should be placed on any sting *at once*. A bee sting, of course, will cause trouble as long as the sting itself is in; you can see it like a small brown splinter, and it must be pressed out. The trouble is that the swelling around it often grows to such a pitch you cannot see the sting.

(*Continued on page* 111)

An ideal present for your menfolk. The "Sir" Shaving Series, just introduced by "4711," including shaving soap, cream, after-shaving talcum powder and lotion

NEW BEAUTY

Here is news that should wipe your face off your conscience—no, off your consciousness. For it should make poor girls rich, and rich girls, duchesses. Anyway, it is as important to feminine fate as a winning Sweep ticket.

A new powder foundation cream has been born, which imparts a transparent through and throughness to the skin which makes anyone who meets you keep looking. It 's the limpidity and the bloom.

After all, there are few things so eye-riveting as the lustre on an unbruised bunch of white hothouse grapes—and this new skintone cream with its complementary make-up, has caught just that fascination.

It confers what you pay money for, breath-taking loveliness.

There are six shades — each with their particular powders and rouges which build up on limpidity without ever blurring it :

1. Gives depth to the delicate blonde.
2. Glow to the gypsy.
3. Felicity to the Titian.
4. Buoyancy to the health appeal of the out-of-door girl.
5. Heightens sophistication.
6. Adds serene smoothness to the matron.

Joy Smith, Gee and Watson

This cream was meant to be out for Coronation. But it just wouldn't come right. The French chemist whose preparations have been recommended by the *Lancet*, and who works exclusively for this Beauty House, is very concerned about his reputation. The cream had to be just right, or the people in the shop were not going to have it. They could pipe their eye, and storm and tear their hair. He delayed till he had the product perfect. So, here it is in August.

At first, he had the ingredient that makes for limpidity, but he could not fix it; it would come away from the cream. Incidentally, without going further into technical details, this cream not only serves to beautify appearance, but actually refines and clarifies the skin all the time it is on.

Like all creams, it needs a special cleansing cream to remove it, and for dry and sensitive skins, there is a form of cleanser called Tissue Cream, which is pleasant and effective.

For very greasy skins, there is also a Vitaliser to be dabbed over the face at night, which will absorb and remove any surplus grease. For normal complexions, a Skin-Tonic leaves the face fresh for the night, and can be alternated with a skin-food. For very dry skins, an application of Muscle-oil is beneficial twice a week, just to ward off wrinkles.

A word about the new lipstick shades which go with this new make-up, one is a russet shade of unusual brilliance; the other is an unforgettable carmine. Neither of these is harsh, but both have extraordinary warmth of colouring and will be just as good later on in the winter days.

A Facial Cream Pack, just to act as a weekly refresher—a thin film spread on for ten minutes any time during the week, even while you change—completes this outfit. Remove the pack with cotton wool soaked in Astringent Lotion or Skin Tonic.

Thus equipped, you will be ready to face anything that 's coming to you. And if exquisite grooming means all we think it does, then your times should be stirring.

Your best plan is to write to me, with a full description of your type, colour of hair, eyes, skin shade, skin texture, and I will see that you are sent a detailed make-up chart.

Once you have it by you, you will wonder how you ever managed without it.

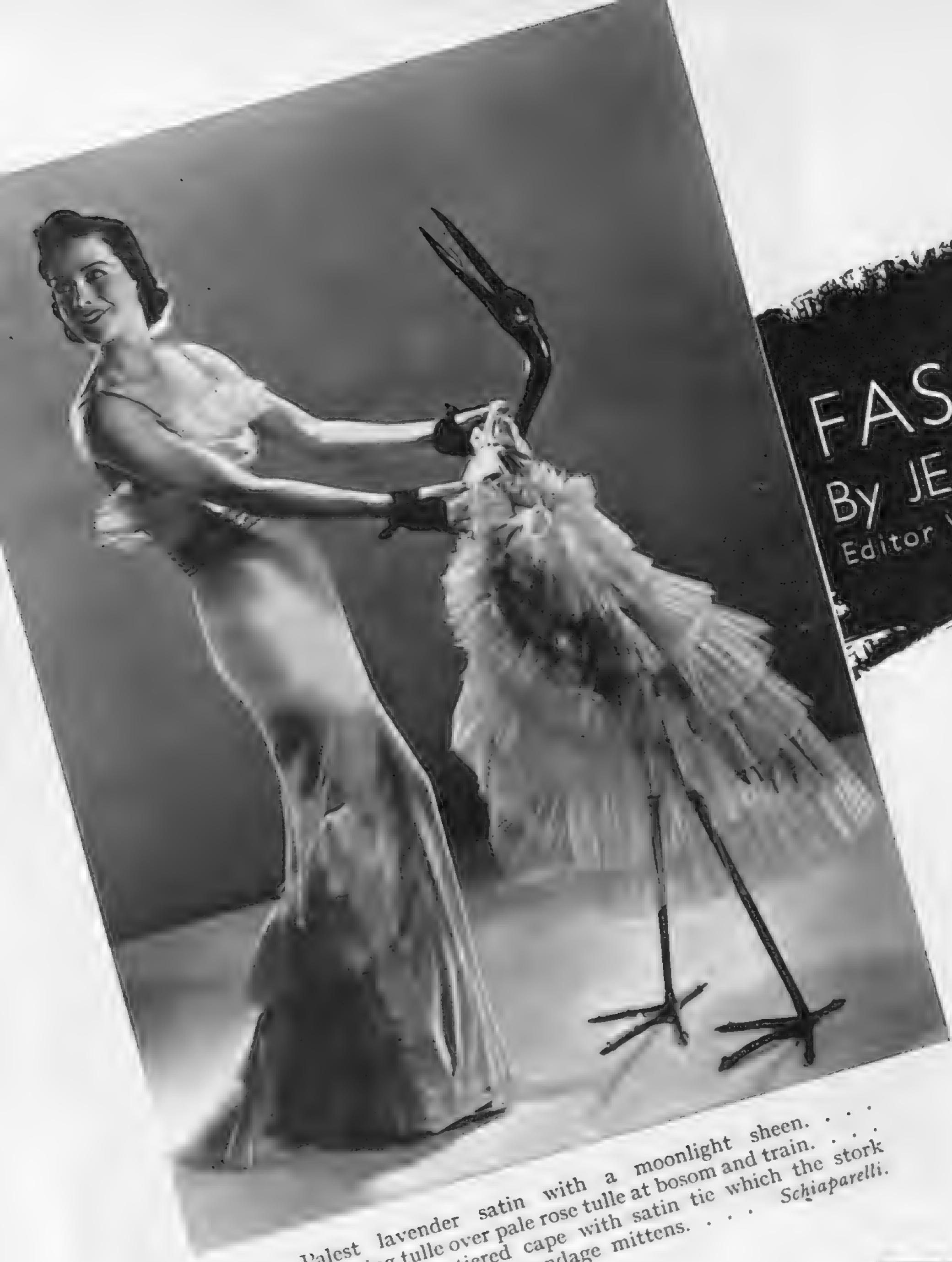
By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

FASHIONS

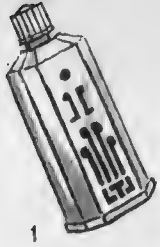
By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department



Palest lavender satin with a moonlight sheen. . . . Matching tulle over pale rose tulle at bosom and train. . . . Tulle for the tiered cape with satin tie which the stork wears. . . . Black bandage mittens. . . . *Schiaparelli.*

Film star Annabella was the guest of honour at a Paris luncheon when the leading fashion creators unanimously voted her "the screen's best-dressed girl." She is wearing Mainbocher's stiff bright-blue silk suit, tufted with black and white, the coat short and fitting, over a flaring skirt. Her blouse is black net, her hat and accessories are also black.



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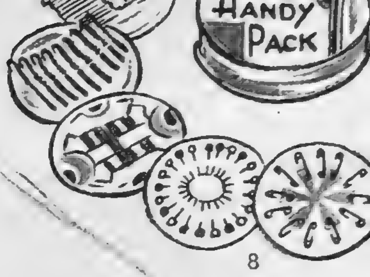

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HOLIDAY TRICKS

Out of the magician's hat they come, one on top of another, all designed to take complications from packing, travelling, holidaying.

1. Gold metal covered perfume bottle for the handbag. Unbreakable. Various perfumes with different coloured stoppers and bases, 3/9.

2. Miniature iron, universal voltage, in green, blue, or red, 5/11.

3. Beauty toilet combination in rubber-lined flowered satin, containing 4 bottles, 2 cream jars, powder box, comb, towel, washer, soap in oilsilk, 10/6.

4. Black fabric covered beauty box lined with cream metal fitted with bottles, cream jars, non-spill powder box and puff, mirror lid, 25/-.

5. Hair-curling outfit. Curl set cream and curlers for setting, combination comb and tongs for arranging, 2/-.

6. Stitched American Cloth pochette, rubber lined, zip-fastening, fitted with pockets, can be used as bottle-carrier, beach bag, or travelling handbag. Various colours, 7/6.

7. Space-saving folding clothes hanger, 1/6.

8. Handy pack, containing elastic, pins, darning silks, hair grips, 1/-.

9. Folding combination stocking dryer and hanger in painted wood, 2/6.

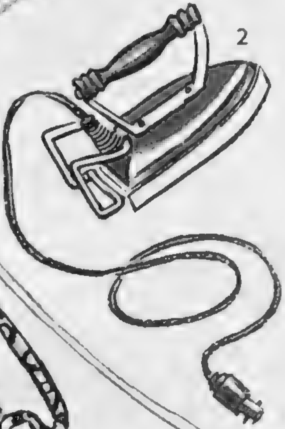
10. Velvet shoe pads. Various patterns and colours, 8½d. a pair.

11. Expanding shoe mittens, washable (for shoe packing), 1/- a pair.

12. Baby travel perfume spray in coloured glass. Special fitted top prevents leaking, 3/6.

13. Peach net sleeping cap (it winds round the head and ties like a turban), 3/6.

Addresses of the shops where these articles can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.



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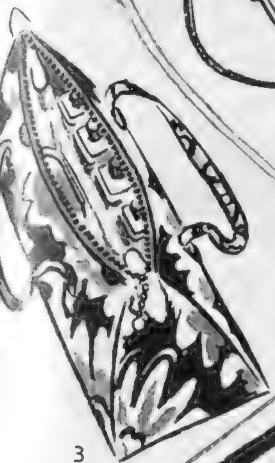

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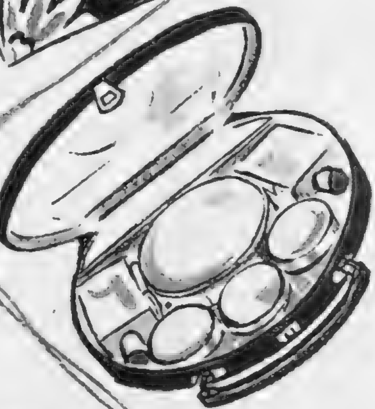

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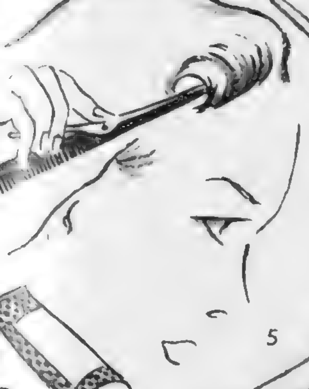

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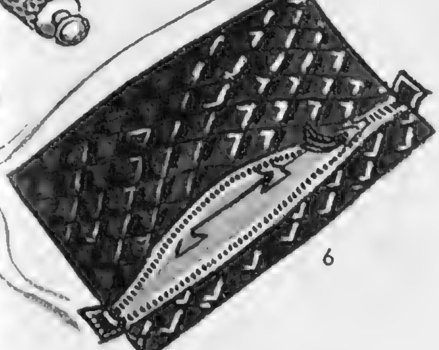

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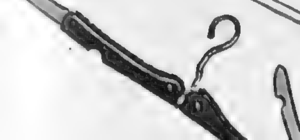

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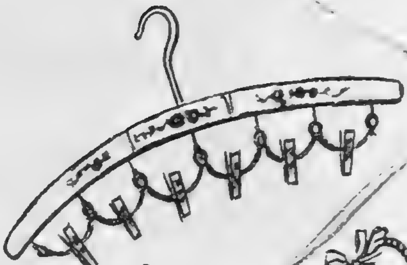

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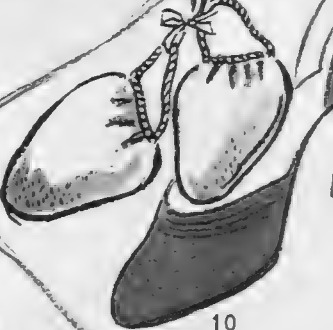

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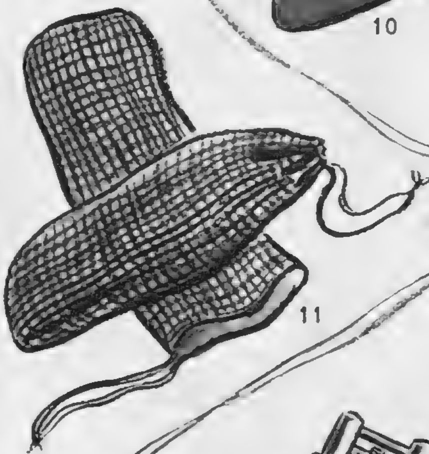

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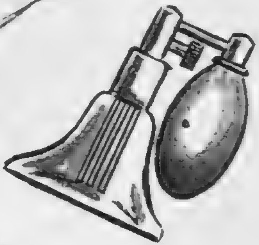

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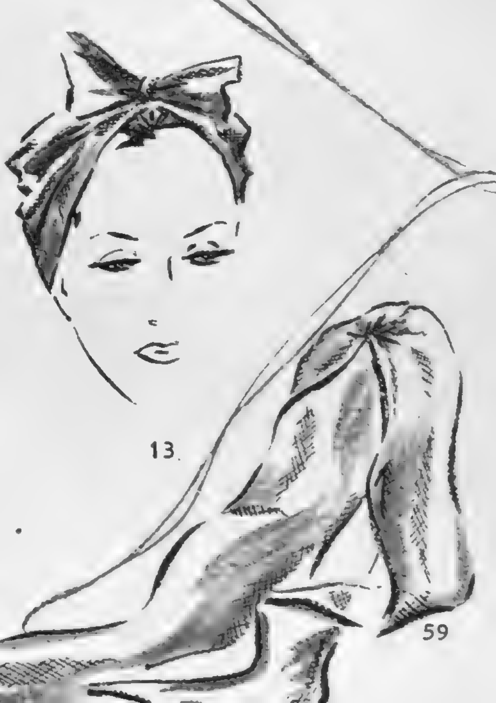

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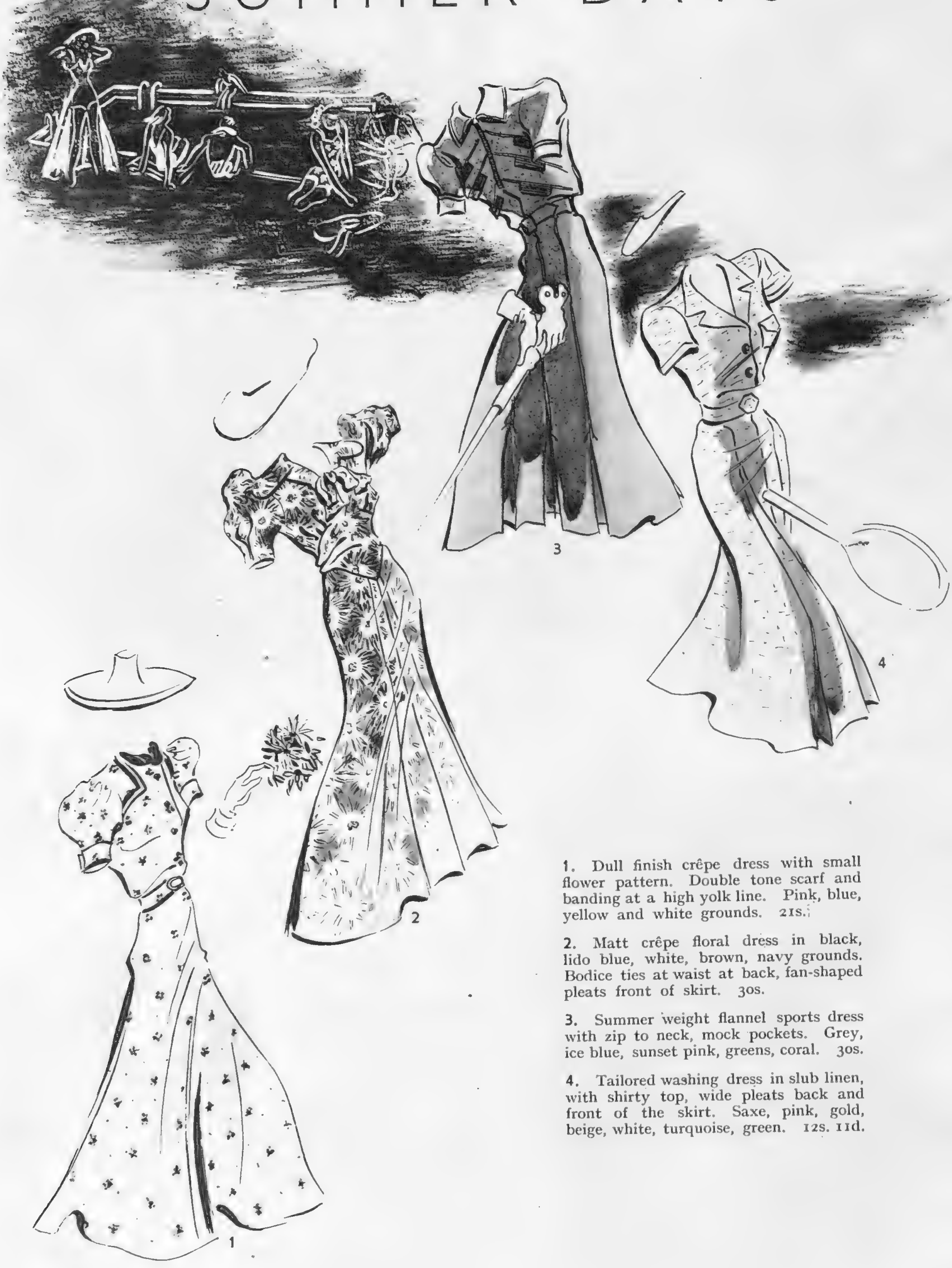
SUMMER DAYS



1. Dull finish crêpe dress with small flower pattern. Double tone scarf and banding at a high yolk line. Pink, blue, yellow and white grounds. 21s.

2. Matt crêpe floral dress in black, lido blue, white, brown, navy grounds. Bodice ties at waist at back, fan-shaped pleats front of skirt. 30s.

3. Summer weight flannel sports dress with zip to neck, mock pockets. Grey, ice blue, sunset pink, greens, coral. 30s.

4. Tailored washing dress in slub linen, with shirty top, wide pleats back and front of the skirt. Saxe, pink, gold, beige, white, turquoise, green. 12s. 11d.

SUMMER NIGHTS

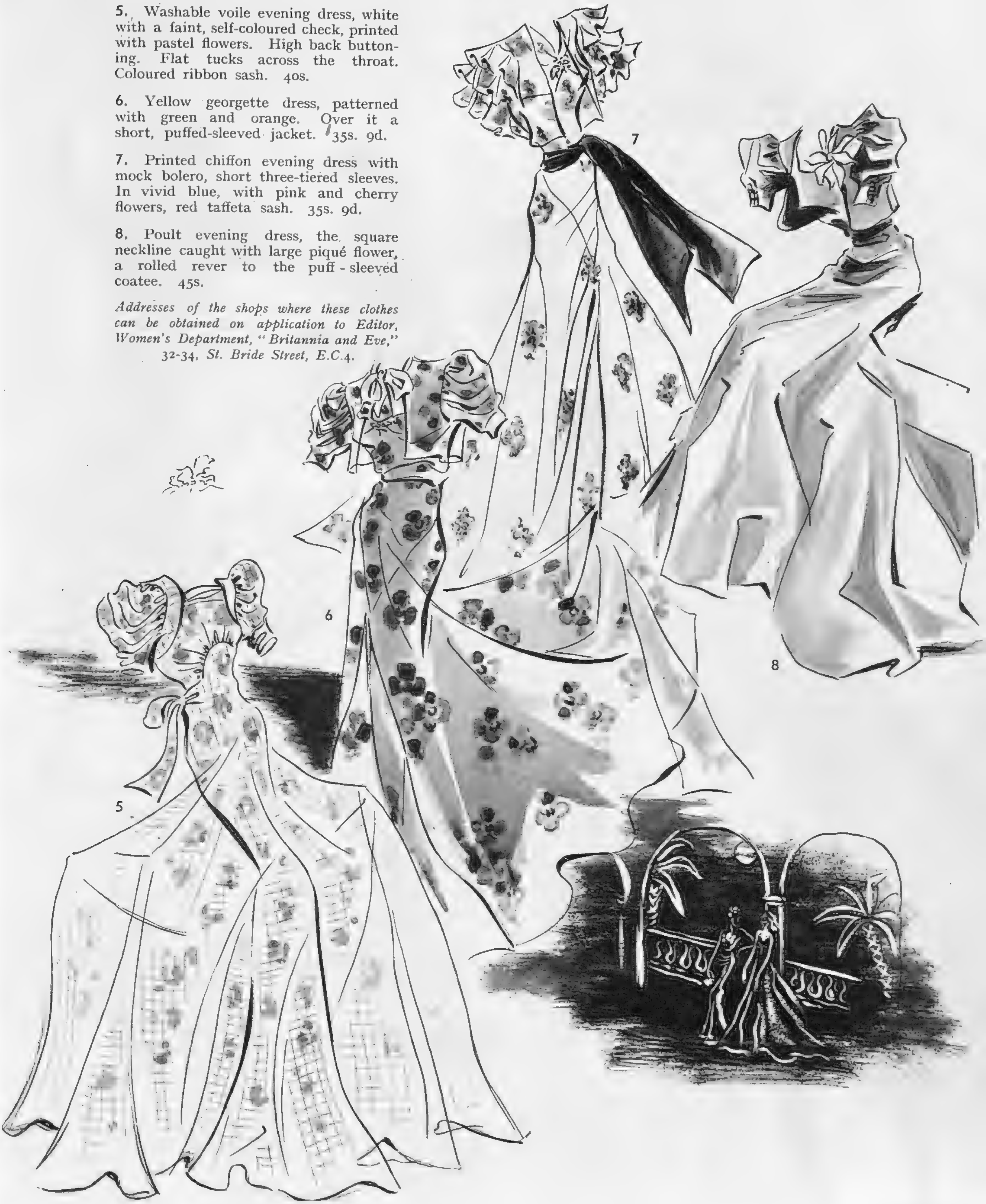
5. Washable voile evening dress, white with a faint, self-coloured check, printed with pastel flowers. High back buttoning. Flat tucks across the throat. Coloured ribbon sash. 40s.

6. Yellow georgette dress, patterned with green and orange. Over it a short, puffed-sleeved jacket. 35s. 9d.

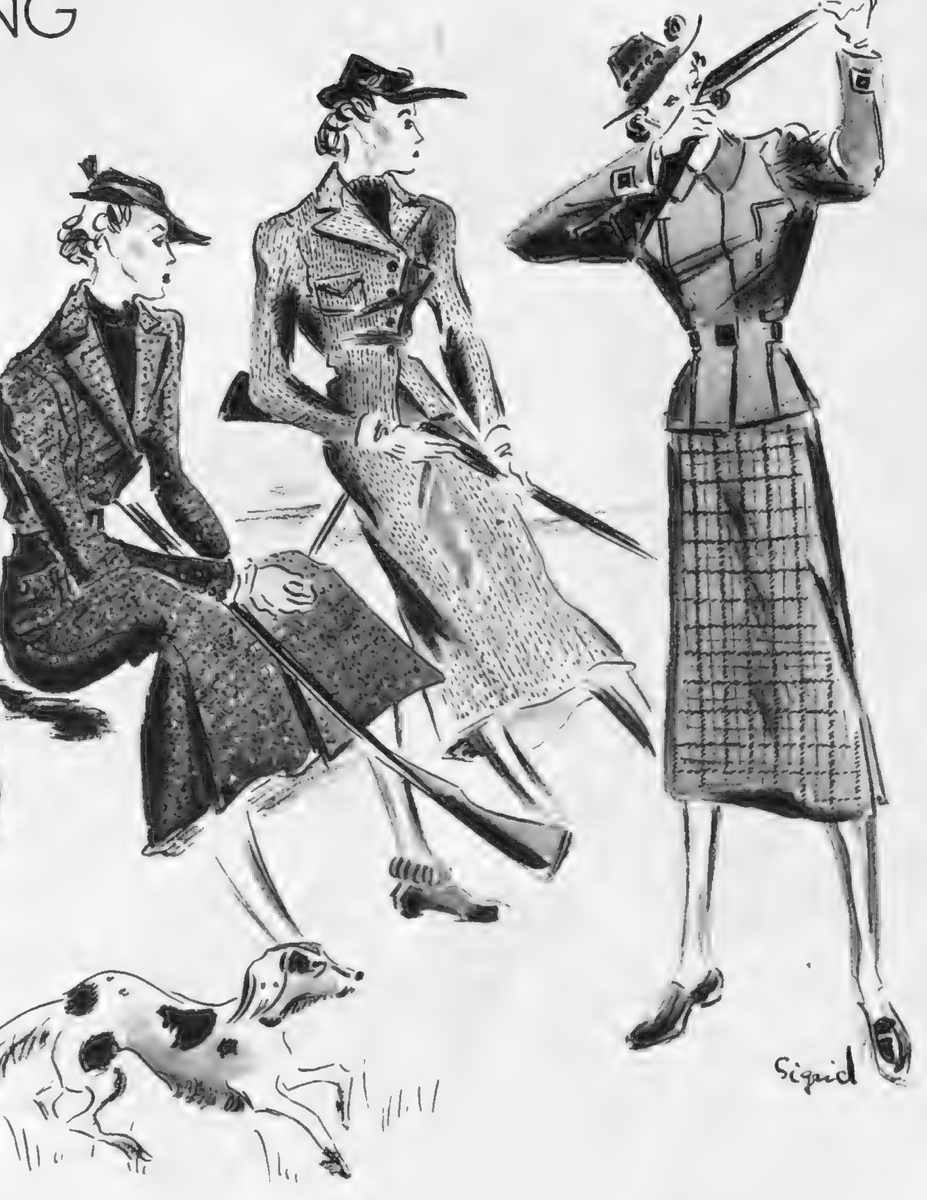
7. Printed chiffon evening dress with mock bolero, short three-tiered sleeves. In vivid blue, with pink and cherry flowers, red taffeta sash. 35s. 9d.

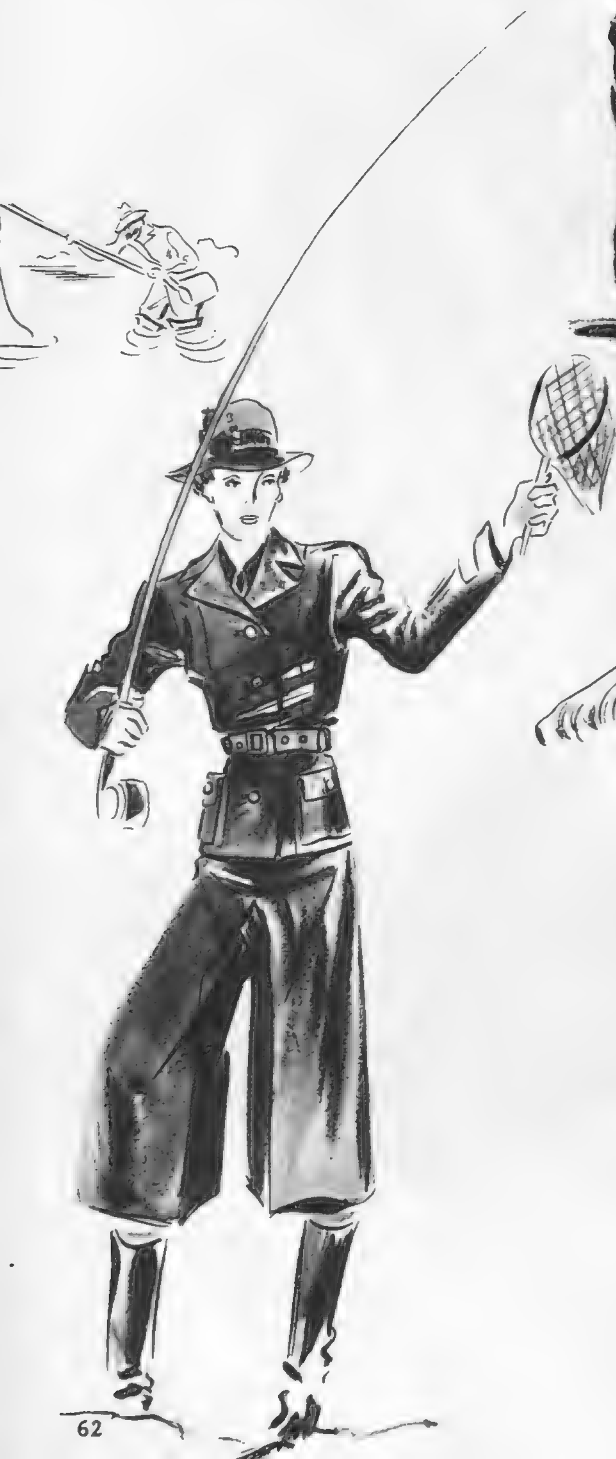
8. Poult evening dress, the square neckline caught with large piqué flower, a rolled rever to the puff-sleeved coatee. 45s.

Addresses of the shops where these clothes can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.



SHOOTING
FISHING
COUNTRY - WEARING





Left. Proofed gabardine fishing suit, and no nonsense. Divided skirt. Large buttoning hip pockets. Pleated back to belted jacket. The whole lined with fine checked wool. *Burberry.*

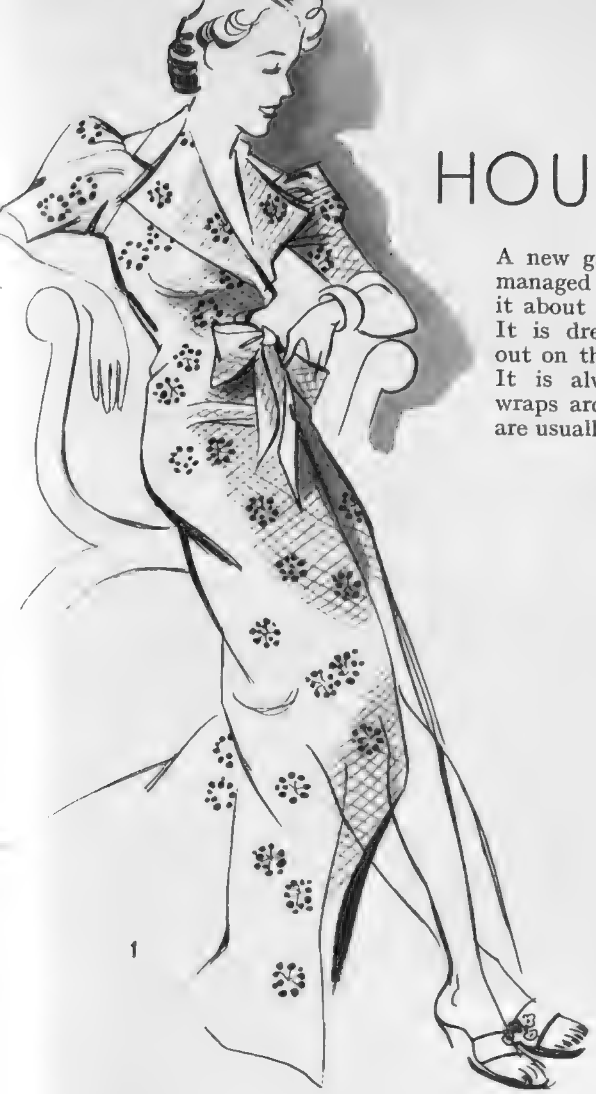
Above (Left). Shooting suit in green mixture game-feather tweed. Jacket has game pivot sleeves. Pleated panel back and front of skirt. Perfect tailoring. *Burberry.*

Above (Centre). Green and maize tweed suit with a single-breasted belted jacket, pouched back. Not specially designed for shooting, but a good tough country outfit. Grand cut. *Jaeger.*

Above (Right). Take no notice of the gun here. She is just seeing if she can. The suit is a piece of sporting elegance, the coat brown and oatmeal tweed with a yoked back, a brown belt, the skirt yellow, white and oatmeal with a brown overcheck. Wrap-over slits either side. *Bridburg.*

HOUSE COAT . . .

A new garment, and we don't know how we managed without it before. We can wear it about the house for relaxing, quiet dining. It is dressing-gown when we go away, and out on the sands we call it our beach coat. It is always full length, figure-fitting. It wraps around, or buttons down front. There are usually revers, and short, stand-out sleeves.



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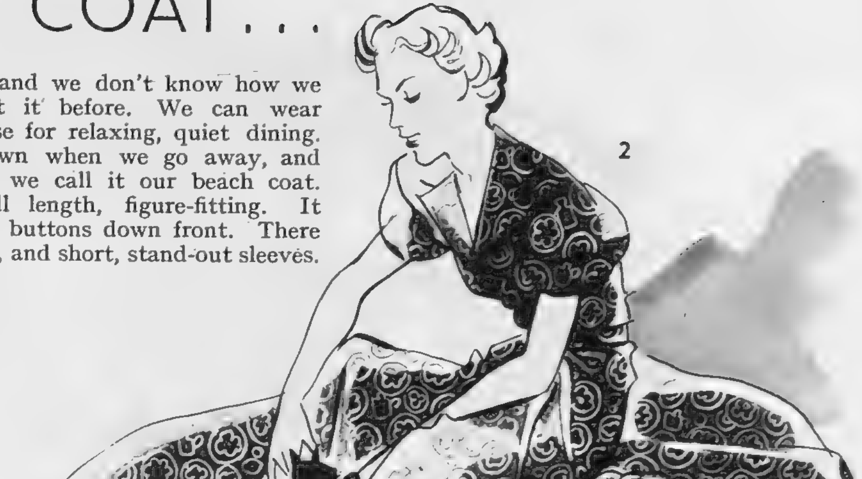

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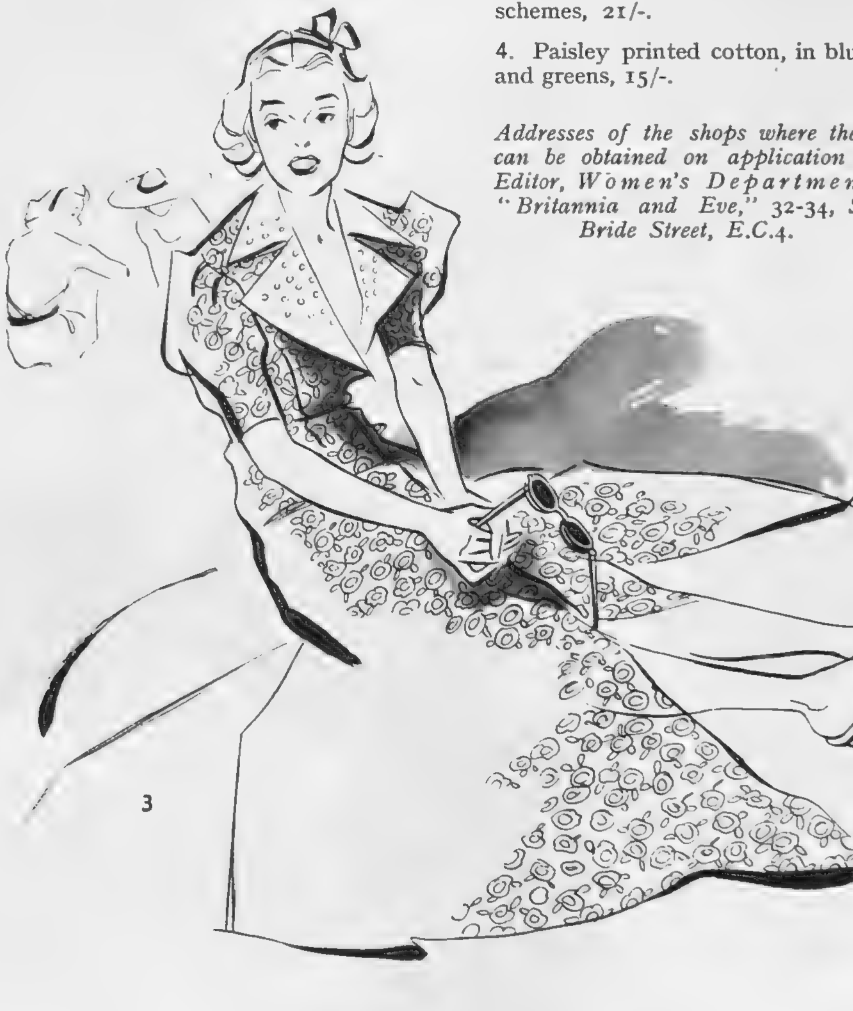
1. White waffle piqué, patterned with red and black flowers, 21/9.

2. Cotton, printed with a fruit design, in blue, green, gold, 15/-.

3. Flower patterned cotton, with white piqué revers. Various colour schemes, 21/-.

4. Paisley printed cotton, in blues and greens, 15/-.

Addresses of the shops where these can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.



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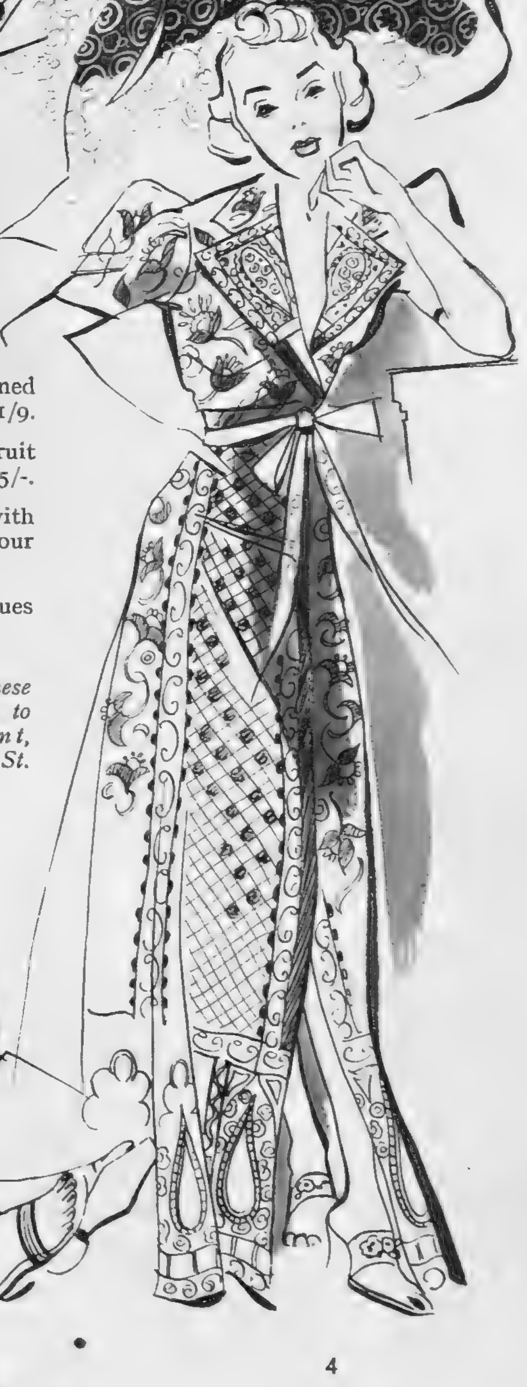
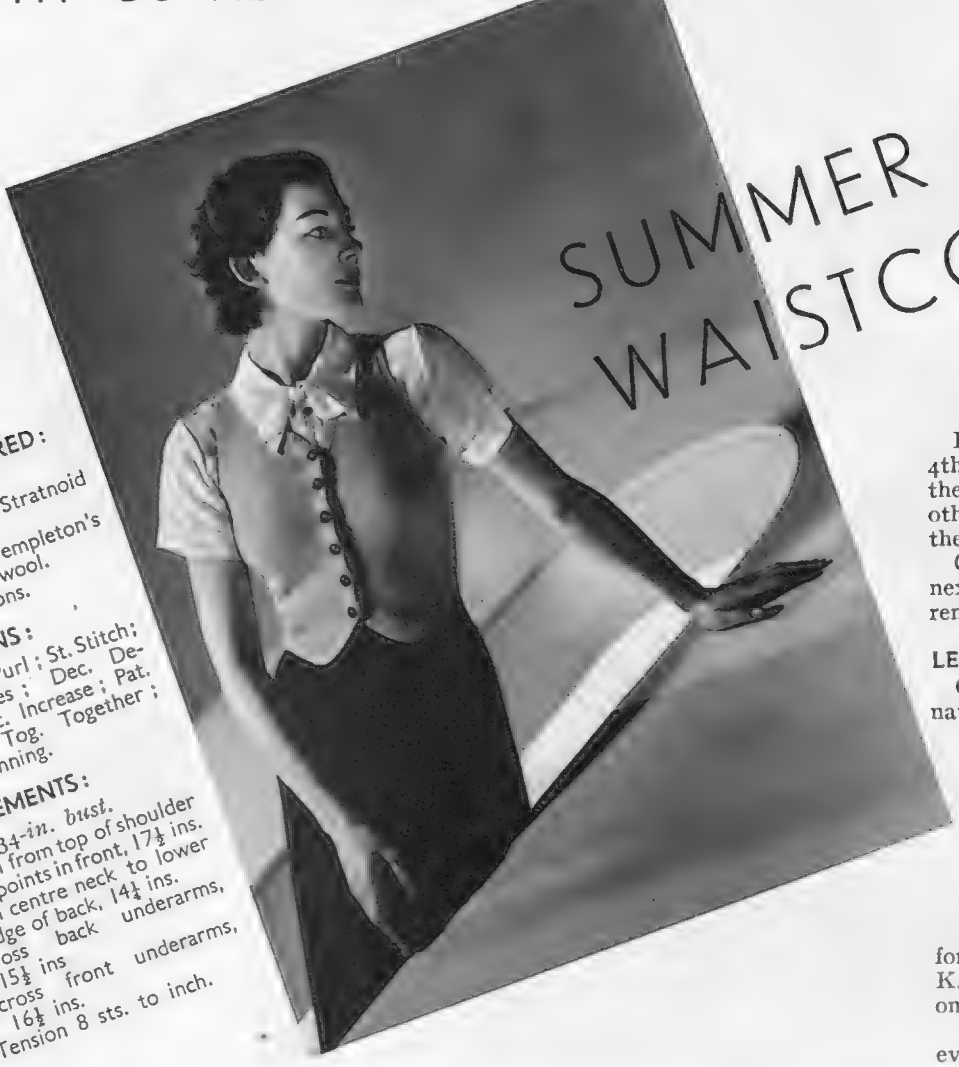


4

If You Have Never Knitted Before You Will Be Able To Make This Easily

SUMMER WAISTCOAT



MATERIALS REQUIRED:

Size 34.
1 pair No. 11 Stratnoid needles.
5 oz. 3-ply Templeton's "Ayrbeam" wool.
6 leather buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches; Dec. Decrease; Inc. Increase; Pat. Pattern; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning.

MEASUREMENTS:

Size 32-34-*in. bust.*
Length from top of shoulder to points in front, 17½ ins.
From centre neck to lower edge of back, 14¼ ins.
Across back underarms, 15½ ins
Across front underarms, 16½ ins.
Tension 8 sts. to inch.

BACK:

Cast on 132 stitches.

Row 1: K.41 sts., P. 2, K.2 for 50 sts., K.41 sts.

Row 2: P. 41 sts., K.2, P. 2 for 50 sts., P. 41 sts.

Repeat for 40 rows. Work 1 row plain, 1 row purl for 56 rows.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

K.2 together 3 times at beg. of next 6 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of needle every other row 7 times, then every 4th row 6 times. (72 sts.)

Work even for 5 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of needle every 6th row 5 times (82 sts.).

Work 1 row.

Cast off 7 sts., K.27, Cast off 12 for back of neck. Knit to end of row.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of each row 5 times and end off. This makes the left shoulder. On right shoulder cast off 7 sts., at beginning of each row 4 times and end off.

RIGHT FRONT:

Cast on 4 sts. Work alternate plain and purl rows, inc. 3 sts. at end of each K. row and one at end of each P. row until there are 61 sts. on needle. Cast on 13 sts. at end of next K. row. (74 sts.) Purl next row.

Start working buttonhole as follows:

K.3, cast off 4, K. to end of row. On next row cast on 4 sts. over those cast off.

Repeat this every 19th row until you have 5 buttonholes.

Work even for 15 rows.

On 16th row cast off 8 sts. for arm hole. K.2 tog. four times at arm hole on next two rows.

On 19th and 20th rows work buttonhole as before.

On 21st row dec. one at arm hole.

Work 22nd row plain.

On 23rd row, dec. one at neck and one at arm hole.

Dec. one at neck every 4th row 19 more times, at the same time dec. one every other row at arm hole 6 times, then every 4th row 7 times.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next two rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT:

Cast on 4 sts. Work alternate purl and plain rows, increasing 3 sts. at end of every P. row and one st. at end of every K. row, until there are 61 sts. on needle. Cast on 13 sts. at end of next P. row. (74 sts.)

Work even for 96 rows.

On 97th row cast off 8 sts. for arm hole. P. next row. K.2 tog., 4 times at arm hole on next 2 rows.

Now dec. 1 st. at neck end every 4th row 20 times, at the same time dec. 1 st. at arm hole every other row 8 times, then every 4th row 7 times.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FACING:

Right Front: Cast on 4 sts. Work alternate P. and K. rows, inc. 3 sts. at end of every P. row and 1 st. at end of every K. row until there are 25 sts. on needle.

On next row P.9 cast off 4 sts., P. 12, cast on 3 sts. Working on last 15 sts., cast off 3 at beg. of every P. row and 3 at end of every P. row (always keeping 15 sts. on needle) until there are 14 increases from start.

Then cast on 13 sts. at end of P. row and continue to dec. 3 sts. at beg. of every P. row until 16 sts remain. Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Three specimen cards of Templeton's wools. Left: "Picotee," a very soft wool with a white silk twisted thread running through it, in several lovely pastel shades. Centre: "Sestal" wool, soft and light, ideal for hand-knit blankets. Right: "Ayrwave" Yarn, of knubbly texture, makes delightful jumpers

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

Beautiful Eyes

If the eyes tell tales, the holiday tale should be a sparkling one.

Eye-wash—lots of it—is the secret of putting sparkle into the eyes and that glamorous blue tint into the whites that surround them.

What is even more important, the twice-daily eye-bath protects the eyes from strain, dust and germs. Oh yes. I know what you are going to say. That you can't be bothered with that eye-cup business, and the lotion always runs down your arms, and, anyway, you haven't got room for another pin in your suitcase.

Which goes to show that the time is ripe to put you wise to the new way of transferring sparkle from bottle to optic without loss of time or temper. Simply fill the tube attached to the stopper of the bottle of lotion, tilt the head back, squeeze the bulb, and in the twinkle of an eye the job is done.

The eye-drops, together with a wrinkle banisher that you brush round the eyes and on the lids at night, can be had in a neat outfit complete for 4s. 6d.

Cool Hands

At summer parties and informal summer dancings I hardly ever get through without thinking that a service of kid gloves all round would be an excellent notion for a hostess of courage to adopt.

Royalty and kid gloves are inseparable, and with the memory of a recent village fête in mind, the reason is not far to seek.

But why pursue the subject to its sticky ending? Let me tell you, instead, of a dainty little sliver of silver to slip in the handbag and which holds a fragrant deodorant and a slim pad. When the hands feel hot, just rub the pad over the palms. The deodorant powder will keep them cool and dry for many hours. Price 2s. 6d.

A New Depilatory

Of course every properly educated woman uses deodorants nowadays, but many of these have certain restrictions attached to them; like not applying the preparation after using a depilatory (often the very time when it would be most convenient to do so) and having to wash it off in case the dress is damaged.

Now I have news of a cream that has no restrictions of any kind attached to its use. Because, you see, besides stopping perspiration and banishing odour, it actually *soothes* the skin. The cream is effective for from one to three days. Price 1s. 11d.

Soap In A Tube

A cream soap that comes in tubes like tooth paste seems to be the kind of traveller's joy that has been a long time coming my way. But now I have found it, I intend never to be without it on a journey.

Travelling about in summer, especially abroad on those gritty Continental trains, a good soap is precious above rubies. But, then, so is space; and those clumsy soap tins often as not get kicked out in a spleen when they refuse to fit in anywhere, or else get themselves left behind in hotel bedrooms.

The slim, tidy little tube can be popped into your handbag without any fuss. Incidentally, the cream is grand for the hard water that seems to flow almost everywhere, Old Ireland excepted.

Two-In-One Powder

Also for travelling and for holiday wearing and tearing about generally is a two-in-one powder that performs its beauty tricks with the best of them, but, having a calamine base, protects the skin against sunburn and wind too.

This seems to me to fit the bill of the woman who likes to discard her usual make-up when on holiday and let the air and the sunshine get nearer to the pores of the skin, instead of using protective creams and make-up foundations. The price of the two-way powder is only 1s. 3d.

Only For Knitters

Every summer sees me with a sock or a stray sleeve of a jumper vaguely attached to my person by a pair of knitting pins. But somehow the sleeve never gets joined in perfect wedlock with the rest of itself, and the only heel-turning the sock achieves is back into the basket where it came from. These holidays, however, I am going to do better. For I have found a simple little gadget that turns knit-wits like me into experts. It keeps count of the rows; checks up the pattern and sees that I don't get into a muddle with the higher mathematics of "increasing" and "decreasing." It fits any size needle and costs just a shilling.

How To Dry Woollies

I seem to have been talking a lot about holidays this month, but that, surely, is what August is for. Or isn't it? Anyway, if you are one of those people who like to do a little laundering on your own, at home or in your hotel bedroom, let me recommend to your notice a neat little hammock for drying those fussy woollies that you ought to dry flat—not hanging—yet for which you need sun and air. The hammock can be hung up in front of the window or slung between two chairs, and the woolly cradled happily in it; perfectly flat, thoroughly air-conditioned.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

WOMAN'S TALK . . . By JEAN BURNUP

In Paris, a little while ago, I went to a luncheon given to film star Annabella, at which leading Paris couturiers decided that she was the best-dressed girl on the films.

Their reasons were that she has that French somesing, and that her clothes perfectly express her quality of young, unaffected sophistication.

Annabella is young enough to be thrilled at the tributes paid to her by these world-famous houses—they included Schiaparelli, Creed, Maggy Rouff, Lelong, Mainbocher, Patou, Marcel Rochas—unaffected enough to admit she was flattered, sophisticated enough to pretend nothing out of the way had happened.

Blonde, brown-eyed, she looks nineteen, must be twenty-three, moves beautifully, is almost always sunburnt. She wore a Mainbocher suit of vivid blue stiff silk, spotted with black and white tufts—and looked perfect. After, when we met at her apartment, she wore a red house coat, grease on her face, her hair in setting pins—and looked perfect.

An elegant Frenchwoman at the lunch, who had just come back from this country, blamed me and my kind for what she claimed was the ugliest sight in England—girls going about in city streets with bare legs.

She thought that fashion and beauty writers ought to go on nagging at women, telling them again and again not to do it.

So here I am, saying, as I do every year when I see them myself, that she's right, that they look terrible, that every sort of ankle and leg is flattered by a sheer film of stocking, that the place for bare legs is on the beach, on a boat, and so on. And, judging by some of the bare legs I have seen around, not even in those places.

Beaches and bare legs takes me by a natural process of thought to the Electra Eradicator, a wax that takes out hair by the root and leaves the skin smooth, discourages re-growth. Made by Elizabeth Arden, ten and six an outfit.

Just as women were getting used to keeping their back hair tidy in a turned-up roll or two, hairdressers have to go and ordain that the new style is that the back hair should be turned under, like a page boy.

It is a neat style if the head has a good back curve, but is best left alone by flat heads.

If you do turn your back hair under, let the front and sides match it. Comb back, in biggish sections, the short tapered pieces that used to be separate curls, leave them straight for about an inch, roll them under with a tail comb, then flatten them to your head with your hands.

Treasure Cot Company of Oxford Street have some grand baby things for travel, or for just making the day in the garden pleasant for baby and parent.

Item: A sand pit with a detachable play table, which is really almost as good fun as the sands themselves. Item: Baby's Own Holdall, a neat affair which carries all the little toilet paraphernalia in pockets, folds up, ties, and forces you to tidiness, even if you are, by nature, inclined to strew about. Item: The Touracot, a most comfortable canopied cot, which folds into practically nothing for travel, and which should go on your list of "must haves."

Any time you are in despair because you want a certain colour in a certain material and can't get it—it is always happening to me—go to Harrod's.

They are bound to have the material or something near, and if they haven't got your colour, they will dye it for you, which is easier and less responsible than having a new length of material dyed for yourself.

At the Hand and Nail Culture Institute in Bond Street, where, believe me, they *cure* difficult nails and cuticles, they have a new service to offer. They found that a lot of their clients needed new polish on in between treatments, but did not care to come in and have it done, because there was no charge. So now they take off old polish, cream massage the hands—a joy in itself—and put new polish on for two shillings.

Honeysuckle Perfume.
FLORIS

The pretty picture on the left shows a bottle of Honeysuckle Perfume, something a little extra.

It smells more like honeysuckle than honeysuckle. Even if you are in a hot, dusty town, it makes you think of country gardens, bees droning, tea under the apple tree, the splashy gurgle of a stream.

I always gush a bit about Floris Flower Perfumes. Can't help myself. They are so exquisite. So is their shop in Jermyn Street, where they have been making and selling these flower perfumes for over two hundred years.

The prices start from 6/6, and you can get toilet water, soap, talcum and face powder with the same divine scent. When I feel whimsy I call it essence of summer.

This peculiarly shaped cactus is a specimen of Opuntia Murodasys

A delightful indoor miniature garden made up mostly of varieties of cacti

A Fascinating Hobby:

CACTUS GROWING

The cactus plant—a new rage in decoration—can be as interesting to look at and live with as any form of sculpture or pottery. It also combines the grace of flowers with the charm of a living thing. Some cactus owners regard their plant almost as a pet.

A cactus growing in an earthenware pot, painted white or to match your colour scheme, can be the highlight of your room. When it flowers, it is extraordinarily beautiful.

Any idea you might have had about the cactus being a nightmare plant can be dispelled by visiting the cactus gardens at Monte Carlo.

Here you wander among curious forms, stranger than anything you would expect to find on earth.

In the clear Mediterranean air weird marine monsters seem to rear their heads, steel-straight cactus plants covered with chiselled spikes tower above you—ranged like the weapons of gigantic armies—others writhe their way across the ground like motionless snakes or woolly caterpillars. You may come across a cluster of cacti looking like hedgehogs rolled up. Then there are battalions of pert, tender little cacti among the rocks, looking like crystal formations, coral or sea anemones.

The age of some of these cactus plants is unknown; many of them bloom once every five or ten years, others only bear their strange masses of highly ornate waxen flowers every hundred years or so, and the decades which passed before they reached the flowering stage at all are unguessed at. The Century plant, as it is known, only flowers once and then dies.

Many countries introduce cactus plants to serve some useful purpose, such as binding together the loose sand on seaside cliffs and preventing minor landslips.

It has also been discovered that a certain kind of cactus without prickles is very beneficial to cattle. Experiments have been carried out with grafting so that quantities of this form of succulent food can be grown.

Unfortunately the prickly pear was introduced into South Africa and Australia before the propensities of the cactus, either good or bad, were known.

If a cactus likes the land on which it is planted, there is no reason why it should not flourish and spread in great quantities. The prickly pear liked South Africa and Australia, and in some cases became a pest. The cattle would eat them, and suffered from prickles in their jaws.

So another pest in the form of a small insect had to be introduced to destroy the cactus. Then when it was found that a plant could be (*Continued on page* 111)

With more spikes than a hedgehog. A group of globular cacti

Spice of Life...

Kikkoman Sauce is of ancient Japanese origin. Its name means "Long life of a thousand years," and it is compounded from Soya beans and wheat. Delicious with cutlets. (Price 1/-.)

Marle Mustard is obtainable in five varieties—Condiment, White of Dijon, Tarragon, Tomato and Green Herbs. A choice of any three in stand costs 16/6. Recommended with cold meats

Chutney, with curry, of course. "Green Label" is made from selected young mangoes and Oriental spices, contains vitamins A and B and is highly nutritious. (Price 1/-.)

Further details on application to Editor, Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Serve German mustard with tournedos and with grills of all kinds. It is sold in attractive miniature beer mugs. (Price 2/3.)

Mignonette Pepper with oysters—there will soon be an R in the month. (Price 1/6.) The Poivre Aromatique (1/-) is ground in the walnut pepper mill on the right. (Price 4/6.)

GARLIC VINEGAR
ELDER VINEGAR

A little vinegar added to the water in which you poach fish improves the flavour and adds interest to the dish. Try this method with Elder or Garlic Vinegar for a change. (Price 9d. each.)

Discreet introduction of Garlic Salt in your salad dressing will make an epicurean feast of this simple dish. (Price 6d.) Maiden Salt (6d. a lb.) ground in a walnut salt mill (4/6) adds interest to the table condiments.

BEFORE YOUR CHILD STARTS SCHOOL

By Len Chaloner

Hundreds of mothers whose children will soon be making their first adventure into the great world of school are asking the same questions . . . "What can I do to help them before they go to school? What can I teach them that will be useful?" "Should they learn letters or sums? Shall I try to teach them to write?"

The mother of a shy child has additional worries. The child has never left her before, has always been looked after as something precious. What can she do to prevent the child being very disturbed, making a terrible fuss about school?

Memories creep back to such a mother of her own first adventure of the kind and what it felt like to be small and rather helpless when the school door finally shut out home for the morning or the day that seemed at that age a sort of "for ever."

Up-to-date methods of teaching have changed so much from earlier days that it may be time wasted to give the child anything in the nature of lessons. Learning by himself the small child easily becomes restive, and takes a dislike to learning which will take longer to overcome when he goes to school than it would have taken to teach him from zero in a group. Almost any teacher prefers virgin soil to work on.

By all means tell stories and run through picture books with the child. If he or she likes letters and discovering their different shapes and meaning, don't discourage it, but let it be really spontaneous. Equally, of course, answer questions and try to explain whatever is asked as you talk.

Let your son and daughter have pencil and paper and encourage them to draw freely—without criticism that this should be so and so, or "houses and trees should look so and so, not so and so."

Many children love nursery rhymes and sing them readily long before school age. Interest them, too, in any ways of play that encourage a happy capacity for observation, but don't worry about educational toys or teaching.

Any toys or play material that they can *do* something with, even sand and water, are educational in the true sense of the word.

Give your special attention to your child's new outfits for school. Take stock of the garments from the point of view of self-help. Both teacher and child will bless you.

It is no joke at lunch time or four o'clock struggling to help a dozen or so small children into shoes, coats, hats, and give sympathetic hearing to the various mothers' or nannies' questions at the same time.

Moreover, a child gains confidence by feeling independence in all toilet matters, dressing and undressing, and does not want to waste half playtime either grappling with the most hygienic leggings or overcoats.

Let coat buttons be large and plain; choose overshoes or easy-fitting Wellingtons in preference to button gaiters. For tiny children gloves with only a thumb are best.

Fastenings of all kinds can be wonderfully simple these days: shoulder straps for boys' knickers, press studs or zipps wherever suitable. It is here that a little home practice is really admirable. And see, too, that there is a practical pocket somewhere easily accessible where a handkerchief can be kept.

If you find there is a little difficulty at first, have patience and be quietly reassuring that pleasure is just ahead on this new venture.

A shy child can be helped a good deal beforehand by your taking the trouble regularly during the summer holidays to have one or two children to play most afternoons of the week, increasing the number of times gradually as the child grows more used to companionship.

Give quiet supervision, but not interference to the play.

Get the child ready for

(*Continued on page* [illegible])

IDEAS FOR *Every*

BREAKFAST

Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES

Start the day by having something different. You might cut out the meaty part of the meal and have only fresh fruit, cold cereals, and perhaps a savoury toast of some kind, making a menu something like this :

Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Norwegian Croûtes
Fresh or Stewed Fruit

I need say nothing about Kellogg's delicious breakfast food save that it is an ideal beginning to a summer breakfast.

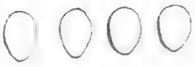
The Norwegian *croûtes* are quickly made by frying till golden brown some square pieces of white bread (crusts removed) and spreading them with chopped fillets of anchovy or a good anchovy paste. Scrambled eggs can be served on top if something more substantial is required.

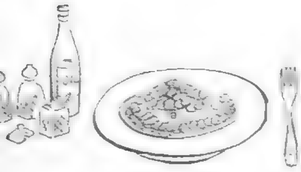
Many appetising *croûtes* can be served at breakfast, such things as haddock, kippers, etc., being excellent served in flakes on the fried bread.

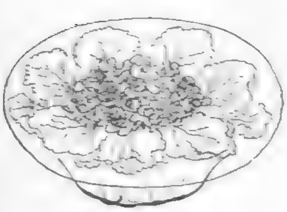
Devilled Eggs

are also good, the dish being a kind of curry. You fry onions and tomatoes (in equal proportions and cut in slices) until soft; add salt, curry powder to taste, cook together for five minutes or so, and at the last minute break in one egg for each person and beat them well in cooking till set. The preliminary frying of the vegetables, by the way, could be done the day before.

LUNCHEON







For this meal in August I should have something by way of *hors d'œuvre,* a good spicy main dish, cream cheese and fruit, the following being a sample menu.

Golden Salad
Ox Tongue Jardinière, Sauce Piquante
Fromage à la Crème
Fruit

Golden Salad

The basis is hard-boiled eggs. You want one for each person; peel them, cut them in two and mash the yolks. Add to this salt, pepper, a little mustard ; mix well.

Now add olive oil, little by little, until you have a dressing which is really as thick as a paste. Add vinegar to taste, doing this slowly and mixing it lightly.

Put this dressing in the middle of the bowl surrounded by well-dried crisp lettuce leaves which you sprinkle with salt and a little lemon juice. Chop the whites of the eggs and sprinkle all over.

Ox Tongue Jardinière

It is a great pity that we do not see hot tongue more often. I was particularly interested to see that the famous Paysandu people remind us of this fact.

You simply have to put the tin of Paysandu ox-tongue into boiling water for about twenty minutes to make it hot, open it and serve it in various ways, of which here is a good one, *à la Jardinière.*

Have ready a mixture of hot cooked vegetables cut in small pieces. Put the tongue in a hot serving-dish with the vegetables all round, and hand separately the following sauce :

Sauce Piquante

Cut two rashers of streaky bacon in small pieces and put them in a small saucepan with parsley, bay leaf and thyme. Add salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cook this for a few minutes just to melt the bacon, and then add three or four tomatoes cut up in pieces.

Let this simmer for about ten minutes, when you add a good teacupful of stock. Bring to the boil and simmer very slowly until the sauce has reduced by one-third.

Pour into a hot sauce-boat through a fine strainer, squashing the ingredients well against the sides of the strainer to get all the goodness out.

Taste to judge if the sauce is peppery enough, and add two or three gherkins finely chopped.

Fromage à la Crème

This is a great favourite in France, but seldom served in England—a pity, as it makes a most perfect luncheon sweet on a hot day.

You want a cream cheese as fresh as possible, which you mash with a fork. Add a good deal of castor sugar and mash again. Just before serving pour over some fresh cream and hand extra soft sugar separately in case it is wanted.

Both the cheese and the cream should be icy cold before you start mixing.

Corn Flake Pastry

It is also useful to have a really quick pastry recipe which can be made up at the last minute. Here is a very interesting one of Kellogg's :—

⅓ cup butter
1 cup Corn Flake crumbs
¼ cup sugar
(Roll or grind 4 cups Corn Flakes to yield 1 cup of fine crumbs)

Melt the butter in a nine-inch pie pan. Add the Corn Flake crumbs and sugar. Mix well and press the flake pastry around the sides and in the bottom of the pan. Chill while the filling is cooling.

By A. H. Adair

Meal OF THE DAY

August is a picnic month in more senses of the word than one. I do not mean only that we have many picnics in August, but that the whole scheme of catering is bound to be rather elastic.

With all the comings and goings, some of the family away, perhaps, while others are at home, it is not too easy to keep the usual well-arranged order of meals.

With the extra out-of-door life, too, we do not feel inclined to have such hard-and-fast rules for meal times, so I am going through each meal of the day, making a few suggestions for the various courses.

TEA

Tea in the summer might well be a picnic meal, or at least served out of doors. If it is the ordinary five o'clock tea there is nothing much to be said, but it might be that you want something rather substantial which will keep you going until you have the last meal, dinner or supper, very much later.

Apart from the usual cakes, scones and various sweet things, many people like something savoury, so different sandwiches would be useful. I should not have anything too heavy, concentrating rather on the salad and paste types of filling. There are now so many varieties of really delicious sandwich spreads and pastes.

For the salad fillings, don't forget that cucumber is much more digestible if you cut it in slices, cover with a sprinkling of salt and leave for about half an hour.

The *Golden Salad* I have described in the lunch section is also delicious in a sandwich, and an extra seasoning of chopped nasturtium leaves gives an amusing flavour.

A brown bread sandwich of beetroot and hard-boiled egg, very finely chopped and dressed with lemon juice, salt and pepper, is another good idea.

Other good tea-time sandwich fillings—without having anything very heavy—are chopped lean ham and chutney, squashed soft roes (lemon juice and red pepper for this), chopped Cheshire cheese and Worcester sauce.

DINNER

For the last meal—call it dinner or supper, it does not matter—the whole point is to choose dishes which can be kept waiting, or which are ready beforehand, so that you need make no set plans but just come in to the meal when ever it suits you.

I have often described *canapés* in my articles, served usually as toast or fried bread spread with various mixtures. But this time you do not want to bother with toasting or frying bread, so the best thing is to have a supply of Ryvita always in the house.

This is not only very good to eat, but is good for you as well, and if you used the spreads and fillings mentioned in the tea-time section you can have very interesting *hors d'œuvre variés*.

Mixed Cold Meats, Salad

If you want an entirely cold meal nothing is nicer than a dish of mixed cold meats. Ham, Paysandu ox tongue, and pressed beef are a good choice. Serve a salad and gherkins, pickled walnuts or other pickles.

But you really should try occasionally to produce some rather more ambitious cold dishes—something in an aspic jelly, for instance, which is not nearly so frightening to make as most people think.

Poulet en Chaud-Froid.

Carve a chicken, raw, into seven pieces, two wings, the legs cut in two, and the breast; remove the skin and fry the pieces lightly in butter, turning them. Add salt and pepper and an onion cut in slices, also a sprinkling of flour. Cover the pan and keep hot.

Meanwhile, make a stock with the carcase of the chicken, a carrot, onion and herbs, and when it has cooked for about twenty minutes add a teacupful to the chicken and a small glassful of port wine.

Cover the pan again and simmer for twenty minutes or half an hour according to the tenderness of the chicken.

Meanwhile, melt a packet of Chivers' aspic jelly and with a little of it line a glass or silver serving-dish.

When this has almost set dispose on it the pieces of chicken thoroughly drained. Let the liquid in the pan boil until reduced by half, and pour it through a very fine strainer over the pieces of chicken.

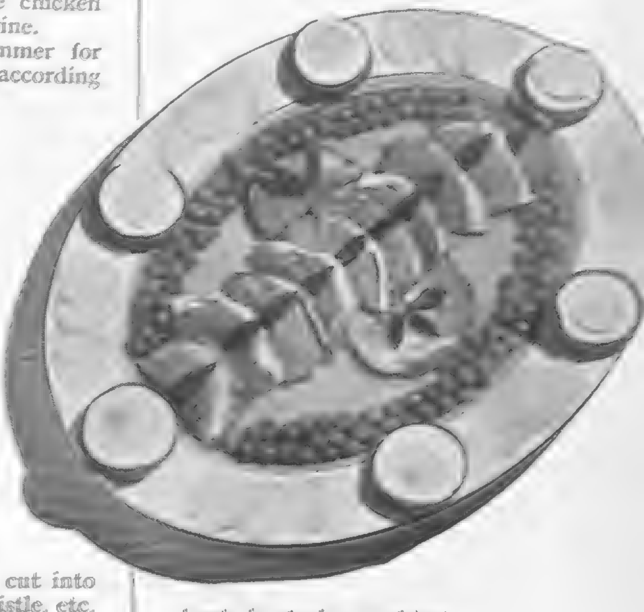
Let this get quite cold and then mask all over with the remainder of the Chivers' aspic, just tepid. Put away to set and get thoroughly cold.

Lamb in Aspic

Take the remains of a leg or other joint of cold roast lamb, cut into slices well trimmed of all fat, gristle, etc. Arrange this neatly in a flat dish and surround with a few cold cooked green peas.

Dispose a few pieces of fresh mint over the slices of lamb

(*Continued on page 100*)

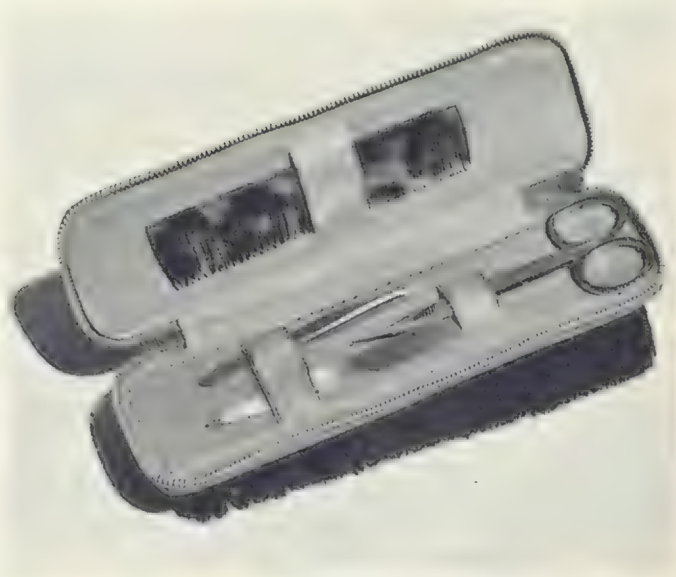


Lamb in Aspic, garnished with peas, mint, slices of tomato, cucumber and egg

GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance

This fob watch looks very good with tweeds and sports outfits. The surround and chain are of pigskin, and the circle in which the watch is set can be of red, blue and various colours to tone with your country suitings. Price 15/6 (Postage 6d.)



Another space-saving and original gift for travellers ; a clothes brush with excellent bristles, topped by a zip-fastening pigskin case containing comb and manicure accessories. Price 15/- (Postage 4d.)

SHAVE CREAM

Here is a splendid solution to the problem of what to give men friends and relatives on anniversaries. A neat, space-saving, zip-fastening compactom in pigskin, containing every toilet necessity for week-ends. Price 12/6 (Postage 4d.)

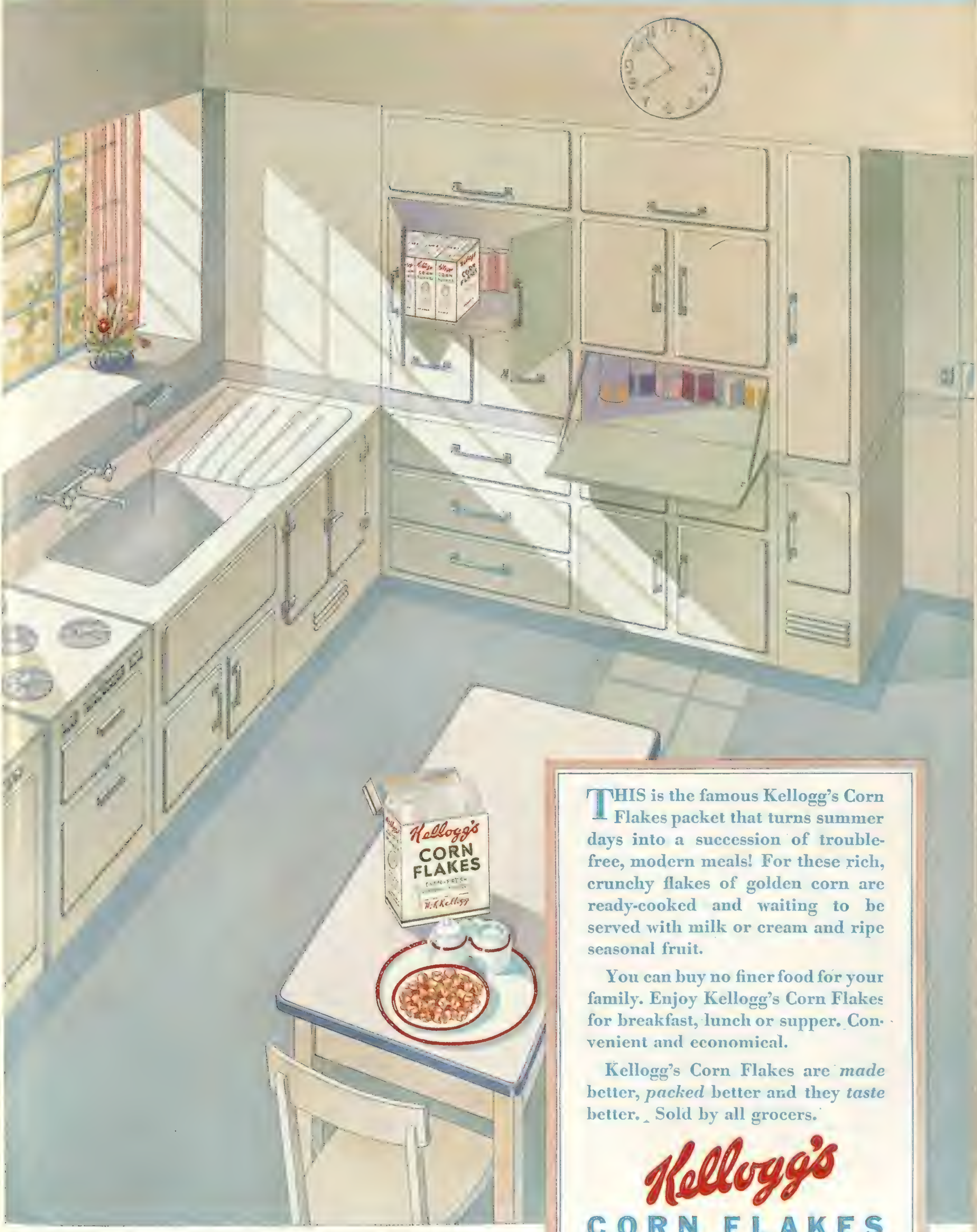
A double-action stainless steel cheese knife has its saw blade turned inwards so that it will saw or cut. Price 4/6 (Postage 4d.)

SPECIALLY SELE
AND MATUR
Supplied in bottl
BOOTH
FINES

This Hungarian garland of brightly coloured flowers and streamers not only lends a festive air to your parties, but serves a useful purpose in catching drips from bottles. Price 4/6. Matching cork 1/6 (Postage 3d.)

At your next cocktail party distribute "Olivettes" as you do ashtrays. This neat green pottery receptacle for olive stones costs 2/6. The chromium cocktail savoury picks in stand are also 2/6 (Postage in each case 3d.)

PLAN FOR A LABOUR-FREE KITCHEN



THIS is the famous Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet that turns summer days into a succession of trouble-free, modern meals! For these rich, crunchy flakes of golden corn are ready-cooked and waiting to be served with milk or cream and ripe seasonal fruit.

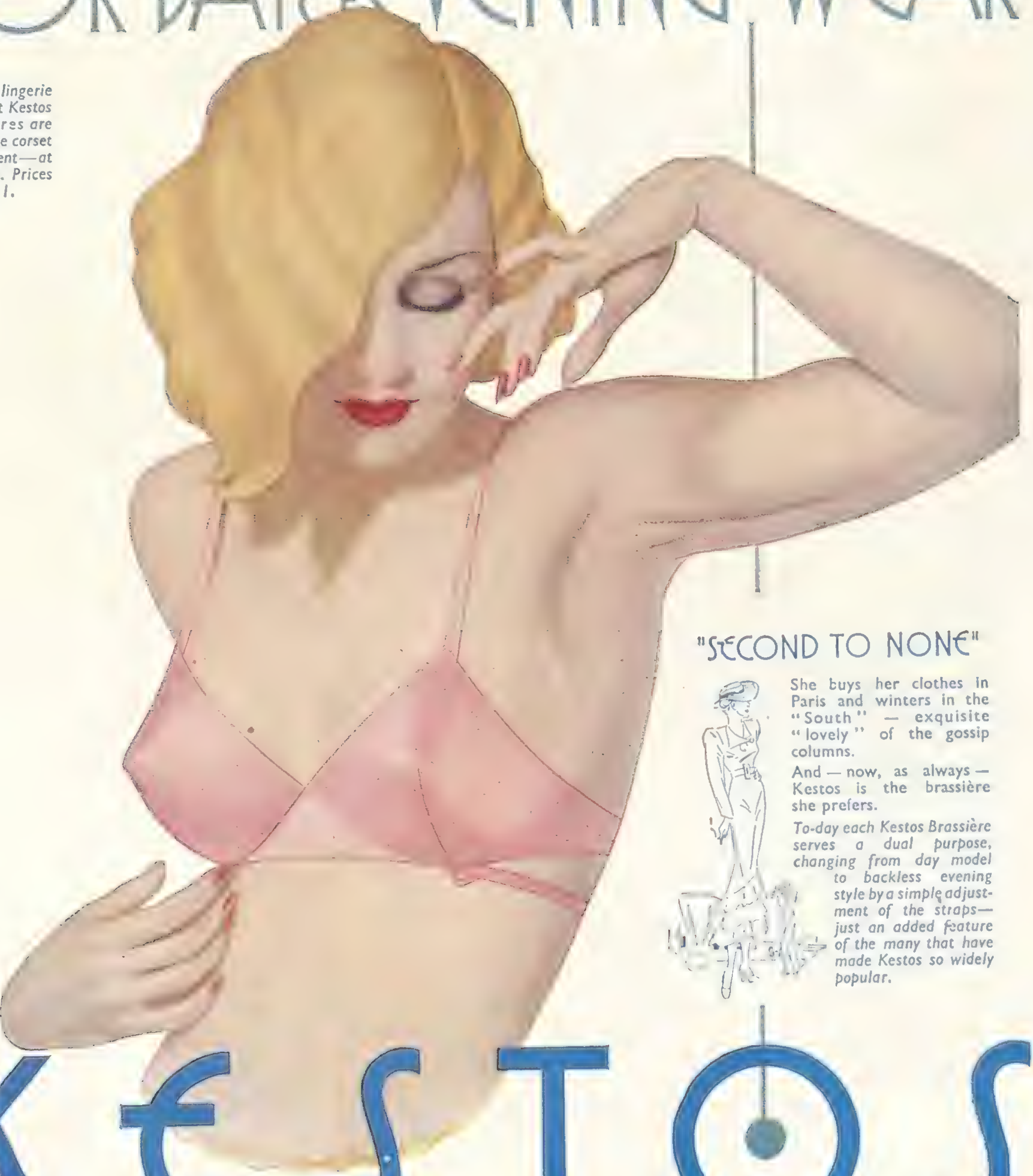
You can buy no finer food for your family. Enjoy Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, lunch or supper. Convenient and economical.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are *made* better, *packed* better and they *taste* better. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

FOR·DAY & EVENING·WEAR

Though lingerie to look at Kestos Brassières are sold in the corset department—at all shops. Prices from 3/11.



"SECOND TO NONE"

She buys her clothes in Paris and winters in the "South" — exquisite "lovely" of the gossip columns.

And — now, as always — Kestos is the brassière she prefers.

To-day each Kestos Brassière serves a dual purpose, changing from day model to backless evening style by a simple adjustment of the straps—just an added feature of the many that have made Kestos so widely popular.

KESTOS

DUAL-PURPOSE BRASSIÈRE

Illustrated Folder on request.

KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.I. (Wholesale only)

Strand

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

If you want a good, long, cooling drink, you will enjoy a glass of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water. Don't imagine this is just a beverage for babies and invalids; certainly it is good for both, but it is also a grand thirst-quencher for everyone who has a healthy thirst.

Athletes praise it, and many of the tennis stars at Wimbledon win their hardest battles on the centre court buoyed up by its sustaining and invigorating qualities.

This year Robinson's offer a choice of lemon or lime flavouring, and a bottle of either costs only 1s. 9d. for 21 glasses.

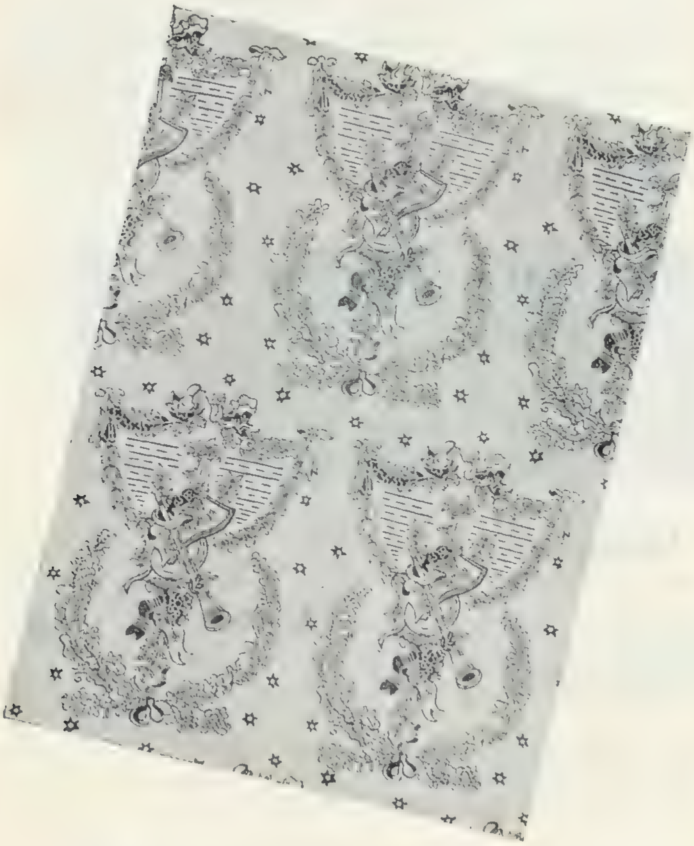
Of course, if you prefer to make your own, you can get a tin of Robinson's "Patent" Barley for 7½d. or 1s. 3d., and there are 2d. and 7½d. tins of Lemon Barley crystals. But whichever you buy, be sure to ask for Robinson's—it is the barley that really matters, and Robinson's have known all there is to know about barley for three hundred odd years.

When packing for your summer holiday don't forget that if you are to get the maximum amount of enjoyment from it you will want to look your best and feel your best.

No woman either looks or feels on top of the world if her face is rough and sore from unaccustomed exposure to sun and wind, but burnt and peeling faces and roughened hands need not be endured if necessary precautions are taken.

Pack a bottle of Beetham's Larola; its daily use will preserve the soft velvet texture of your skin and prevent painful sunburn and redness. If used as a cleansing agent, it will freshen you up wonderfully after a day's travelling by road, rail or air, and it contains nothing that will clog the pores.

Face, hands, arms and legs should be gently massaged with Larola at the beginning of each day to protect the skin against ravages of wind and sun, and again at night to cleanse and freshen it.



This charming "Rosebank" fabric, with a delicate musical motif, hand-printed on Grecian satin, is in an unusual mushroom shade on an ivory background. It was chosen by the Selection Committee to be exhibited in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition

ROBINSON'S
LEMON
BARLEY
WATER

If there is one thing worse than flies, it is fly-paper. However, war must be waged on these pestilential germ-carriers, and directly they emerge from wherever they do go in the winter, load your Flit gun and start the offensive.

Flies don't stand a chance against this deadly modern engine of war; all you need do is to close all doors and windows, carefully cover any foodstuffs that may be in the room, and let battle commence. Flit will not stain furniture, walls or upholstery, and no fly can survive in a room which has been sprayed in this manner.

Moths, too, are susceptible to Flit, and wardrobes should be sprayed once a week to protect clothes from the ravages of these destructive insects.

Ever-changing hairdressing styles all present their own problems, and now that the majority of women wear curls and longer hair they find it is more difficult to keep tidy.

However you elect to arrange your curls, each one must be kept in its proper place, and to this end Kirbigrips are invaluable. Being made in bronze, black, silver grey and golden, they are quite invisible in any shade of hair, and can be relied upon to keep every curl tidy and securely fixed in its own particular position.

Kirby Beard and Co., Ltd., the manufacturers of Kirbigrip hairpins, are also producers of the well-known "Scientific" needles and "Commenda" safety pins.

The newest development of the electric fan is a really ingenious apparatus which combines utility with the luxury of cooled air. It is called the "Supreme" Air Distributor, and comprises a gleaming Bakelite bowl, or tray, supported on a matching Bakelite stand.

Beneath the bowl is a four-bladed propeller which circulates currents of clean, fresh air all over the room, the bowl acting as a spreader. This even distribution of air ensures that the draught shall not be too vigorous to be pleasant. The apparatus has switch control, and operates for 40 hours to one unit of electricity.

The bowl can be used for fruit or flowers, and makes a most attractive centre-piece to the dining-table. Price 45s.

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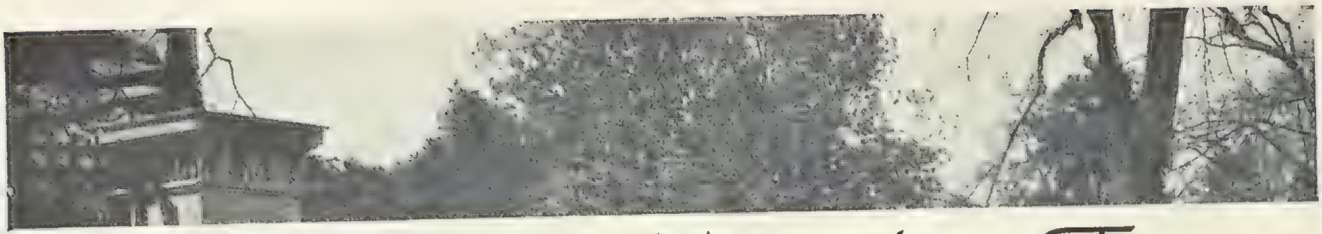

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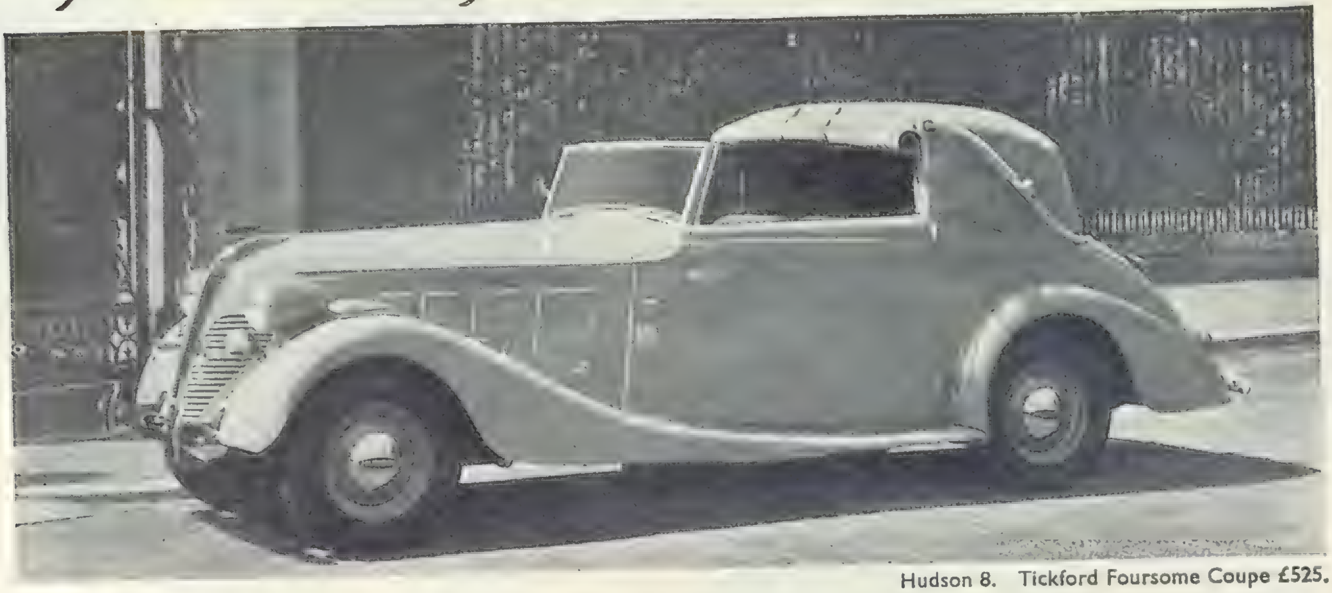
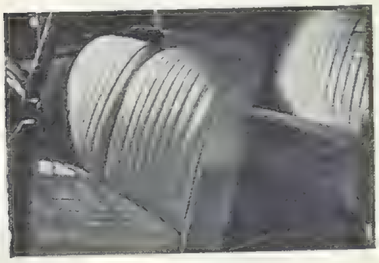
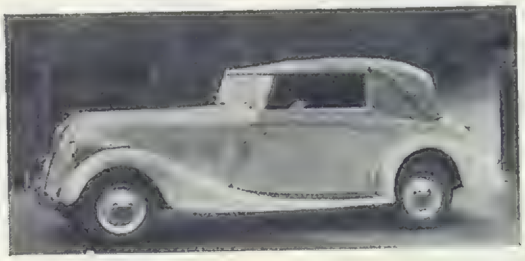


Hudson 8. Tickford Foursome Coupe £525.

The **HUDSON** *Eight Tickford Foursome Coupe*

This Hudson can meet any climatic mood or social occasion with equal success. A superb example of English coachbuilding, it may be changed to a closed car in but a few seconds. All the features which have made the name of HUDSON famous are embodied in the world's first safety-engineered chassis. ★ Radial Safety Control — True-Line Steering — Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes — Double-Drop '2-X' Frame and other exclusive features which make Hudson built cars outstanding. ★ Drive a Hudson to-day and you will be delighted to find that here is a car combining amazing performance, supreme comfort, perfect silence and . . . . SAFETY.





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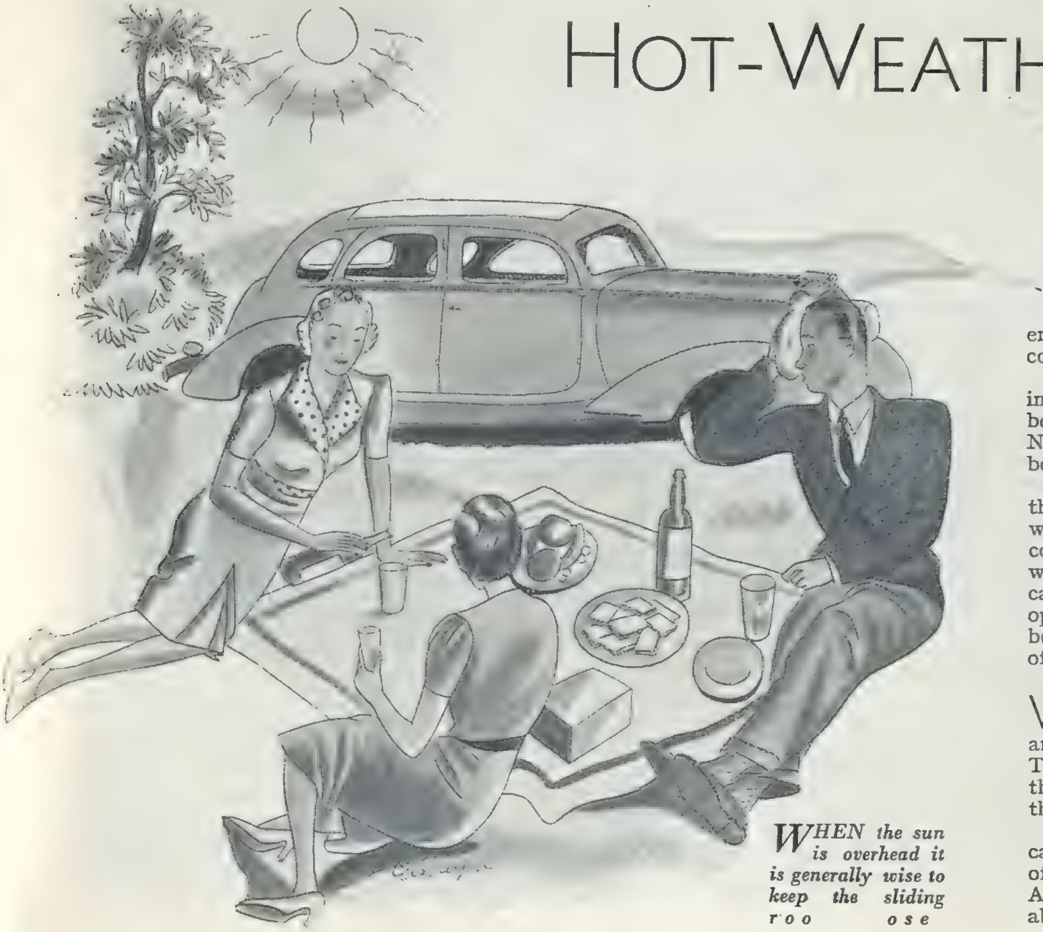
WRITE FOR FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. TRIAL RUNS GLADLY ARRANGED.

HOT-WEATHER TOURING

By

The Earl of Cardigan



WHEN the sun is overhead it is generally wise to keep the sliding roo ose

AT most times the planning of a motor tour is a very simple and straightforward business. The car, if it is a good one, and has been kept in reasonable condition, should not require any special preparation. It should be sufficient so to arrange the maintenance programme that greasing and such-like routine jobs are done within the few days prior to starting.

Similarly, if the coachwork provides a reasonable amount of space, there is no need to worry overmuch as to the quantity of luggage to be carried. A good deal of extra baggage can normally be squeezed in without causing any undue discomfort.

In very hot weather, however, the proposition is rather a different one. Some little additional care is needed to keep the engine from over-heating—and often a further cooling problem arises in relation to the passengers!

There are some modern engines to which, in the ordinary way, a fan is not fitted. The makers supply a fan as an item of spare equipment, but place it in the tool kit, along with the jack, the tyre pump and other "emergency" appliances. They intend it to be used only in special circumstances.

These special circumstances may be said to arise when a hot-weather motor tour is contemplated. Therefore, if the makers have supplied a fan, it should now be fitted. The water in the radiator should also be replenished daily, and not at the bi-weekly intervals which are sufficient in ordinary times.

If necessary, the carburettor should be adjusted so as to ensure a slow "tick-over." There is nothing that more quickly causes an engine to over-heat than being allowed to tick-over unnecessarily fast.

Only a few weeks ago I had an illustration of this. I was testing a car of the semi-sporting type, and drove it pretty hard along the Great North Road, maintaining 70 m.p.h. or so for several miles at a stretch. A thermometer was fitted, and this showed that the engine did not over-heat at all as a result of this high speed.

When I brought the car back into London, however, the throttle for some reason refused to close properly. Thus the engine ticked-over too fast whenever I was halted in a traffic block. The effect was immediate. Within five minutes the needle of the thermometer had moved up well beyond the boiling point!

Another thing to remember is that, in hot weather, the distilled water in the battery evaporates at a faster rate than usual. This is particularly the case if the battery is carried in the otherwise convenient position underneath the bonnet. Atmospheric heat and engine heat are both above normal, and both contribute to causing additional evaporation.

The battery should therefore be "topped up" immediately before the tour commences, and should be examined thenceforward at weekly intervals. No portion of the plates should ever be allowed to become "high and dry."

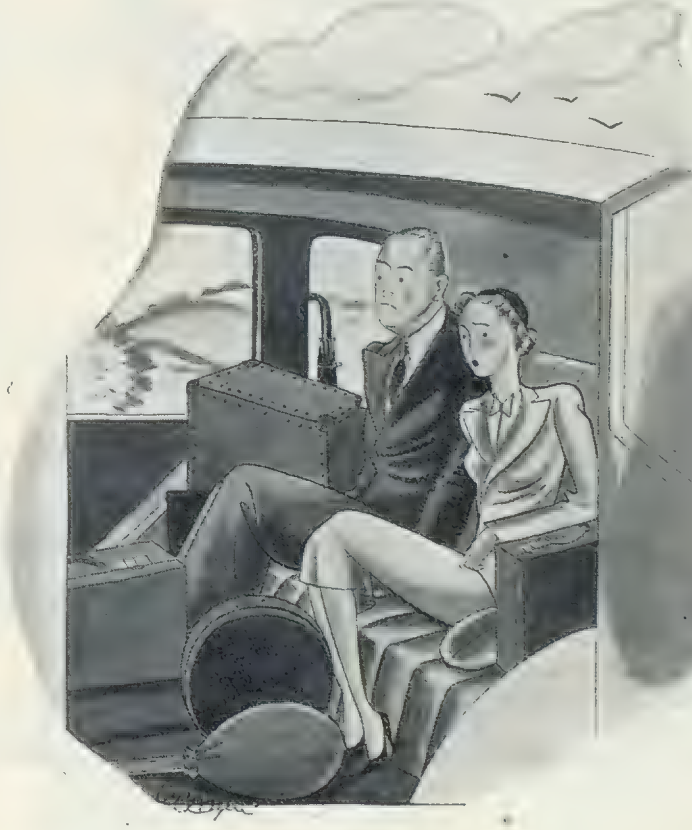
Apart from these extra mechanical attentions, there is a good deal to be thought of in very hot weather as regards keeping the interior of the car cool. When the sun is overhead it is generally wise to keep the sliding roof closed. Certainly the car should never be allowed to stand with the roof open. Leather upholstery can become so hot as to be painful if exposed to a strong sun for any length of time!

WHEN on the move, the best plan for keeping cool is to have the windscreen a few inches open, and to lower both windows at the back of the car. This ensures that a draught sweeps right through the car from front to rear, so that all passengers get the benefit of it.

A further point is that luggage should be stowed carefully, and limited in amount, with the object of giving each passenger room in which to move. A cramped position, with the inability to shift about in one's seat, is an inconvenience in any weather. In extreme heat it is almost a torture.

All this sounds simple; but it is quite common to see two people squashed together in the back of a car, with a pile of odds and ends on the seat beside them to prevent any freedom of movement. Probably they could quite well have compressed these oddments, with a little forethought, into a single suitcase. The suitcase, placed edge-ways between them, would not have irked them at all. Indeed, if of the right size, it might have formed a good substitute for an arm-rest.

In hot weather the comfortable car is that in which such little expedients have been thought out beforehand. The uncomfortable car is that in which the driver has told his passengers to "pile in anyhow"—and has been taken at his word!



A CRAMPED position, with the inability to shift about in one's seat, is an inconvenience in any weather!

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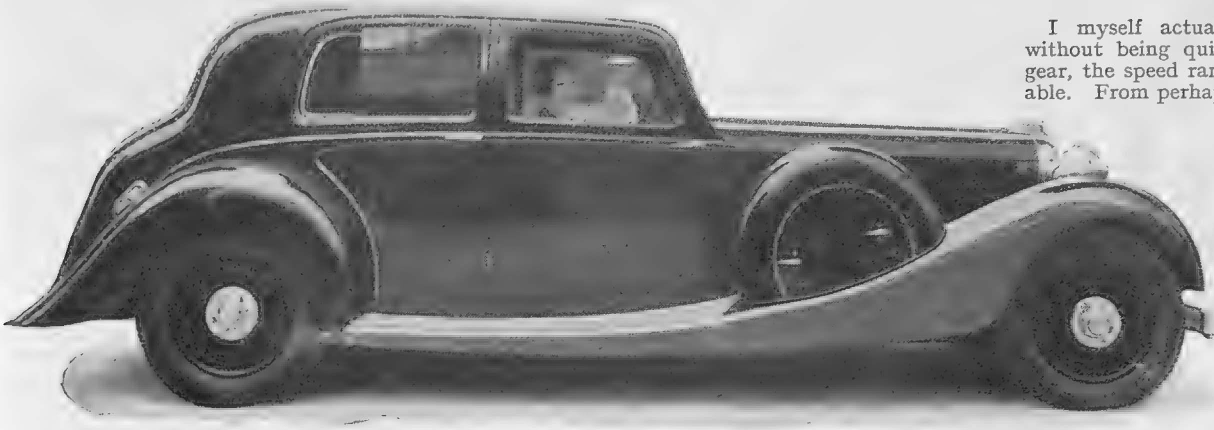

ONE of the striking features of the Lagonda "de Ville" is that, although it carries coachwork of the most comfortable type, it has the sleek and attractive appearance which is the prerogative of a genuine sports car

A REMARKABLE LAGONDA

The 30 h.p. "de Ville"

By The Earl of Cardigan

If I remember rightly, the last Lagonda which I described in these pages was the "Rapide" Tourer—a sports model capable of easily exceeding 100 m.p.h. This was a wonderful car; but I am not sure whether the 30 h.p. Lagonda "de Ville," in which I have just completed a prolonged test run, is not in some respects even more interesting and remarkable.

My point is that the "Rapide" fulfils one rôle magnificently well. The "de Ville," however, is a dual-purpose car. As such, I consider it strikingly successful—for it acquits itself with almost equal credit in *both* of its widely different capacities.

As its name implies, this new model is intended for town use. It is built with a long wheelbase, so that the coachwork may be comfortable and spacious. A partition is fitted behind the driving-seat, so that a chauffeur may be employed on formal occasions.

At the same time, the car remains a genuine Lagonda. With the partition lowered, it has almost every quality to please the owner-driver. It is extremely fast, and can be handled on the open road like any sports model. In short, it really has a sort of "dual identity."

The engine is very similar to that of the "Rapide," but is slightly modified in the interests of greater flexibility and smoothness. For the same reason, it is geared rather lower. The result is that it is easily possible to potter along at a walking pace in top gear, and to move through dense traffic with perfect sedateness.

The "walking pace" above referred to is definitely not a polite phrase to describe a minimum top-gear speed of 6 or 7 m.p.h. I should say that the car will literally run at 4 m.p.h. on the level without requiring a change of gear. This makes it all the more astonishing to discover what the maximum speed is. I should estimate it at about 95 m.p.h.!

I myself actually recorded 93 m.p.h., without being quite "flat out." In third gear, the speed range seems no less remarkable. From perhaps 2 or 3 m.p.h. in traffic, the car will accelerate in this ratio up to 75 or even 80 m.p.h. on the open road. There is a grand performance available in second gear also—as one may discover in negotiating any hill of the "awkward" variety.

The rate of acceleration is very fine in all gears, and the car's comfortable cruising speed is so high that no ordinary owner is ever likely to exceed it. It would certainly not harm the engine to maintain 80 m.p.h. indefinitely. This involves no more than 3,000 r.p.m.—a perfectly easy and comfortable rate of revolutions.

Like every Lagonda, the "de Ville" model holds the road magnificently. In this respect, it is representative of the British sports car at its very best. The steering, for speed work, could hardly be improved. For town purposes, it (*Continued on page 82*)

AN excellent idea is to utilise a dummy spare wheel to house the mechanism of the hydraulic jacking system. Here also are such items as the tool kit, inspection lamp and complete set of spare plugs

THE engine is similar to that of the Lagonda "Rapide." Its power output is hardly less impressive, while its flexibility is greater. The battery, although under the bonnet, is protected by a bulkhead from excessive heating

Right:

ALTHOUGH intended to be largely chauffeur-driven, this Lagonda is so comfortable in front, and such a delight to handle on the open road, that any right-minded owner will be tempted to do the greater part of the driving himself

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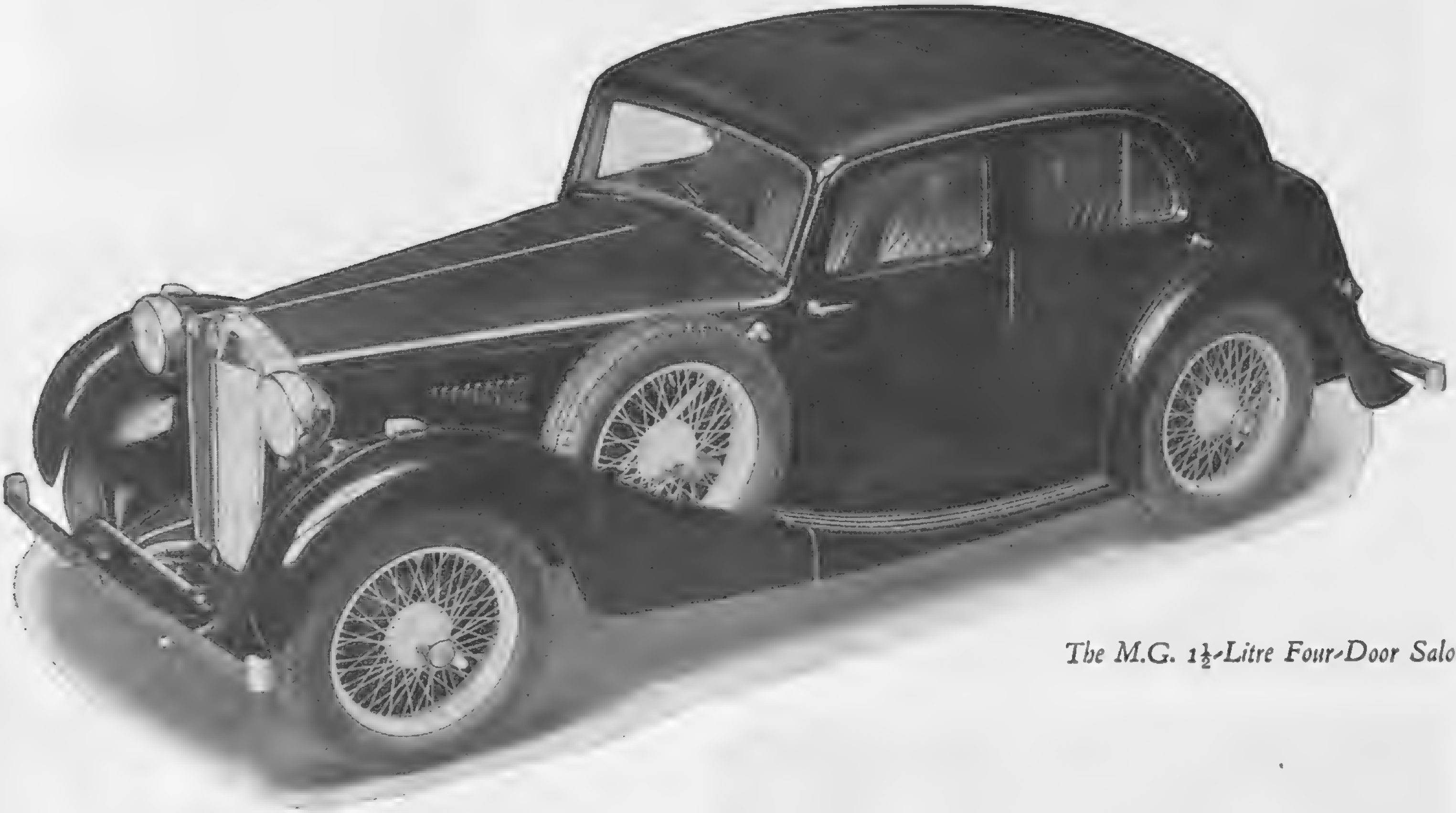

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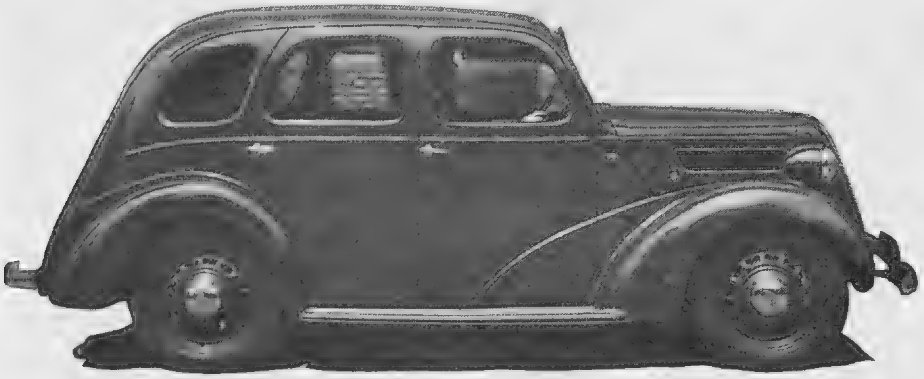


THE new Ford "Ten" has been greatly enlarged as regards accommodation. The saloon coachwork, which has decidedly attractive lines, is also extremely comfortable and roomy

A NEW FORD MODEL

The Popular "Ten" in Improved Form

By The Earl of Cardigan

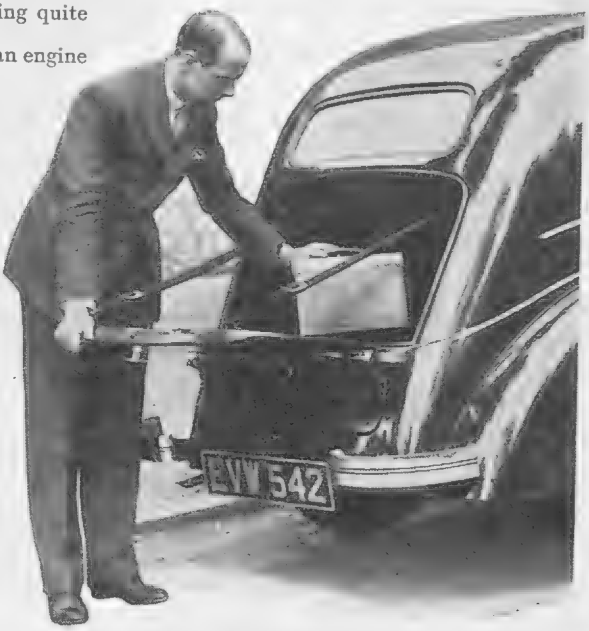
THE Ford "Ten," in its original form, should always be remembered for the stir that it created in the light car market. At the time when it was introduced, it must surely have been—with its remarkable powers of acceleration—the liveliest 10 h.p. model on the road. I know that, when I first tested it, I regarded its performance as being quite exceptional.

To-day, the new 10 h.p. Ford has an engine which has been modified, but not altered in any radical respect. Its power, however, still puts the car unquestionably in the first flight as regards performance. If there was such a thing as a 10 h.p. "sprint" race, a small bet on the Ford might still prove to be the best investment.

It is in the matter of coachwork that this car has been chiefly altered. Much greater comfort has been achieved, especially for the back-seat passengers. There is now not merely space enough, but ample space for two six-footers to sit at their ease. Even when the adjustable front seats are pushed well back, there is no shortage of leg-room.

The backs of the front seats tilt forward, even in the four-door model, where it is not essential for them to do so. As I have often mentioned, this can be a great convenience in certain circumstances. A normal front seat, unless slid well forward, is apt to obstruct the rear doorway to an annoying extent.

Another valuable feature of the new coachwork is that a large luggage locker is provided. The total luggage accommodation compares quite well with that of a big car, and adds to the general impression of roominess. There is a separate compartment in which the spare wheel is enclosed.



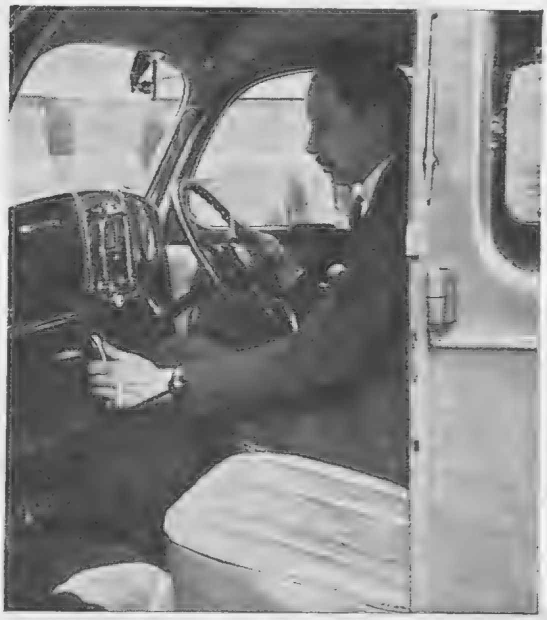
THE new coachwork provides for ample luggage accommodation. A large trunk can be carried with the rear panel lowered; but several suitcases will easily fit into the enclosed space within the car

Turning to the chassis, the most important alteration is in the design of the brakes. The present braking system is excellent, giving much more power than formerly. At the same time, the error of over-fierce action has been avoided, so that the car can always be pulled up with smoothness.

Although this "Ten" is not phenomenal in the matter of maximum speed, it certainly requires to be well braked. The very rapid acceleration, already referred to, is such that the driver can get up to 40 or 50 m.p.h. in a surprisingly short distance. Thus a high *average* speed is to be expected.

There is a maximum of 40 m.p.h. in second gear, which is distinctly useful. In top gear, 60 m.p.h. can be exceeded. A creditable feature is that the car does not have to be coaxed up to the 60 m.p.h. mark. It can record that figure without any bother or hesitation.

I actually made two tests for speed. In the first instance, with a slight down-hill slope, the speedometer *(Continued on page 82)*



THE driving seat is comfortable, and the grouped instruments leave room for a useful locker in the near side of the facia board. Note the unusual but handy position of the hand brake

The 10 h.p. Ford in Brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 10 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, synchromesh second and top.
Performance: Second gear 40 m.p.h., top gear 60 m.p.h. or more.
Steering: Light, with good lock.
Springing: Of special Ford transverse type.
Brakes: Most efficient, of new mechanical type.
Coachwork: Enlarged and improved; very comfortable.
Price: Four-door saloon, £150.

THE engine, although so modest in size, is truly remarkable in the power which it develops. No space is wasted under the bonnet. The tool kit is shown here, and in a similar position on the off side is the battery

A New Ford Model

showed 64 m.p.h. In the reverse direction, with an unfavourable slope, 61 m.p.h. was reached. (The speedometer appeared to be very reasonably accurate.)

I was rather impressed to find the difference in speed so slight. The falling-off of power on the up-slope was hardly perceptible, and only a very little more time was taken to get from zero up to 60 m.p.h. There could be no doubt as to the engine's essential sturdiness under all conditions.

A three-speed gearbox is fitted, with synchromesh second and top ratios. The need for gear-changing is slight—again surprisingly so for a 10 h.p. car—but it is an advantage to feel that, except when going down to bottom gear, an entirely fool-proof system is available. The use of bottom gear, except when starting from a standstill, is naturally very seldom called for.

The Ford steers very pleasantly, and has a conveniently small turning circle which is an asset in traffic. Light action has been achieved without using too low a steering ratio. The transverse springing gives comfortable riding, and enables the car to hold the road with satisfactory steadiness.

The driving seat is comfortable, and the controls for the most part are well placed. The accelerator pedal must be mentioned as an exception. The angle of it is not as convenient as it might be. The hand brake, on the other hand, although of an unorthodox type, is pleasantly accessible just below the instrument panel.

The price of the new four-door saloon model should be reckoned attractive at £150. A two-door model is also available at £143. For an extra £10 either car may be fitted with leather upholstery and a sliding roof.

END

A Remarkable Lagonda

(*Continued from page 79*)

may be considered a trifle heavy—but it errs in the direction of efficiency where efficiency is most required.

The springing is likewise excellent at speed, and has a controlling device for the shock absorbers, so that it is really good for town work also. With the little lever on the steering column set to "soft," the jarring effect of a rough surface can be almost wholly eliminated.

The brakes are highly efficient, and are admirably designed so that, although quite light in action, they can be applied with firmness. There is nothing of erratic violence about them. This is typical of the Lagonda controls in general. Everything works "just so," and the driver can feel complete confidence from the very first moment of taking the wheel.

The gearbox is of course a four-speed unit, and has the advantage of synchromesh engagement for second, third and top gears. Thus it is a delightfully simple matter to make changes up and down, if occasion arises, at anything from 5 to 50 m.p.h. It is a significant fact that, in this car, one tends *not* to use the gearbox a great deal in London (since it is not essential), but to use it rather extensively in the country, where it is a real pleasure to take advantage of its potentialities.

The coachwork, owing to the long wheelbase, provides very great comfort, while retaining the handsome lines which one associates with a sports saloon. The only improvement to it which I would suggest is that the front doors might be carried six inches further forward at the bottom. This would make the front seat more easily accessible to those with large feet!

Generally speaking, however, this car has a quality about it which defies criticism. After ten or twelve years of driving in a professional capacity, I can truthfully say that I enjoyed every mile of my 200-mile run in it. It is most certainly not overpriced at £1,225.

The Lagonda "de Ville" in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburettors. 29·13 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed close-ratio gearbox, with synchromesh for second, third and top gears.

Performance: Third gear, 75/80 m.p.h.; top gear, 95 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic with controllable shock-absorbers.

Steering: Very accurate; ideal for speed work.

Brakes: Girling type, excellent.

Coachwork: Well designed either for chauffeur or owner-driver.

Price: Saloon with partition, £1,225.

THE interior (front end) of an Eccles "Aristocrat," the 1937 caravan that has proved ideal as an all-season living van. The deeply sprung settee makes a comfortable double bed by night

"Signposts"

A BOOK that should be in the cubby hole of every car whose owner appreciates good food and good accommodation at a fair price is *Signposts*—an independent guide to pleasant ports of call, by W. J. McMinnies (Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net).

This book is a guide, philosopher and friend not only to motorists, but to all travellers. It gives independent informal and discriminating answers to the following questions: Where shall we go for a meal, a week-end or a holiday? Where can we find good food, good beds, a welcome and pleasant surroundings? What can we do when we get there, and what does it cost?

The author has motored over 60,000 miles to give reliable answers to these questions and has described only those places which survived the personal test.

The book is abundantly illustrated, wonderfully indexed and also reproduces many maps, mostly in detail, showing how to get to the place described from the nearest large town.

Holidays

(*Continued from page 31*)

out, don't indulge in sentimentality. There are so many people who, even when the holidays are over, will have nobody to go back to.

For them a holiday is always an adventure with romance as the possible end. And for them, too, sentimentality is the great danger. It is hard, if one is lonely, to see people as they really are when the moon rises above a softly murmuring sea at the end of carefree days. It isn't even important that you should if the game of let's pretend is to end with your holiday. But a game is a game, and it should never be taken too seriously.

Unless you can be very sure of your self-sufficiency, it is better not to go away alone. Better, too, not to go to places that you have visited year after year.

There is a tremendous stimulation about going abroad with a party of people. Not necessarily people you know, but a party drawn together by the common interests that make them want to see the same places.

Every Travel Agency specialises in such tours, from those that are inexpensive and very straightforward to unusual expeditions that have nothing of the Conducted Tour atmosphere about them.

They open up marvellous opportunities of companionships to those who are shy, for almost always there is an official host and hostess.

On the other hand, not everybody likes parties. It is often an ideal solution for a woman on her own—or, for that matter, a man on his own—to go away with a married couple whom she knows well and likes.

The husband feels less tied if he knows that his wife is not being left alone, and a third person at meals can give the effect of almost a party.

Nor should the joys of an all-woman party be overlooked. Maybe they are more evident in the country than by the sea, but there can be no denying their carefree pleasure, their easy friendliness.

It is all just a matter of temperament. Quite often holiday friendships do blossom into life partnerships—and that's one of the nicest things about holidays.

In these days of freedom there is infinitely less likelihood than there used to be of wild infatuations that sprang from unwonted liberty and ended in misery. But one has only to read newspapers to realise that fundamentally men and women have not changed very much. It is only conditions that make them seem as though they have.

So much for holiday plans. When once they are settled all that remains is to make the most of every precious minute.

Take away as little as possible. Leave everything at home in good order, not forgetting to cancel papers, milk and groceries. Don't trust to luck that at the last minute somebody will offer to look after the cat and dog. Leave behind you every small worry and go gaily out to meet adventure.

OLIVE RANDALL.

Books

(*Continued from page 55*)

deluding clue of the envelope, I should never have solved their mysteries, and I shall be surprised if anyone else does either. In a story of crime-detection, insolubility is probably a virtue, especially when authors, as in this case, play fair. Messrs. Links and Wheatley are perhaps in danger, none the less, of becoming too ingenious, and for that reason I estimate *Who Killed Robert Prentice?* as slightly inferior to *Murder Off Miami*. But their methods are not merely new; they are also of real interest, and suggest possibilities which novelists of all kinds might study. They have reduced narrative to its bare bones, ridding it of all ostensible commentary, a feat which no one, or no one that I can recall at the moment, has ever even attempted before. Such complete objectiveness may conceivably earn these two books a place among the records of the curiosities of literature.

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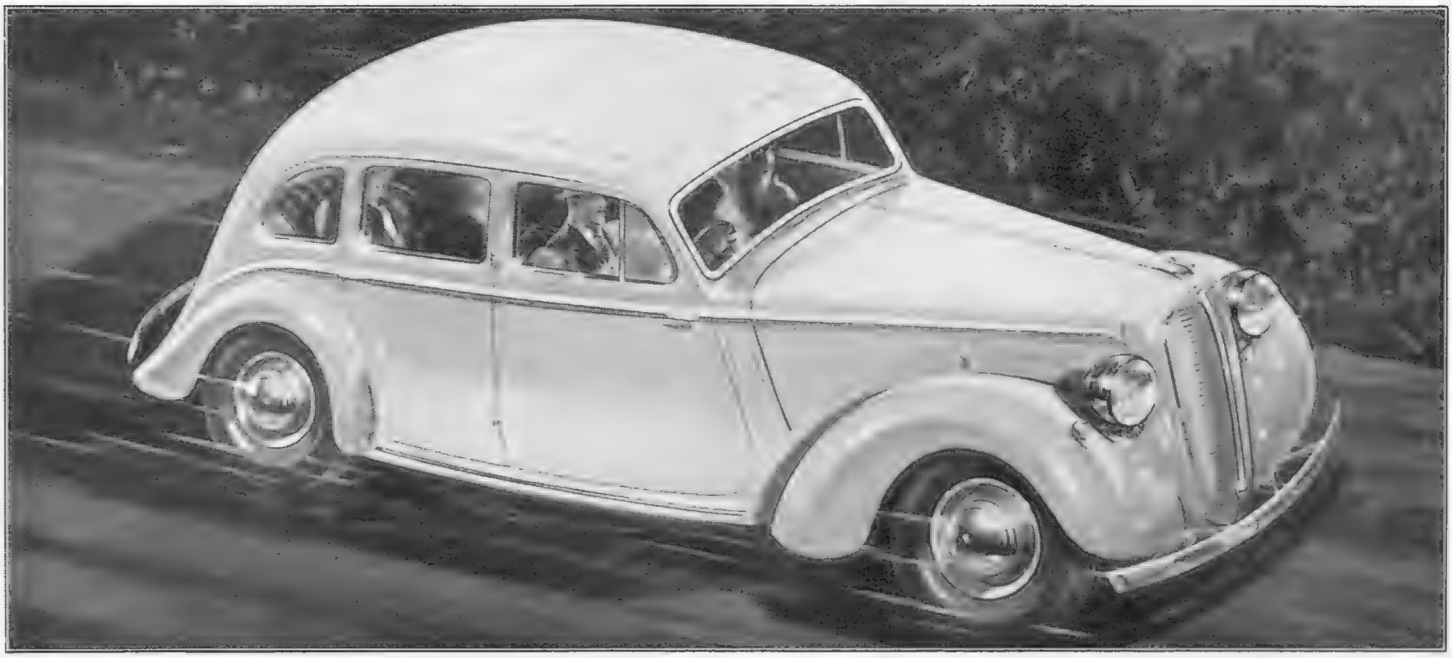

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C.F.H. 197

A VIEW of the lovely old town of Salzburg, where the famous Festival Plays take place

AUSTRIA

For Holidays in any Season

PERHAPS, of all the lovely places of the world, Austria shimmers on the mental horizon of the stay-at-home as a land of almost magical gaiety and charm—which, in sober fact, it is. For " Even lovelier than I dreamt it could be " is the kind of tribute most often paid to this country where the stranger feels at once most happily " at home."

There is no particular holiday season, for whether you arrive in spring, summer, autumn or winter, Austria has a thousand and one delights with which to beguile you into a long extended stay.

Although an Alpine country, it is nowhere dreary or desolate. Between the towering rocky slopes and the mighty snow-capped mountains lie mile upon mile of sun-swept plains and smiling fields, vast forests and sparkling lakes. But for all its grandeur of scenery, Austria is endearingly homely, thanks to its many cosy towns and villages, where beautiful folk costumes are still worn and old customs still observed.

All this colour and tradition in sharp contrast to the electric trains rushing through the valleys, the modern motor roads, and the suspension cable railways that daringly rocket you breathlessly to towering mountain-tops.

ST. STEPHEN'S Cathedral at Vienna. The famous Gothic spire, built at intervals between 1144 and 1511, is the city's landmark

ACCOMMODATION in Austria is as varied as every other facet of her life and people. Modern de luxe hotels, offering you every sybaritic refinement, rub shoulders with hoary old inns, broad gabled and welcoming, where comfort is more simply translated.

If happy, light-hearted Vienna is one's objective, or starting-off point, the odds are that many days will be spent exploring its fine old baroque palaces, art museums, and many lovely parks and gardens, before trips are taken farther afield. To the Vienna " Heurige," for instance, wine taverns in the suburbs, where the vineyards come down to the very doors of the quaint old houses, and where the new vintage wine may be sipped to the strains of Viennese music. And in such villages as Rust on the Neusiedlersee, if you are there in the spring, you may join in all the jollity and merrymaking of the vintage festival, and quaff the year's vintage in every house whose portal bears a vine leaf.

ST. WOLFGANG. The White Horse Inn

ANOTHER favourite province is that of Salzburg, and the lovely old town of Salzburg itself. Situated at the foot of towering mountains, it is one of the most important centres of Alpine traffic. For music lovers, too, Salzburg is a place of pilgrimage, for every year, from late July to early September, the famous Salzburg Festival Plays take place. For the more frivolous-minded good fortune may be given her chance in the Gaming Casino at the Mirabelle Gardens.

From Salzburg exciting excursions may be made to the Summer Castle of Heilbrunn, to Hallein with its impressive salt mines, and to Werfen for a never-to-be-forgotten exploration of its giant ice caves.

Eastwards from Salzburg, the Salzkammergut local railway takes one to Bad Ischl, to the Mondsee and the Wolfgangsee, and the popular lake resorts of St. Gilgen and Strobi.

Towards the south, the Alpine character of the country becomes more pronounced. The famous waterfalls of the side valleys of the Tauern, the Krimmer Falls, and their picturesque gorges beguile one with their beauty.

At Zell-am-See, at the foot of the Kitzsteinhorn, a suspended cable-railway takes the adventurous tourist to the summit of the Schmittenhohe—6,460 feet.

For the swimming and bathing enthusiast, the province of Carinthia offers the combined attractions of long months of summer weather and warm Carinthian lakes. The Woerthersee, the largest and warmest of all, may be bathed in from May to October.

BUT of all the provinces of Austria, the Tyrol enchants the sports enthusiast the most, with its towns and villages nestling against a magnificent background of snow-capped mountains. Life in such a characteristic Tyrolean town as Innsbruck, during the winter season, is wholly delightful. Each morning the quaint old streets are filled with happy bands of sports enthusiasts off to the Nursery slopes, or the mountain side, or—if they are experts—a day's ski-ing excursion. For the rest of the day the old town dozes in the winter sunshine, only to come to life again when the shadows fall, and hungry and tired bands of people arrive back after the day's adventures.

To ride down the mountain side in the crowded ski train, with much singing and laughter, and gay exchange of " tall stories " of prowess and adventure, has its charms; but nothing can compare with one's first solitary descent on skis down sheer narrow paths through solemn pine forests, with the moon just rising, and only the far-away homeward-bound cries of other ski-ers breaking the white silence.

And so, whether you are on health or pleasure bent—or both—whether you seek gaiety or solitude, a robust sporting holiday or the more contemplative pleasures of art and music, you will find all your wishes realised in the one country in the world even more magical than you dreamt it to be.

THERE is an 80 per cent. fare reduction on the homeward journey in Austria after a stay of seven days, and other important reductions on certain routes to Austria; so if you contemplate a holiday in Austria, ask any of the leading touring agencies for descriptive literature, or write to the Austrian State Travel Bureau, 159–161, Regent Street, London, W.1.

L. P.

AN Austrian girl in national costume

This “Too Old” Business

(*Continued from page* 11)

Taking this for cue, the late Sir William Osler caused a stir by declaring that the sum achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature, was uniquely traceable to “the fifteen golden years, twenty-five to forty.” The celebrated physician added that “a very large proportion of the evils of the world may be traced to sexagenarians, nearly all the greatest mistakes politically and socially, all the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, sermons and speeches.”

Trollope was ragging, and Sir William was talking through his hat and expired shortly after. He would have been talking through his hat on the sole score of his completely ignoring middle age—and what a host will agree that the major interlude of achievement and of excellence lies between forty and fifty-five! But the reason I quote the above two worthies is this. One of the most insidious if grotesque twists given to this Youth *versus* Age ballyhoo is that of picking out and pillorying, from the past as from the present, the most glaring cases of the matured and elderly having made a muck of things.

In point of fact, the precise opposite could be argued to this faked and forced condemnation of years by means of individual cases.

Wagner used to show off by standing on his head at sixty. He had been a crack gymnast in his youth, and his case is only one of several tending to show that good health is apt to go hand in hand with a good mind. Take “L.G.,” maintaining the grip of a young member save when he goes in off the deep end over one or two matters.

GALILEO hit upon the liberation of the moon at seventy-five. Perugini was hard at his great murals at seventy-six. Voltaire had passed his eighty-third birthday when he produced *Irène*, while Tennyson was deep in his *Crossing the Bar* at a like age. Titian was painting his “Battle of Lepanto” at ninety-eight, and Michaelangelo was working in a very uncomfortable position, painting his ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, at eighty-nine. Goethe was an octogenarian by the time he finished *Faust*. Victor Hugo was also eighty when he delivered his astonishing *Torquemada* to his publishers. Wellington may not have been a success in politics, but he would have commanded in any British war, had one supervened, probably up to almost the end (83). I hop here and there? Yes, just to show that no particular century or type is involved. All my illustrations are supermen? Maybe so. Yet how many lesser mortals could one go on citing indefinitely for having achieved success of some kind or another when well into the mythical “too old” category!

How old was Moltke at Sedan? Over seventy, at any rate. Foch was sixty-eight when called upon for his fateful effort. The C.-in-C. opposite, Hindenburg, was over seventy—and if he did little to win actual battles he did a great deal by just standing there rock-like, exuding character, attribute that saved the German Army from utter disintegration in November, 1918. “The Tiger” became “Père-la-Victoire” at the impossibly antiquated age of seventy-eight: long beforehand he should have been conducted to the lethal chamber! Masaryk summoned a nation into being at sixty-five. Cardinal Mercier, a few years younger, became the symbol of Belgian defiance. Poincaré was 66 when he “saved the Franc.” The financial tsar of war days, the late J. P. Morgan, was past the allotted span when Wall Street turned to him in the critical hour. Mention of the U.S. reminds that the fabled Commodore Vanderbilt laid down most of the “Iron Horse” when nearly eighty, thereby adding £20,000,000 to his fortune. Emerson was going strong with *Over the Teacups* at the age of seventy-eight. Benjamin Franklin did more than any man to create the United States, when an obsolete dodderer of nearly eighty. The greatest Supreme Court judge of all, Oliver Wendell Holmes, never reasoned more clearly than when approaching the ninth decade. Precisely, judges seem cut out for long service—take the famous Lord Lyndhurst and our more recent Darling and Avory. Only a short while ago Sir Harry Eve left the Bench, aged eighty, but in high fettle.

Gladstone won his Midlothian campaign at eighty, and was Premier for the fourth time three years later, an office in which Palmerston died at 81, and in which Disraeli attained his Empress of India apogee when in the late seventies.

A REFLECTION made by Grote when beginning his *Aristotle* at seventy is worth quoting: “My ability to work has greatly fallen off in quantity, but in so far as quality is concerned (acuteness, memory, suggestive association) I am certain that my mind is as good as ever.” This remark probably stands for the majority of the alleged “too olds.”

Kant was sure he was much better in old age than early on, and to prove it produced three of his greatest works at 74-75. Humboldt’s *Kosmos* was begun when its author was seventy-six and took fourteen years to complete. Von Ranke began his *History of the World* at eighty, and had written a dozen volumes at his death eleven years later. Handel was still vitally composing at seventy, while Verdi produced *Otello* at 75. Lord Kelvin led in physics, Strathcona in Empire building, when each was past seventy. If Darwin died relatively young (63), and Dickens no less so, each was going strong at the finish. More in our own day, Tolstoi and Ibsen flourished intellectually till nearly four score, a performance which G.B.S. is proceeding to emulate in our midst at the moment.

IT is simply doing a gross if not a tragic disservice to youth to kid it along with talk of its seniors being too senile, set, and played out.

There is far too much current tendency to pooh-pooh the value of experience, to subscribe to the notion that an expert knowledge of the world can be grafted on synthetically, secondhand and at speed.

Pursuing a train of thought, it is surely no mere accident that youthful genius but seldom has direct relation to life? Napoleon might be instanced as a staggering exception (it is easy to say he dealt in death only: he would have been a wonderful administrator had we allowed him to be). But a precocious mathematician such as the young Newton resided in a universe of his own fashioning; so was the boy Mozart no less sundered; so continues to be the poet-prodigy thinking only of her to whom his verse is dedicated, and the budding Turner or Van Gogh in a world apart with the landscape or the model before him. Wrapped up in their own worlds, all of them; and in much of a like remoteness the youthful chemist conjuring atoms from his books and molecules in his laboratory.

I am pulled up by something just written. Of course, youthful poets can get going outside themselves, in a world in travail. Just now Auden and Isherwood have apparently done so in their “Ascent of F.6.”

The successful tackling of problems involving the happiness of millions requires more than glorious youth, as future young would-be dictators in a hurry are likely to discover to their cost, the plain fact, now of necessity forced into the daylight (though not by “age”), being that in most fields of human endeavour the “too old” brigade has ever shone by comparison with youthful contemporaries, and that it is likely to go on doing so.

Scarce a land but is debating, in some form, Youth *v.* Age. Here is France:—

“If you desire for your country and for yourself a destiny brilliant, perilous and ephemeral; if you seek a new world, but one without stability, vibrant but without fulfilment, dynamic but denuded of maturity, delicateness and philosophy: in that case, ask the young to lead you. Give them all the controls. And be certain they will provide you with an existence, jolting, unexpected, gripping, new, perhaps exhausting, never dull. They are demolishers, by principle; to rejuvenate is to destroy; they refuse to add to the existing; they create from Nothing, sweep the table clear. Nothing embarrasses them or pulls them up. They delight in upsetting all ideas put to them, for sport’s sake, and from bravado. They invent a new world. Or they imagine they do. It is a material and a harsh world in which the surviving ideal has no shading, but emerges in a blinding clarity. They are the enemies of approximation, of the clear-obscure, of all half-shades and transitions. They are doctrinaires and believe they hold the universal truth, are following the infallible path of progress. They whip the blood, activate and sometimes force the heart of nations and of individuals. They make light of fatigue, of suffering, of death, so long as the idea triumphs. Their passion has grandeur and cruelty, and that is the reason they are building a world at once intoxicating and painful, bereft of security and moderation, illuminated by sacrifice.”

Thunders in reply:—

“A sudden insecurity has smitten the universe, revolutionising it. The type of man who can face up to this insecurity has altered profoundly: he is to-day the young man, willing to accept all risks. The young have not demanded the right to direct the world. It is the force of things that must accord it to them. The new factor is that youth will wait less long, or not wait at all. Already, since the War, the age at which men reach important posts has descended by fifteen years. This natural phenomenon will only increase, so that soon men will depart from the sphere of action progressively as they age. Is this the condemnation of the old ones, of their wisdom and their prudence? Almost. What is certain is that the young no longer have confidence in them. For that matter, have the old people still such confidence in themselves?

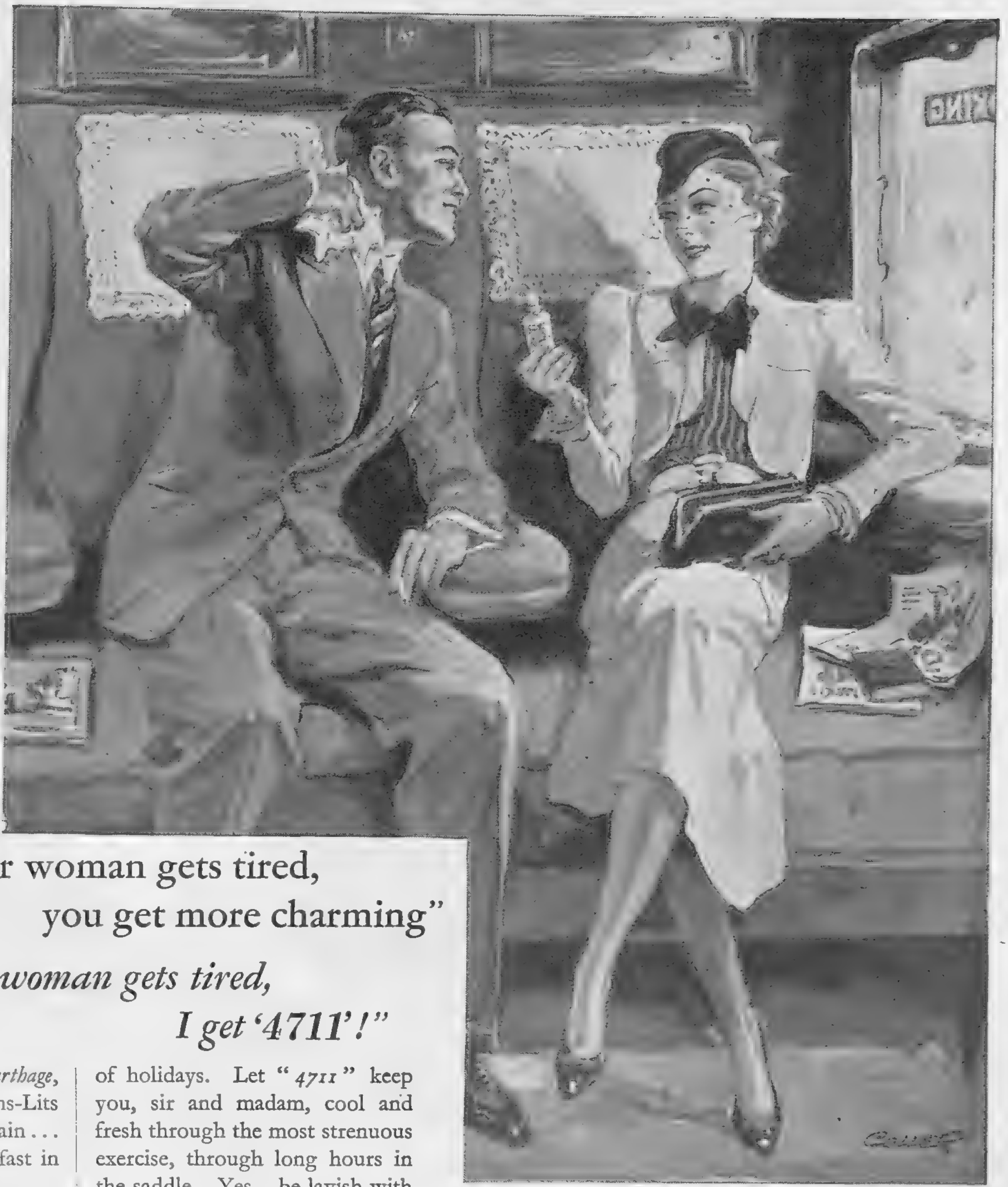
“The young have developed an annihilating sense of realities, which has killed traditionalism. This has been replaced by the cult of heroes. Age never likes heroes; it supplies so few. Look at to-day’s cult of the hero, on the national, political and sporting plane! It corresponds to a great need for an ideal. Go to an assembly of Youth, then to one of ‘men ripened by years.’ Ask yourself which group you would choose in order to find a leader that you could follow with confidence and joy, even if he were not so wise and prudent and nourished by experience. Youth has no hesitation, but follows force, ardour, courage, enthusiasm.”

Well, well.

Such a controversial subject as this clearly calls for a calm ending. Fortunately I have one to hand, in a few words of *au revoir* spoken by Thomas Mann, on his recently leaving the States for his home outside Zurich. Asked for a message for youth, this super-exile responded: “I’m ashamed of even trying to give advice to youth. It’s so easy to preach, you know. Youth to-day has a hard time. But I will say this: I hope that young people won’t allow themselves to be fooled by those who talk the loudest; that they won’t forget that man is more than nature, that he is a spiritual person, a creature of dignity. When youth and men recognise the wonder and dignity of man I’m sure that then mankind will be free.

“Already I see the rise of a new humanism which will be unlike its predecessors, in that it will be masculine, strong. It won’t be rhetorical or bombastic, but it will be sober and firm. It will be based upon an understanding and love of mankind. It will recognise the value and dignity of man. Leaders of this new humanism will be men of knowledge, of understanding, and of action.”

END



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Twilight of the Billionaires?

(*Continued from page 9*)

U.S. Treasury, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and reckoned the world's second richest man, the aged Pittsburg banker spoke of one small company he had started in 1920, with three others, with £50,000. By 1931 it had assets of £12,000,000 and had paid £1,600,000 in dividends. The phase was one of great expansion—and the enterprise had duly expanded.

Andrew Mellon, a small banker's son, was lucky to be in a strategic position in the dynamic heart of America's greatest industrial district, and he often secured, in return for relatively small loans, participation in the profits of new enterprises with immense growth possibilities. His big thing was the acquisition of the patent rights to a cheap process in aluminium. He has now a virtual monopoly of the industry from bauxite deposit to finished product. He has become dominant in 35 banks and 40 non-financial corporations with assets of £850,000,000. He once said: "I wouldn't exchange the period in which I have lived for any other in the world's history." One can understand his feeling. At no other period have there been such great and glorious opportunities of getting in cheaply on the ground floor of wealth-making industry and trade.

The Rothschilds made the bulk of their original fortune financing governments in war-time and in post-war reconstruction. There is not much money in that now. Government credit is too good—or too bad. Besides, governments want more than individual capitalists can supply from their own resources. Bigger fortunes by far are made by the Mellons, the Mitsuis, the Sassoons, who get in as bankers and financiers at the start of an economic flood tide, and grow rich by way of loans to, and investments in, young industries and businesses of all sorts which are destined to grow as the oak grows from the acorn.

THERE are no new millions to be made in established industries where the best claims are already pegged out. But there is always room, it seems, for the enterprising and experimental man on the sea, and in the East. Men say that no more big fortunes will ever be made in shipping. But they used to say that about the Indian trade—until Sir David Yule died.

The Yule story is one of the queerest stories of the British millionaires, and one which has not yet been told in every secret detail. It was said even the Viceroy had not met him at a time when he was the richest Britisher in India. He never went out into white society; he cultivated the Indians, among whom he did business. He worked from six in the morning till midnight, never took a holiday, and conducted an immense business correspondence in his own hand. Jute was his main line, but he did a lot of money-lending.

Shipping was the base of the Ellerman fortune, but he started without a ship—and he never was a sailor, in the Runciman manner. His father was a German who spelt his name with another "n." Son John began life as an accountant in Liverpool. In that calling he came into behind-the-scenes contact with the shipping and other adventurous business, much as Lord Riddell, a solicitor, in his law practice came into intimate contact with many businesses, and at 30 left the law for the larger money-making field of periodical and newspaper manufacturing. Ellerman made his first half-million in a deal in American breweries, and his first million in a shipping deal with J. P. Morgan. He knew how to buy low and sell high, always.

He lived in one small Mayfair house, in the style of a £5,000-a-year man, and tended his financial garden. Occasionally one saw him at the opera and the theatre. He acquired big blocks of newspapers and weekly periodicals, but only, it seemed, to keep his name and photograph out of them: and he sold them again at the top of the market and added another big sum to his fortune. He bought blocks of London property, breweries, and all sorts of businesses, and sold them again. His sense of values was uncanny. But he was always the careful, detailous accountant, and when he died it was found that he had worked out his long list of legacies to sea captains, servants, and others, to the last shilling and penny (he did not like "round figures"), and had painstakingly accumulated eight millions in cash so that his investments in trust companies should be left undisturbed, and not forced out, perhaps at a bad time, to pay death duties.

Most, if not all, of these millionaires have certain qualities in common beside acquisitiveness. All show an enormous capacity for work, a hatred of waste, a passion for order and method, a rooted distaste for gambling, and a penetrating mental eye which sees beyond the surface of things. None are complex: all are simple, and most are frugal.

John D. Rockefeller began with dimes and dollars, saved, worked hard, made his first money in the wholesale grocery business, selling on commission. When he was 27 he had enough cash and credit to be able to bid £13,000 for an oil business—he had watched oil, and decided there was money in the refining side. His enemies called him a vulture, but in his middle age he looked like one of those Victorian sketches of the "every handsome man is slightly sunburnt" type. As he got older and the flesh melted off his bones, a sense of the eternal came into his face. Such a man could not be wicked, except by the standards of little, emotional men: he could never experience a sense of guilt: a being cold, pitiless and constructive: a revolutionary, and a great one.

The times were ripe and waiting for him. The American Civil War had finally ended the crumbling plantation economy. Mercantilism was going, industrialism coming. Modern capitalism, great units of impregnable financial strength, able to weather all storms and pursue unmoved long-term policies, had to come, if the promise of a wider and fuller life, made possible by new knowledge and machines, was to be realised.

Every great revolution has its terror phase, and Rockefeller's was no exception. He conceived a great constructive scheme of production, and sired a new and highly efficient system in industry. The little people got in his way. He asked them to sell out, offering cash or stock. The stock he offered would have made them rich. They could not see it, being little, blind people. He then walked over them. He could not and would not let his great driving plan be interfered with by free-for-all individualism.

He broke the law, violated the spirit of the law, and defeated the intent of the Supreme Court. But he suffered no qualms of conscience. He had to create order out of chaos, for his own satisfaction; and he felt that his work was good in God's sight—the beautiful and rhythmic pattern of his monopoly conception, in which efficiency and the elimination of waste were pursued to the *n*th degree, and healthy and vigorous growth (in the capitalistic sense) was promoted. In Utopia, of course, what he did a government would do. But America was no Utopia in his day.

Finding the world's richest man, now that this mastodon has gone, is an intriguing game. Most people guess wrong, through over-estimating the real wealth of a famous man. It always has been so.

Jimmy White was said to be worth millions at a time when in fact he owed millions—he could never lay his hands on a solid million in cash at any point of his flamboyant career. Kreuger was still acclaimed one of the world's richest men when he was around £50,000,000 "in the red."

The late Lord Melchett, head of the great heavy chemical and anthracite combines, was thought to be worth many millions. But he only lived on the millionaire-income scale in his great town and country houses. His capital on his death was half a million. The late Lord Inchcape made a will which indicated that he thought he had a fortune of £10,000,000 to dispose of. And at one time he undoubtedly had. But he spread his investments in what he thought was the track of safety, but it turned out to be the track of the world typhoon; and his estate was proved at only £2,000,000.

J. P. MORGAN controls more capital, probably, than any other living man. He governs 35 banks and insurance companies, while 60 enterprises whose assets aggregate £6,000,000,000 are linked immediately to the Wall Street office of the Morgan company. He has directors on the boards of another 16 banks and 26 miscellaneous corporations representing £3,240,000,000. But his own banking house has assets of only around £100,000,000, and his personal fortune is thought not to amount to many millions. He is one of the men who think in terms of income rather than capital. His income is huge, and most of it is earned—and spent.

The Du Pont clan march with the Morgans, Rockefellers, Fords and Mellons, in terms of riches. Pierre S. Du Pont paid in 1929 £1,900,000 income tax on an income of £6,500,000. Chemicals and explosives are the basis of their wealth dynasty, but they have overlapped into many other fields. They own most of General Motors with the Morgans. That enterprise earned a net profit of £47,600,000 in 1936, of which the common stockholder got £34,600,000.

What becomes of these huge fortunes? Most of them are dispersed in charities and among families.

From children to grandchildren and great-grandchildren the money of the millionaires passes, and most of the time it contracts with the passing of every life as surely as that piece of wild ass's skin of which Balzac told, and which measured a human life and shrank with every wish of its owner's. Some inheritors waste it. Hetty Green, who walked about in rags and ate crusts, while making millions in stock speculation, left her fortune of £11,000,000 to her son, Colonel Green, who ravished it. Others put misplaced trust in debt paper—in the strength of societies and empires. One of the Rothschilds put a fourth of his fortune into the bonds of the Austrian Empire, which looked eternal to him; after 1918, it vanished like dust in a windstorm. Oriental potentates, oblivious of the lessons of the past, still repose trust in portable wealth, which is also easily lootable—in precious metals and stones. The Nizam of Hyderabad is said to keep about £100,000,000 worth of gold in bars and coins in his palace strong-box. If the British Empire went the way of old Rome, and Russia or Japan or German conquerors seized vast India, the treasures of the native princes would disappear like the gold and jewel stocks of the rulers of the lands the Romans conquered.

The Vanderbilts and Astors, like the old British feudal nobility, put their trust in land. The younger Rockefeller generation are following suit—they own the heart of New York City now, and the world's biggest building, Rockefeller Centre. Land—so long as there is no communistic revolution and expropriation—has its attractions. One hundred and seventy years ago the head of the present Portman family purchased for £2,000 a farm and all the fields that form the Portman, Montagu and Bryanston Squares of to-day. He wanted the land for a drove of asses, a diet of ass's milk having been prescribed for a relative. Fashion flocked north from St. James's, and the land became worth millions. One million pounds was paid for the 300 ft. length of land now carrying the huge block of Mount Royal, at the end of Oxford Street.

The Cadogans and the Howard de Waldens are rich by virtue of the prescience of their land-speculator forbears. But how long their descendants can count on riches is a question. Death duties force the millionaire, wherever his wealth lies, either to prune his income in order to pay the premium on great life insurances

(*Continued on page 90*)

They won't kiss till next Thursday

The children find home movies the most exciting thing in the world. They even act little stories together. Father's latest Ciné-'Kodak' reel ended dramatically with the villain trying to steal a kiss from the heroine. "Another gigantic instalment next Thursday," announced Father.

Actually next Thursday's reel, now in production, will be in full brilliant *colour,* taken on the marvellous new colour film, 'Kodachrome,' which is now available for all Ciné-'Kodaks'. No extra attachments are needed either for taking or showing the pictures. You make colour movies just as easily as black-and-white; you simply aim and press the button.

The Ciné-'Kodak' Eight is the world's cheapest movie-camera to run. A complete little scene or episode costs just a few pence to film. Compare that with the pleasure of seeing your own children on the screen. Compare it with the value these movies will have for you in years to come. Remember that if you don't film your children now you're letting something go by for ever.

Besides showing your own movies, you can hire all kinds of films from the 'Kodascope' Library. Think how the children will love to see cartoons, comics, and adventure and travel films in their own home. This library will be tremendously valuable next winter—but you want your Cine-'Kodak' now!

Ciné-'Kodak' Eight, from £10.
16mm. Ciné-'Kodaks,' from £15
Deferred terms available.
Price includes carrying-case.

FREE. Ask the nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealer for illustrated book (shown here) about 'Kodachrome' and Ciné-'Kodak' (or write to Mr. B. E. Taylor, Dept. 57N, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for this Booklet and names of Ciné-Kodak Dealers in your neighbourhood).

Twilight of the Billionaires ?

to lessen the depreciation of capital on his death, or else to take risks with his capital in his lifetime in order to leave his heir or heirs the same sum that he inherited. Otherwise, a fortune quickly becomes extinct. The Yule fortune of £20,000,000 was reduced by £8,000,000, the Ellerman pile by £17,000,000,

When Sir Robert McAlpine, the famous contractor, died, his millionaire father had been laid to rest in the concrete family vault only thirteen days before. In this case a £3,000,000 estate passed in a fortnight from father to son, and thence to grandson. The £3,000,000 estate was cut twice within a month by the second death. The Earls of Durham were almost ruined by a rapid succession of deaths. The third and fourth earls died within four months of each other, and their estate duties amounted to nearly £1,000,000.

"Work, take risk—or perish, if not in this generation, then in the next, or the one after," says the ruthless modern State to the citizens who inherit the wealth made by forbears who have taken an abnormal amount of wealth out of the national and international competitive wealth struggle. At the same time, by taxes and restrictions, our rulers make it ever more difficult for the bold adventurer to make and keep great wealth. But it is evident that taxes do not stop the march to millionairedom. Nor do restrictions and regulations of trade and industry hamstring the economic conquistador.

The great fortunes of the day before yesterday were made in land, coal, heavy industry, shipping, tobacco, cotton, Eastern trade, banking. Those of yesterday were made in newspapers, mass-produced motor cars, gold mines, chain stores, rayon. Few, if any, new men will reach millionairedom along these paths again. But the world is in transition. New things are on the way. A whole complex of new discoveries is opening out new horizons of opportunity for wealth-making, as happened before, when the millionaires who are now passing set out along the golden road to riches. It may be that the fortunes of the Crœsuses of to-morrow will be greater than those who are passing to-day, although an earlier generation of millionaires, operating in free-for-all conditions, thought that the opportunity for great wealth died with the Nabobs, the unregulated Victorian exploiters of industrialism, the gold and diamond pioneers, and the men who got in on the ground floor of mass-production.

END

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The Woman who was Camille

(Continued from page 39)

Alphonsine Plessis was born in 1824 and died in 1847; into those 23 years she crowded a long lifetime of experience. Alphonsine's paternal great-grandfather and great-grandmother were a peasant and a servant girl; her paternal grandfather was a priest, and her grandmother a young woman who belonged to an old profession; her father was a pedlar.

On her mother's side, her great-grandmother was a woman of high degree, Mademoiselle Anne du Mesnil d'Argengelles, and her great-grandfather a farm servant; her maternal grandfather was a farmer and her grandmother a peasant girl. Alphonsine was born, the younger of two girls, in a small village in the department of Orne.

After being apprenticed to a laundress, Alphonsine, at the age of fourteen, ran away from her drunken father and went to Paris, where she first went to work in a laundry, like Caroline Uppscher, the Duchess of Dantzig, "Madame Sans-Gêne."

From the laundry, Alphonsine went to work for a milliner in the Rue St. Honoré. One Sunday afternoon Alphonsine and two midinette friends started out to go to the Fair at St. Cloud, but it came on to rain, so they walked in the Palais-Royal and there met a restaurant-keeper named Nollet, who later installed Alphonsine in a cosy little flat in the Rue de l'Arcade.

We next hear of Alphonsine through one of the best known Parisian theatrical managers of the period—Nestor Roqueplan, who related that one evening he was crossing the Pont-Neuf and passed a fried potato stall and noticed a beautiful but hungry-looking girl looking longingly at the sizzling potatoes. He bought her a large portion. A year later he met the girl again, beautifully gowned, on the arm of a young viscount. It was, of course, Alphonsine Plessis.

Alphonsine never went hungry again. Young and beautiful, she was gazed at wherever she went. In the Estaminet du Divan, where even the waiters were literary, she would go to look and be looked at. "Does Madame desire Monsieur Eugène Sue's feuilleton or Monsieur Dumas's with her coffee?" a waiter would enquire of the "Lady with the Camellias."

At that same period, Alphonsine would go to the Café Riche and Tortoni's, and there sometimes see a man wearing a camellia in his buttonhole. The man was Monsieur Latour-Mézerai. who later became Prefect of Algiers. What Lord Lonsdale's gardenia is to him, so was the camellia to Monsieur Latour-Mézerai. It was said he spent £500 a year on camellias for his buttonholes and his flat. Perhaps—who knows?—that this Boulevardier, known to his intimates as "the Man with the Camellia," gave Alphonsine Plessis the idea of wearing every day a spray of camellias. And it is recorded that when Dumas's famous work appeared, Monsieur Latour-Mézerai was very angry indeed with Dumas's title.

Of all the courtesans of Paris of the gay 'forties, Alphonsine Plessis, or Marie Plessis as she was often called, was the only one who was received in the great houses of the Faubourg St. Germain; they made her a sort of Society pet, and noble ladies looked at her with awe and wonderment. Chroniclers of the times relate the success of the Lady of the Camellias in raising funds for charities, and how she gave away each year of her life in Paris £800 to the poor.

Alphonsine's first big flat was in the Rue Mont-Thabor, just opposite the main entrance of the Hotel Meurice. Then she moved to the Boulevard de la Madeleine. In his book, Dumas locates Marguerite Gautier's house at 10 Rue d'Antin. It is a curious fact that Alphonsine's flat on the Boulevard de la Madeleine was subsequently rented by Dumas's tailor. The Lady with the Camellias kept horses in the Rue Caumartin on a site where now stands the Hotel St. Petersburg. Among the famous visitors to the flat were Lola Montès and the composer Liszt.

Alphonsine's admirers were all rich. One, an unknown at the time, sent her a box of oranges for her birthday: each orange was wrapped in a £40 note.

The admirer who presented her with this eccentric gift was the Count de Strackelberg, who later called and invited Alphonsine to the Opéra. She went, but the Count's loud laughter during the performance of *Les Huguenots* annoyed her, so she left the box. More than an hour later another woman entered the box wearing Alphonsine's dress; it was Rose, her maid.

From this moment onwards until a year before her death the Lady with the Camellias lived wildly, but always complained of boredom. She would get up about eleven and would breakfast on chocolate and croissants and read the papers. Then she would play the piano, lunch and receive visits. In the evenings, there was always a play, a ball, and the inevitable visit to a gaming club.

About 1845 Alphonsine met Count Edward de Perregaux, who was seven years older than herself. He fell madly in love with her and spent two fortunes on her. Maybe he was Armand Duval, the hero of the Dumas book, or perhaps he was just part of a composite character, but he was destined to be the last lover of the Lady with the Camellias.

Alphonsine began to develop a bad cough; doctors told her she should not go out at night, but she laughed at them and continued her life. She was soon in the first advanced stage of consumption.

Count de Perregaux obtained a third fortune and begged Alphonsine to marry him. She asked and secured a passport to go to London to get married. London was chosen because marriage there was simpler than in France.

The passport described the Lady with the Camellias as being twenty-two years of age, with chestnut hair, brown eyes, a well-formed nose, a medium-size mouth, a round chin and an oval face. The couple went to live at 37 Brompton Road, London, and gave notice of their marriage. They were married on the 19th of August, 1846, by J. D. Strother, the Registrar. The witnesses signed the names F. Ferry and H. Blackwell. Directly after the wedding the couple separated; the Count went hunting at Melton Mowbray, and the Countess went back to Paris and put a crown on her silver and china and on the panels of her carriage. But she had no money, and her cough became much worse. The end was near.

The Lady with the Camellias did not live to celebrate the first anniversary of her wedding. The Count returned to Paris, but in grave financial distress; he had dilapidated his third fortune.

In her flat, the Countess lived more quietly than formerly; husband and wife did not see much of each other, and the friends of the Countess fell away since her marriage. She would order her carriage and drive up the Boulevards; but the journalists, the actors, the statesmen, and the aristocrats now no longer fawned on her. They nodded briefly, without removing their hats, or just coldly cut her dead. She was still pretty, still young, only twenty-two, but Lola Montès was now the talk of the town: Lola just back from Bavaria, where she had captivated a king, and the Lady with the Camellias was a mere Countess.

Debts began to pile up, but neither the Count nor the Countess had the money to pay. I find no record of gaming losses, but when Alphonsine died nineteen receipts from the Paris municipal pawnshops were found.

At the end of January, 1847, when in the last stages of the disease, Alphonsine insisted upon going to the Palais Royal Theatre. She was so ill and weak that she had to be carried in and out of the box by two lackeys, the servants of a former ducal admirer. That was the last time the Lady with the Camellias appeared in public; a few days later, February 3rd, she was dead.

The news of her death shocked Paris. Lord Henry Seymour wrote down in his Diary this entry: "Alphonsine Plessis had probably learned even less in her girlhood than Lola Montès, but she had a natural tact, and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made grammatical mistakes; no coarse expression ever passed her lips. Lola Montès could not make friends. Alphonsine Plessis could not make enemies. She never became riotous like the other, not even boisterous; for amidst the most animated scenes she was haunted by the sure knowledge that she would die young; and life, but for that knowledge, would have been very sweet to her."

Lord Seymour was at the funeral of Alphonsine. So were her husband and the old ducal admirer, who insisted on walking in the procession, supported on either side by a lackey.

And that was the end of Alphonsine Plessis. She lies buried in Montmartre Cemetery in a solid-looking and ugly vault.

A very old woman tends the grave very carefully, and gets fearfully angry if you ask her whether it is true that Sarah Bernhardt used to pay to have the grave decorated with artificial violets.

Sometimes, on All Souls' Day, a sentimental youth lays a wreath of white camellias on the grave of the woman who was Camille.

END

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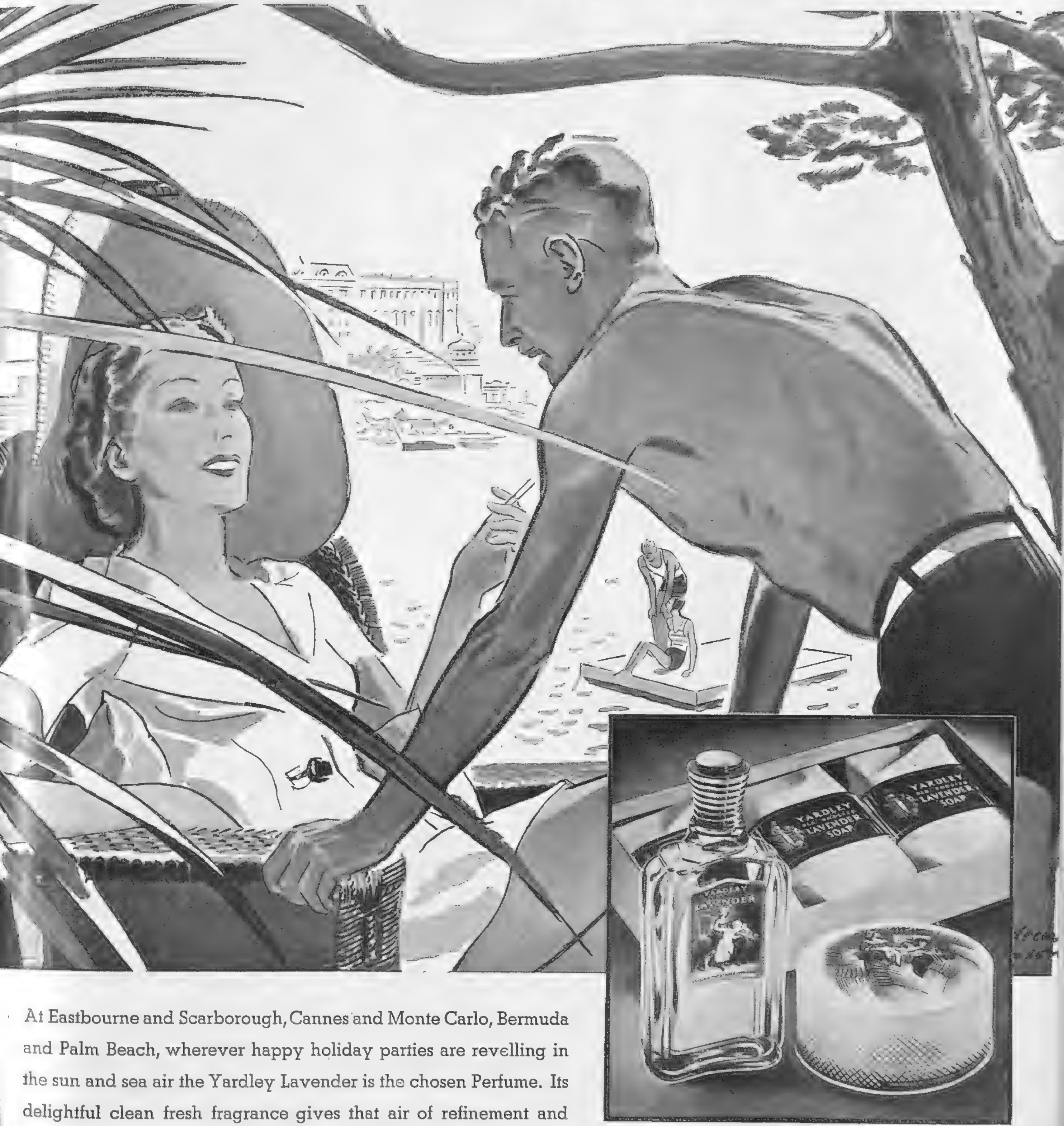

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Secrets of the "Great Eye"

(Continued from page 41)

reached—at least for many years to come. But there were many problems which the astronomers were anxious to solve, and a still more powerful instrument was needed if this further research work was to be successfully carried on. Glass manufacturers, however, declared that it was impossible to cast mirrors of larger size. Then someone thought of the possibility of using instead of glass a disk of fused rock crystal, or pyrex as it is called, a material manufactured by melting ordinary rock crystal at an extremely high temperature. Experiments showed that mirrors of this material were quite suitable for telescopic work. It was also found that such mirrors are not affected by heat and cold like ordinary glass. It led to the Californian Institute of Technology, working in collaboration with the leading astronomical experts of the world, undertaking the erection of a mighty telescope, far more powerful than any yet conceived, carrying an eyepiece 200 inches in diameter.

The casting of the Great Eye was undertaken by the Corning Glass Works, of New York State, who spent two years on preparatory work, which included, as a test, the casting of three mirrors, 30, 60, and 120 inches in diameter respectively. All now was ready for tackling the bigger feat, the 200-inch mirror. Unfortunately, a slight mishap occurred during its preparation. Although this was not sufficiently serious to reduce the value of the disk for its special purposes, the makers were nevertheless determined to produce an absolutely perfect piece of glass, so a second disk was cast. It meant, however, nine months' delay.

First came the melting of the necessary material in a gigantic furnace. After the furnace had been heated and the raw material dumped in, it was kept going for six days at a temperature of 2,800 deg. Fahr. Some 40,000 lb. of the molten liquid was then transferred to the specially prepared mould by means of huge ladles each capable of holding about 750 lb. of glass. For some hours the heat in the annealer was maintained at 2,400 deg. Fahr. to get rid of any bubbles formed during the pouring operations, when the mould was allowed to cool very gradually, the cooling process occupying ten months. This leisurely cooling was resorted to so as to avoid "strains" that otherwise would be set up in the glass as it solidified and contracted.

If the mirror had been cast in one solid piece, it would have weighed more than 40 tons. It was found possible, however, to reduce the weight to less than half by casting a disk with a ribbed back, the ribs being so designed that there was no loss in structural strength. Thus the back of the great glass slab shows a geometrical pattern of rings from each of which radiate six ribs. The ribs in the centre are 16 inches deep and those around the rim 19 inches, the total thickness of the mirror being about 27 inches. The central opening in the disk is 40 inches in diameter.

The casting proving satisfactory, came the question of transporting the precious object to the workshops of the Institute of Technology at Pasadena, in California. It was decided to send it by rail. A special car, resembling a well wagon in design, was built to carry it. The base of the wagon cleared the road bed by only a few inches, while its upper extremity came within three or four inches of the tunnels and bridges en route. A special train of three cars and a locomotive was provided, which proceeded at the rate of 25 miles an hour on the long journey of 3,300 miles across the continent.

The journey safely made, preparations at once began for the delicate yet highly important task of grinding and polishing the Great Eye. Until this is done the great slab of glass is worthless to science. As a guide it was decided to grind one of the smaller disks first. It will be used and consulted as work upon the big mirror proceeds. The machine used for grinding the mammoth mirror stands 30 feet tall, is 40 feet long, and weighs 100 tons. The grinding tool is of the same diameter as the disk. As the tool revolves so it grinds the great glass to a parabolic curve. At frequent intervals the work is tested for inequalities of surface. Another year will elapse before the grinding and polishing is complete. By that time about two tons of glass will have been removed, and the huge slab of glass converted into the largest optically perfect mirror ever created.

When this work is finished the Great Eye will be transported to Mount Palomer, on the borders of Southern California and Mexico, and placed in the bottom of the great telescope tube. A roadway is being built up the mountain, and the more intricate parts of the instruments are already well in hand. The great telescope tube will have a length of 60 feet and be over 20 feet in diameter. The great tube, mirror, and its mountings will represent a total weight of 450 tons. Mount Palomer was selected as a site for the new telescope after five years' study of the heavens in this region. The sky between the stars is darker here than at any other point in South-west America.

Astronomers declare that the new optical giant will be powerful enough to penetrate more than three times as far into space as any existing telescope, and to open up an unexplored sphere of the heavens thirty times the volume of that known. The great mirror will be capable of collecting 640,000 times as much light as the human eye; in other words, it will make a star appear 640,000 times as bright as the eye sees it. Dr. Edwin Hubble, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, declares that it would readily detect the light of a candle 10,000 miles out in space, and record the existence of any object thirty to forty feet in diameter upon the face of the moon.

It may be the means of settling the vexed question as to whether life exists upon the planets; but what is of much more importance to astronomers is to learn something of the far distant universes—their dimensions, the direction and rate which they are travelling, and whether space is limited as predicted by Einstein's theory of relativity. Our own sun and the other stars of the Milky Way form what Sir James Jeans terms an island universe, a complete stellar system, or nebulæ, drifting in space. Far beyond are other universes, millions of them. So far the 100-inch telescope has penetrated to universes over 200,000,000 light-years away; that is to say, light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second has taken that time to reach this earth! With the strength of 640,000 human eyes, the Great Eye will look into remote space in an effort to answer some of these problems and solve the great riddle of the universe.

End

Geisha-Girls of To-day's Japan

(Continued from page 23)

This rural system accounts for a great host of some 300,000 girls, who may be divided into four classes: (1) *Shogi*, or ladies of the *yoshiwara* ("reed-field"), whom I need not define. (2) *Jokyu*, or tea-house waitresses. (3) *Shakufu*, who are gay Hebes of the cocktail bar. (4) *Geishas*, who as dancers, singers, musicians (even spies!), actresses, poets, wits and entertainers, are in a category by themselves. No other land has any such social order as this last. Thousands of Japan's most eminent men have married geishas. Prince Ito, Marshal Yamagata, the Marquis Okuma—here are three out of the four Elder Statesmen making up the Emperor's Council of Genro who took geisha wives and were proud of them.

Like picked candidates for the Tsar's Imperial Ballet School in pre-war days, the most gifted of these girls enter the Nihon-Buyo, a classic academy at Kyoto, at the age of seven or so. Here they submit to rigorous training in music, song and dance, besides many other courses, from poesy and drama to psychology and the mercurial arts of social chatter—which at a hint may embrace world politics or the whole realm of the Arts.

For a thousand years Nippon's deified monarchs have smiled on the geisha, and even watched over a favourite's *Ochobo* or schooling in the feminine arts. Princes, poets and millionaires, Ministers, Colonial Governors, bankers, scientists and authors—all have sought out noble salons where a really "great" geisha reigned, much as Madame de Staël did, or the Marquise de Sévigné. But whereas those hostesses of eighteenth-century France entertained in their own homes, the most talented of Japan's geishas must needs "reign" in the big restaurants and tea-houses of this wondrous archipelago.

No wonder the Shoguns of old, who on the coast handled Japan's earthly affairs instead of troubling the crowned Son of Heaven in Kyoto, made use of geishas on espionage work in peace and war. And the very first Japanese "talkie" to find its way abroad has one of these little charmers as its heroine. This is Kimiko, a character from Minoru Nakano's novel of modern life which was called *Two Wives*. Let me note here that the *Kasumi-ga-seki*, or Foreign Office, has for some years encouraged producers—notably the J.O. Talkie Studio of Kyoto and the "P.C.L.," whose director is Mikio Naruse—to make worthy films for export so as "to help Western nations to a better understanding of the Japanese."

Nakano's novel deals with a proud and frigid lady whose spouse had deserted her for a geisha-girl. For ten years did the forsaken one mourn, and she taught her growing daughter to wonder what sort of a woman that geisha might be. At the age of twenty the girl set out to find her long-lost father. To her amazement she found the luring geisha was no mindless spendthrift, but a loyal and devoted mate who for years had been sending her own money to help educate and feed the daughter of a deserted wife!

After the Shogun's power ended, the geisha caste grew in social esteem. Their simple cottons gave way to brocade kimonos with a sumptuous sash (the *obi*) tied just above the waist with consummate art. These girdles grew more and more elaborate, until those of the Ginza to-day can be extravagant fantasies. I saw one that showed plum-blossom on silvered silk, resting on boughs wrought in gold embroidery. On another *obi* was a snow-laden cherry-tree with a hint of coming spring thrown across it by means of a five-line *haiku*-poem painted in Japanese scrolls. If these girls excel as antique reciters (*hanashika*) from "Tales of the Genji," they are also well "dipped" in the Board of Tourist Industry's Secret Guide: "How to behave in front of foreigners."

As a guest of Viscount Kanetomo Ijuin in a Ginza restaurant, I found myself among many Western diplomats. Our dishes were very weird. They ranged from bird's-nest soup to snake-meat, and highly seasoned *sushi*-sandwiches of raw fish and rice with slices of octopus (*ika*) laid in *kori-sui*, or sweetened ice. But the *pièce de résistance* (*I*, for one, "resisted" it!) was the two-foot sugar-cane rat of tropic Formosa. After this shock it was easy to eat rice-cake (*mochi*) and to drink warm rice wine to my soul's content. To this feast also were bidden Osaka geishas of resounding gifts. Among these gracious "dolls" were Tomi Ando—who was later on to lead the strangest of all strikes in Japan's

(*Continued on page* 95)

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PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley, to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a mettlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.

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CARRERAS LTD.—150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY own "Cottonopolis"—and the fascinating twenty-two-year-old Fukoko Miyamoto; she was fated to poison herself in the Buddhist temple on Mount Gyozuko in order to support a daring geisha cause to which I shall presently refer. It was from these two that I learned the "Thirteen-Point Code" of etiquette for girl ministrants in places frequented by Western tourists. Here are some of them:

(1) "Do not whisper or titter together in their presence."

(2) "Don't imitate fancy gestures you may have picked up at the Yankee cinema; for this will only disgust them."

(3) "Don't go into the bathroom when they bathe to ask whether the water is 'just right'—or *Can* you help them to wash?"

(4) "*On no account go as far as the door when you direct these people to the lavatory!*"

The dance poses of the subtlest geishas are extraordinarily fine, although hard for us of the West to appreciate fully. They may mirror the *bushido* soul of a warrior—faithful unto death, stoic to endure pain, and touched to finer issues by a sad sense of all joys and sorrows. Or with a silky background they will make "living pictures" of the delicate colour prints of Harunobu, Kiyonaga, and especially of Hiroshige — that bibulous *gourmet* whose colour magic Whistler himself so greatly admired.

The word "geisha," I may say, means in Japanese "a young person of pleasing accomplishments." Such a one as Katsutaro, a village minstrel of amazing gifts, created a vogue which spread all over Dai Nippon's exiled world, from icy Manchuria to Hawaii's pineapple fields, and thence to California's citrus orchards, or the cotton fields of Peru and Brazil. Katsutaro's child-like chants, when heard over Tokyo's radio to-day, produce effects which quite elude outsiders. At home tens of millions of the Son of Heaven's subjects admire and revere their geishas as a national "institution" peculiarly their own. Therefore when, in 1926, the Emperor Hirohito barred these dainty maids from their traditional share in the Coronation pageant, all Japan felt the blow. For centuries have they taken high place in social and political circles as witty *raconteuses* whose talk can light up a dull company or lend added zest to the most brilliant.

Their long and patient apprenticeship includes the "thought-reading" of men until the geisha becomes "more sensitive than a seismograph." The flicker of a hand or the faintest change of expression can betray vital secrets to these quick-witted girls; for which reason are they feared in any gathering where information is to be wormed out for a third party. They have inspired Japan's greatest novelists, such as Soseki Natsume and Futabei Shimei—whose serial, by the way, *Sono-omakage*, when published in the Tokyo *Asahi* made an Empire-wide sensation.

At an aristocratic party the star geisha (who can earn £30 an hour) may be inspired to write on silk or rice-paper a dreamy *tanka*-piece of thirty-one syllables. Acted and declaimed, often with a decorative backcloth showing Hiroshige's calm and tender skies, the girl's guests will cry *Kekko!* ("Magnificent!") as they clamour for copies of the words and music. Sometimes she will portray an Eastern Circe from the splendid designs of a master like Utamaro—bent over in a lovely curve, combing long tresses of raven-black hair which hide her face and trail along the grass. This dance is posed against the usual Utamaro background of blush-rose and green and bright canary-yellow. Or, again, a geisha theme can be chosen from the Imperial New Year's poesy contest held in the Emperor Hirohito's own Palace—which, I must repeat, is an inspiration in itself to all these luring maids.

Its lotus-laden moats and heavy outworks loom up like magic to remind us that Tokyo (as old "Yedo") was once the fortress camp of a warrior dynasty descended from the Sun Goddess herself. And beyond those long waters rises a cyclopean wall of dark granite. Then after a stretch of mysterious park and procession-ways a steep green bank rears up sixty feet or so to support yet other battlements with ancient pines stretching their gnarled limbs higher still, or drooping "in heavy thought," as the natives say. One must weigh all these contrasts if one is to grasp the geisha's drift in her multiple themes.

Are there humble geishas as well as those of high renown—even behind the scenes in statecraft? Of the rank and file of these girls there are tens of thousands in that vast "archer's bow" of Asian islets; and these are glad to earn a few *yen* an hour, plus *chadai*, or "tea-money." Perhaps the most bewitching of them all is Kiyoko Matsumoto; she passed from the Jissen Girls' College in Tokyo to the cherry-blossom hills of Kyoto—surely the loveliest centre of palaces, gardens and shrines in all Japan.

No dancer has ever so fully interpreted what Lafcadio Hearn styled "the people of *kokoro*" (or "heart") as this beloved geisha does in entrancing acts like the *Azuma Odori*; the *Harusame*, or "Scented April Rain," and the *Hanami*, or "Bud and Bird Viewing Festival." These and many others are staged in spring, when even "the reed-warbler's frozen tears begin to thaw," and young men and maids desert the brazier fire to exult:

> "Spring lifts and thrills us while we watch
> The falling snow as flowers!"

Another ravishing geisha, and one of dazzling wit in repartee, is Masako Tomito, who is the star of the River Feast of Lanterns on the Sumida in Tokyo. You will meet her also at the Porcelain Fair in Osaka, and again at the Pageant of Hollyhocks in sleepy Nikko. Often these favoured girls wear borrowed plumes in the shape of rare and fragile *Noh*-robes, lent by men like Baron Takakimi Mitsui and the Marquis Toshinari Mayeda. These rich hierarchal vestments are of antique brocade-weaves, often with satin grounds stencilled or stamped in gold and designed by classic artists of long ago. But fully to enjoy the leading geishas' art one must visit Kyoto, the former imperial capital, during the floral riot of *Yayoi*—which is to say the "Month of Youthful Exuberance."

In that carnival the subtlest of rôles are played to flutes and strings, often with a *tayu*, or reciter, to deepen the appeal, and a *samisen-haki* who accompanies him on the plectrum-played Japanese "guitar." Moreover, some of these little ladies are adepts in curious cults, such as the Incense Contest and the *ikebana*, or Flower Arrangement, whose hidden art is symbolised by the Momoyama screens and the Yukiyoye scrolls.

To us it passes belief that Japan's foremost geishas can study at the feet of greybeard teachers of the "Tea Ceremony"—who may themselves be votaries of Sen Riku, or other masters of the *Cha-No-Yu*. This classic "Tea cult" must seem trivial to us, yet four centuries of study and practice lie behind it. A geisha versed in the Thirty-seven Movements needed to infuse and serve tea can sense in these arcana the fine flower of courtesy and disciplined etiquette. More than that, the soul of Japan—even that of the Zen philosophers—can feel moral principles of frugality and restraint, as well as ideals of exquisite taste, in this old and complex tea rite of *Cha-No-Yu*.

In March comes the Peach-Blossom orgy; this dates from the second Tokugawa Shogun's time—or the year in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth to the New World on the *Mayflower*. I have seen Masako Tomito impersonate an excited boy flying his carp-shaped kite as only "a child of the winds" can do. Here, again, is a covert symbol of true *bushido* or the "Warrior's Way." For in Sino-Japanese fairy tales this fish can change at will into a sky-cleaving dragon; and this wonder may presage the high destiny of *any* boy—as in Admiral Togo's case, that "silent" Nelson of the Far East who is still revered as a demi-god.

After all this, it sounds prosy to hear of opulent geishas who hire air-taxis at the Haneda aerodrome in Tokyo for their provincial tours. A star like Kiyoko Matsumoto pays 250 *yen* an hour for sky travel, since she will take with her a party of six or seven persons. Here is the ultra-"mod'n" touch in that elusive duality of Japan's psyche which is so apt to lead us astray in judgment. Over there they call this imitative drift the *hai-kara*, or a liking for all things "Western." But surely the outbreak of strikes among the ordinary geisha-girls is the most startling evidence of this trend. Of late the classic schools have risen in revolt against the fox-trot and tango as compulsory items in their traditional programmes.

On top of this came new taxes on their own earnings imposed by the *kembans*, or agencies which book them for private parties or public functions in the big cities. Worst of all was the sudden action of restaurant owners in the Shibuya Ward of the Ginza; these men thought fit to raise the basic fee for geisha turns and gay ministry from three *yen* to four *yen* for the period of two hours. But the rebel girls argued that this increase would irritate their customers. Therefore three hundred of them staged a "sit-down" strike, taking possession of the premises, whilst other geishas clattered out into that famous boulevard in full regalia and wooden *geta*, or light clogs, to parade with silken banners of protest and wailing dirges.

In rich industrial Osaka these dainty mutineers tried still more dramatic manœuvres. They marched into famous shrines, there to pray for victory until the paternal police of the *Tokuko Keisatsu* (who deal with "dangerous thoughts" in all and sundry) should settle their claims with the Home Office. No more piquant "labour movement" had ever before been known. Public sympathy and support rallied to the aggrieved geishas. Their "strike headquarters" in a hill-set temple were soon stacked with bags of rice, *tatami*-mats for bedding, rice-wine, cosmetics, crates of fruit, piles of spotless linen and even cigarettes. Not only from patrons at home did these gifts come, but also from oversea "colonies" as far afield as San Francisco and Manila.

In the Gyokuzo Temple outside Osaka, and well above its smoke-plumes, the little women crouched to frame rules for a new "Geisha Guild" which should be the Magna Charta of their order. Before the ancient gates crowds gathered to hear those strikers sing; and from galleries of the inner court embarrassed Buddhist priests looked down in dismay at their pretty invaders. Resolute speeches were piped and shrilled. After all (one heard), if the officers and skilled seamen of Japan's P. & O. (the *Nippon Yusen Kaisha*) could "walk out" over wages and pensions, why should not the geishas make a firm stand against the exactions of old harpies who chaperoned them in the *machaii*, or dormitories? And further, why were *they* not free to reject at will patrons whom they disliked? So they sang litanies to Bishaimon, that God of Good Luck whom Buddhism has borrowed from India.

Day after day that novel strike went on, leaving blank Japan's vast "Manchester" of mills, factory chimneys and splendid streets. Their only pastime was a purification plunge before prayer in the Temple's marble pool. But a tragic end came when their leader, Fukoko Miyamoto, swallowed poison and then walked down the mountain side to die alone in a grove of bamboos!

I cannot here dwell on the moral effect of this *seppolu*, or self-immolation. It is held to be the highest form of heroism in Japan; the way of it ranges from throwing oneself into a volcano to diving off a skyscraper department-store along the Ginza. But it is good to know that these "unlikely" strikers won. Their Geisha Guild is now well established—though, of course, the most famous artists stand outside it as "Queens of the Left," wielding unseen political influence as well as reigning in the greatest "Mayfair" salons of the Empire.

In conclusion, I shall be asked: "How long does even the loveliest of geishas last?" So long as her grace and charm endure.

End

Wingate and Son, R.A.F.

(*Continued from page* 45)

It's bad enough as it is. After all, it doesn't matter very much. I shall finish up soon in any case."

There was a silence while the tender bumped along the dusty road that was little more than a wide track. Then:

"I suppose that beast won't take it out of her?" Duncan asked quietly.

Eric breathed heavily. It was the very thought—fear even—that had been in his mind since he left the club.

"If I thought——" Eric began, and paused. "I've half a mind——"

"And I've got the other half," Duncan cut in quickly. "No," he continued, reading the other's thoughts. "You sit tight in your bunk. I'll scout around and see what's happening. I can get one of the bearers to slip over to us if—if we're needed."

An hour later Jimmy Duncan, urged on by Eric, left the latter's bunk on what he called a "Scouting Patrol," an operation that he performed in a manner typical of Jimmy Duncan.

Sauntering into the mess with the intention of fortifying himself for the ordeal, he walked straight into the arms of Graham, instantly decided that a good thirst is a thing well worth preserving, and walked out again.

Well, he knew where Graham was, anyway—that was something. It was most important now that Graham should not know where Jimmy Duncan was. As he hurried across to Graham's bungalow, he thought of that terrific right upper-cut of Graham's. Suppose the great brute stumbled in while he was there speaking to Ruth.

Duncan's steps grew slower and more cautious. He crept round to the rear of the house, keeping to the shadows, peering stealthily in every window. Several lights were on, but no sound came from the empty rooms. No movement.

Duncan was about to tap lightly on what he guessed to be the window of Mrs. Graham's room when a hand touched his arm and a voice spoke from the shadows at his elbow:

"Why you come like this, Mr. Duncan, Sahib?"

He jumped like a startled cat, spun round, and stared into the dark, bearded face of Ahmeda, Mrs. Graham's Pathan bearer.

"Suffering snakes!" Duncan burst out. "Why the blazes didn't you speak? Come creeping up like that."

"Say, are you Duncan?" Jimmy Duncan swung round, and before he could answer a tall, lean figure leaning out of the window before him went on: "I'm Barrington, of the Hampshires. Are you Duncan?"

"Yes, I'm Duncan. Anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, good. If you meet Flying Officer Wingate, tell him that Mrs. Graham is staying with my wife and I over in the Hampshires' lines for a few days. I'm just getting some things for her. No need to advertise it—understand that, of course."

"Why, yes—er—quite. Yes, I understand—keep it dark. Who did you say?"

"Barrington—Captain Barrington—Hampshires. Come over some time. Find Wingate and tell him." And Captain Barrington closed the window and went off as abruptly as he had come, leaving Jimmy Duncan staring like a bewildered child.

IMMEDIATELY after colour-hoisting parade the following morning, Eric Wingate reported to the Adjutant and was ushered into his father's office.

The C.O. paused in his striding, nodded curtly in acknowledgment of the salute, and faced his son. In silence those cold, grey eyes travelled slowly up from the shoes, rested for a moment on the ugly, blue bruise between the cheek and left ear, and at last settled in a boring, penetrating stare on the face.

"I had to warn you two days ago about your association with Flight-Lieutenant Graham's wife," the C.O. said at last. "My warning was ignored. My advice rejected with scorn; my appeal to your honour was smeared with the mud of your sordid egoism and flung back at me."

"Just a minute, sir," said Eric softly.

"I was speaking," the C.O. said coldly. "In glaring defiance of me, with a contemptible disregard for the reputation of the Squadron, you allow your vile passions to rule you to the extent of striking a superior officer because he resents your conduct with his wife."

"I assure you, sir, the provocation was more than I could bear," Eric said, with a quiet sincerity that failed to impress the C.O.

"And the disgrace to the Squadron, to me, to yourself, was that not more than you could bear?"

"There was no disgrace in what I did."

"Does such conduct appeal to you as worthy of an officer and a gentleman?"

"Yes—if he's a man."

For a full minute the C.O. stared hard at his son, then: "There is nothing more to say. You will remain in camp until I give you permission to leave. That is all."

"Have I your permission to apply for posting, sir?"

"That matter has already been arranged."

Still with those eyes boring into him, Eric Wingate saluted and marched stiffly from the office.

It was on the morning following this interview that Eric Wingate received a letter that deepened the worried expression in his eyes.

After reading it twice he sought out Jimmy Duncan and, much to that gentleman's concern, informed him that he intended slipping over to the Hampshires' lines that lay some three miles from the R.A.F. cantonment.

"Ruth is leaving for England in a day or so," he explained, as though that statement amply justified his breaking camp against orders. "You see, Jimmy, I can't let her go off after that affair without offering some apology, or at least an explanation."

"Can't you write?" said Duncan. "Stoney wouldn't be at all happy about it if he knew."

"I could, of course, but it's not the same thing. I'd rather see her—and, well, hang it, man, why shouldn't I?"

"Because, as I say, Stoney wouldn't approve," Duncan said.

"Has he ever approved of anything I've done?"

"Um, no, perhaps not. But you know we're standing by for trouble up in the Bolan Pass. Ahbadi Khan has been shouting rude things at Kyoti Fort. We're just waiting for orders from Air Headquarters to bomb the villages; they've given them forty-eight hours' warning."

"Yes, I know. But we've been standing by for weeks like that. Ever since the British took over the Province troops have been standing by."

"Well, if you feel you must go, Winnie, I suppose you—Oh, hell! I don't know. Look here, what am I going to say if Stoney sends for you?"

"Oh, tell him you don't know anything."

"He already knows that."

"Well, tell him to go to the devil. He'd be welcome there; they ought to get on well together."

"Yes, he'd be tickled no end. Look here, Winnie, you buzz off; only don't stay too long. If there's any kick coming, we'll take it together. And, I say," Duncan called, as Eric turned away. "Give her my love. I shan't want it any more."

Less than an hour after Eric Wingate had slipped swiftly through the main gates in a borrowed two-seater, Jimmy Duncan found himself standing stiffly to attention before the C.O., waiting for what he called the first kick.

On the tarmac before the hangars nine Hawker Hart machines stood in a formidable line, their propellers idly ticking over, their glittering noses pointing towards the distant hills.

"Where is Flying Officer Wingate?" the C.O. asked.

"He's gone out, sir," Duncan replied without hesitation.

"Gone out!" Sharply

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you do?" There was an awkward pause while the C.O. waited for an explanation, a fact that Jimmy Duncan apparently failed to notice, for he stared in silence at Eric Wingate's machine as though he half expected the missing pilot to bob up in the cockpit.

"Why didn't you report this fact to the Adjutant?" the C.O. asked, very quietly.

It occurred to Jimmy Duncan to explain that he didn't wish the Adjutant to know—it seemed quite a reasonable explanation—but one glance at those cold, set features convinced him of the folly of such a remark, and accordingly he remained silent.

"You realise that it was your duty to report to the Adjutant that Flying Officer Wingate had left the camp against orders and without permission, do you?"

"But he had permission, sir. I was put in charge of him. I gave him permission to leave."

The C.O. stared as though he hadn't heard aright; then, nodding his head slowly, he said: "I see. We'll discuss this matter later, Mr. Duncan. Get to your machine."

As Duncan approached his machine a sergeant fitter swung down from the cockpit. "What time does the balloon go up, sir?" he said, referring to the time of take off.

Duncan stared at him dully. "Balloon?" he said. "The balloon's busted." As he turned away he muttered to himself, "And that's about how I'll be soon."

LONG before Eric Wingate reached the camp on his return journey he knew that something was wrong—he could feel it in his bones; yet the old half-smile lurked round the corners of his pleasant mouth. A new light shone in his eyes—a light of contentment. He half expected his father to be waiting at the gate to meet him, but the thought didn't worry him very much. What did it matter now? What could his father do? And Eric Wingate drove on, happily ignorant of the fact that his father was at that moment leading his Squadron in a terrifying dive on to a horde of bearded fanatics who surged in sinister waves up to the little fort at Kyoti; a wave of screaming savages that swept up to the very walls of the fort like a deluge of living hate.

Again and again the Squadron re-formed formation and dived in flights of three, their front guns carving deadly lanes through that struggling, heaving mass; the crashing of their bombs rolling across the hills in an unending echo as the pilots snatched at the release levers and zoomed up out of reach of those tall native rifles.

Unable to withstand that merciless diving, the natives at last broke and scattered among the sheltering boulders on the floor of the nullah, contenting themselves with cautious sniping. Not until then was it discovered that there were now only seven of the original eight machines. Squadron formation was signalled, and the missing pilot identified as Flight-Lieutenant Graham, with Aircraftman Jenkins as gunner.

Then began a lengthy search through the nullahs and gorges in the vicinity of the fort, a search which lasted over an hour before it was decided that Graham must have either been hit or his machine damaged, compelling him to return to camp.

Satisfied that the tribesmen had been effectively driven off, the Squadron turned towards camp, confident that Graham would be waiting on the drome for their return.

The incident changed suddenly from misfortune to mystery when the drome was seen to be bare of aircraft of any sort; even Eric Wingate's machine was missing.

Ten minutes later he swept in, taxied up to the hangars with (*Continued on page* 98)

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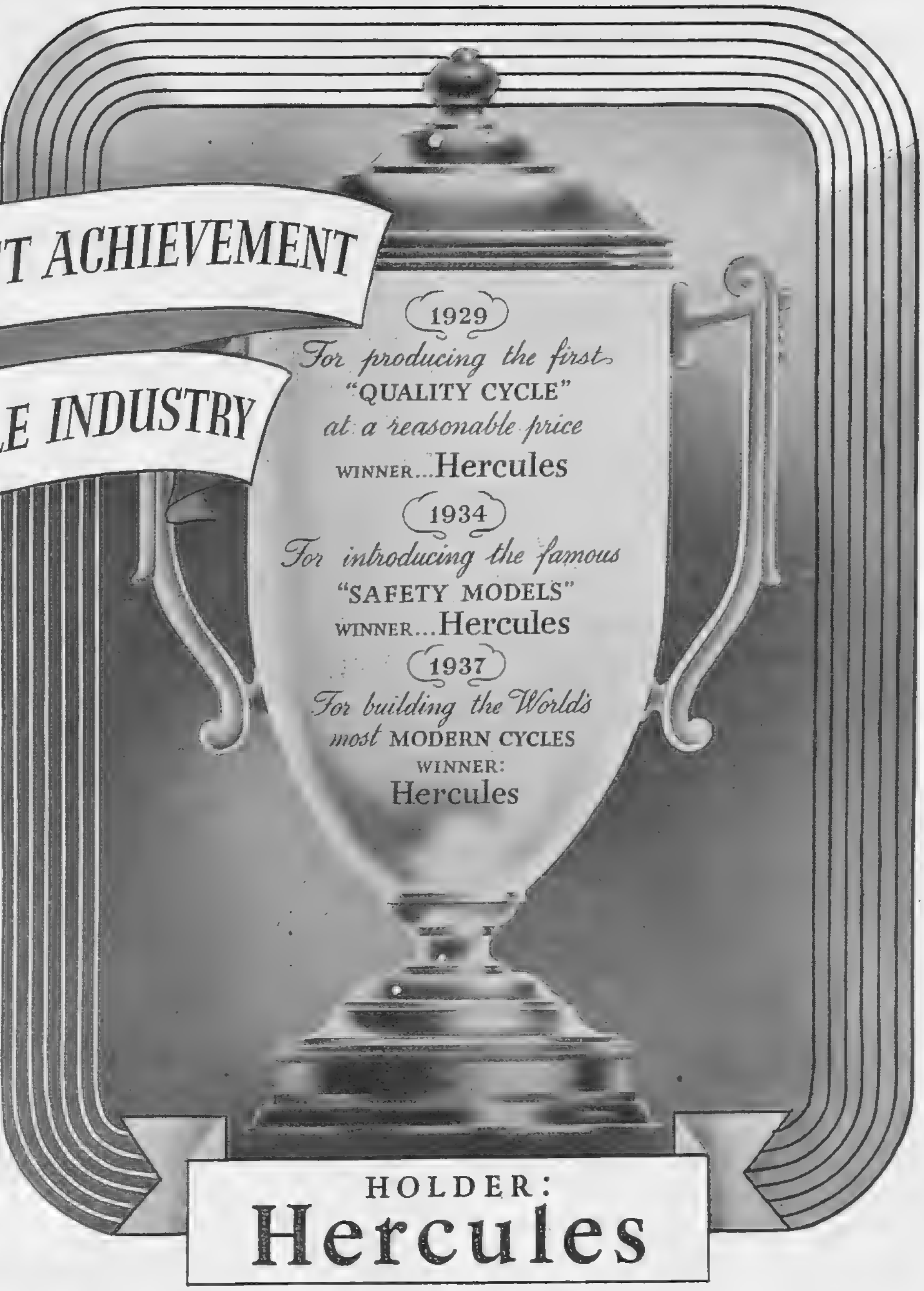
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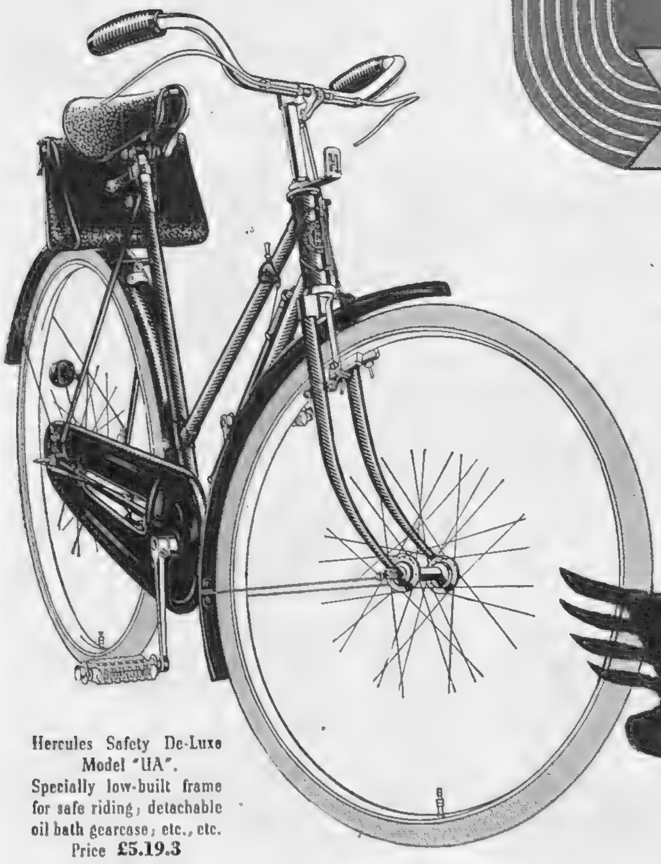

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his tail in the air, stood up in the cockpit, and shouted :

"Hi, give a hand here ; I've got Graham."

A dozen pilots and fitters, headed by the C.O., ran to answer the call.

"Where's Graham ?" asked the C.O., and as Jenkins pointed into the cockpit he added : "How is he—hurt ?"

"Yes, he's dead, sir," Eric said quietly.

An uncomfortable silence fell on the group about the machine as Graham's body was handed tenderly down and carried into the nearest flight-shed. Curious eyes stared in fascinated horror at a neat round hole in the centre of the forehead, just above the nose, at the blood that had soaked through the tunic on the left shoulder.

"How did he land like that ?" the C.O. asked suddenly. "Was the machine crashed ?"

"No, he'd landed all right," Eric said. "He was alive when I spotted them. He may have been injured—I couldn't see."

"No, he wasn't injured, sir," Jenkins said. "We came down with a native slug in the engine ; we were trying to get back."

"Well, how did Mr. Graham get shot ?"

"I don't know, sir. I can't understand it."

"Look here, my man, you were with Mr. Graham. How did it happen ?" the C.O. said sharply. "Did you see any natives ?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell me what happened from the time you landed."

"I saw a native," Eric said ; "there might have been more."

"One moment, please," the C.O. said. "Let me hear what happened before you arrived. I can piece it together then."

"Well, sir," Jenkins began. "We landed easily, and while I was taking a peep at the engine Mr. Wingate came over. He dropped down round a bend further down the nullah where it was wider. Mr. Graham said, 'Get that rear gun off,' and then he ran off to see if it was somebody come to fetch us or another forced landing. While I was slipping the gun out I heard several shots, so I ducked behind the boulders with the Lewis gun, because I thought it was natives."

"And you didn't see any natives ?" said the C.O.

"No, sir. Nobody, till I heard Mr. Wingate shouting; then I came round the corner and there was Mr. Wingate, with his pistol in his hand, standing by Mr. Graham, and he was—like that."

"You're sure you didn't see a native or natives ?" the C.O. said.

"No, sir. Not a sign of them."

"Um. Well ?" the C.O. said, turning to Eric. "You say you saw natives. Were there many ?"

"No, I don't think so," Eric answered. "I saw one and fired at him with my pistol. I couldn't say if I hit him—probably not. He ducked among the boulders and I didn't see him again. I didn't see Graham hit. He lay as you see him when I reached the spot. I called Jenkins, and between us we got Graham aboard and took off before we were rushed by a swarm of niggers."

A hushed silence followed this statement, and Eric felt several pairs of eyes wandering from him to Graham and back again to himself.

"All right. Get the ambulance, Mr. Webster," said the C.O., turning to the Adjutant. "Take Mr. Graham to the hospital. I shall want a written report on this," he added, turning back to Eric. "And one from you, Jenkins."

Slowly the party broke up and went about the duties of the camp, without comment, without smiles.

In his bunk Eric Wingate read for the fifth time his report, searching his mind for any trivial incident that would be likely to throw light on the tragedy. He was about to start on the whole thing again when an orderly tapped on the door, poked his head inside, and said :

"Mr. Wingate, sir. The C.O. would like to see you at once."

As he made his way to his father's office he cursed again the moment when he had spotted that landed machine.

"Oh, here you are—that the report ? All right, put it down there," said the C.O., as soon as Eric had closed the door. Instinctively the younger man sensed a subtle difference. The voice was even more distant, the eyes more penetrating.

He glanced at the Adjutant seated at the C.O.'s side, and he fancied he caught some warning before the eyes were hurriedly averted.

"Now I want you to tell me exactly what happened from the time you first saw Mr. Graham's machine until you arrived back here," the C.O. said.

"But I've already told you," Eric said in surprise. "There's nothing more. I've written it down—everything I saw and did."

"Well, repeat it."

"What's all this about ? Why do you want me to repeat a statement that you know almost word for word ?"

"Because I tell you to."

"I see. Very good." And Eric Wingate again told the story of his finding Graham, exactly as he had previously told it ; exactly as he had written it ; exactly as it happened.

"There is nothing more you wish to say ?" the C.O. asked at length.

"There is nothing else for me to say. I ask you again—what is the meaning of all this ? It sounds very suspicious to me."

"And that looks very suspicious to me," the C.O. said, so very quietly, and as he spoke he held out a damaged watch.

"Is this Graham's ?" Eric asked, taking the mangled timepiece.

"Yes. That was found in Mr. Graham's tunic pocket. The bullet embedded in it, you will see, is a nickel-coated one, as issued to officers for use in Colt automatic pistols. Two other bullets struck Mr. Graham, one of them being fatal. Those bullets will be extracted."

"But—who could have fired them ?"

"That is a question that everybody will be asking presently. That is a question that I am asking you now."

"But how should I know—I didn't see it."

"There was a very distressing scene at the Gymkhana Club two days ago. You were involved in a violent quarrel with Flight-Lieutenant Graham in the course of which you made a certain foolish remark, to the effect——"

"Yes, I know. I said I'd kill him. But, why—Good God ! You don't suggest that I deliberately shot him ?"

"I am suggesting nothing."

"Good heavens, man, you're mad !" In stupefied amazement Eric Wingate stared from the Adjutant to his father and again at the Adjutant.

"Are you sure there is nothing further you wish to say ?"

"Nothing ! Nothing whatever. It's too utterly preposterous. It's——"

"I think that will be all, then. You will consider yourself under open arrest pending inquiries. You may go."

"GET your head up, Winnie ; no good moping about like that," Duncan said, some time later, as he sat beside Eric Wingate in the latter's bunk.

"It isn't the thing itself," Eric said, "it's the fact of the C.O.—my own father, looking at me as though I'm a liar—practically telling me I'm a murderer."

"That's not because he really believes it," said Duncan, "but because you're his son. You know how families are—they're the first to condemn you, and the first to defend you. It's his suggestion that a flight shall go out there and hunt for any clues. They're leaving after tiffin. I expect you'll have to go too."

"What do they expect to find—finger prints on the boulders ?" Eric said bitterly.

"Maybe. After all, somebody did it. Graham didn't because he hadn't got a pistol. You said you didn't do it, and the fellows all believe you. We don't for one moment suspect anything, of course we don't. But——"

"But ! Yes, you all know perfectly well that I'm innocent—but—but."

"Take it easy, Winnie," Duncan said.

"You know the crowd stand by anything you say."

As Jimmy Duncan had said, shortly after tiffin Eric was taken with Jenkins out to the scene of the tragedy. Leaving the machines almost on the exact spot where Eric had landed, the party made their way on foot back to Graham's machine, where a party of fitters and riggers were already at work.

As they neared the machine a sergeant walked quickly to meet them, halted before the C.O., saluted, and said : "There's something over here, sir, you'd like to see. One of the men found it and I didn't touch it until you came."

"What is it, Weston ?" said the C.O., rather quickly.

"It's a native, sir. He's dead."

In a moment the whole party had gathered round the huddled figure of a bearded Pathan in the shelter of a huge boulder. As he turned the figure over, Eric stepped back in surprise.

"Good God ! That's Ahmeda—Mrs. Graham's bearer," he gasped.

"Why, so it is—see, those stitches in his face where Graham struck him," somebody said.

All eyes were riveted on that still livid wound. In a silence that was almost unreal the C.O. pointed to the hand of the dead native. "What—is that ?" he said, and it was difficult to tell if that catch in his voice was surprise—or relief.

"I've had a look at that, sir." It was the sergeant who spoke. "It's a Colt Service automatic—Mr. Graham's, I expect. I suppose he pinched it and was 'opping up to join the lads, an' met Mr. Graham, an' then Mr. Wingate met 'im, an'—well, that's how it happened, see."

"Yes—I—see," the C.O. murmured, and his voice was scarcely audible, but it was loud enough for his son to hear as he added : "Thank God—thank God."

END

Summer Waistcoat

(*Continued from page 64*)

Pick up first 9 sts. and work 1 row K., 1 row P., dec. 1 st. at beg. of every K. row and inc. 1 st. at end of every K. row, until there are 15 increases.

Start working buttonhole as follows :

P. 3 cast off 4, P. 1.

On next row cast on 4 sts. over those cast off.

Work a buttonhole every 19th row five more times.

From 6th buttonhole work even for about 39 ins. (or enough to fit round neck and front). Then work facing for point on left front as follows :

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every P. row and inc. one at each end of P. row. Do this 15 times. Slip stitches on to stitch holder.

Cast on 4 sts. Work alternate P. and K. rows, inc. 3 sts. at end of each K. row, and 1 at end of each P. row until there are 25 sts. on needle.

On next row K. 9, cast off 4, K. 12, cast on 3. Working on last 15 sts., cast off 3 at beginning of each K. row and cast on 3 at end of each K. row, always keeping 15 sts. on needle, until there are fourteen increases from start.

Then cast on 13 sts. at end of K. row and continue to dec. 3 sts. at beginning of K. row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off. Graft 9 remaining sts. to those on stitch holder.

Armhole Facing :

Cast on 6 sts. Work 1 row P., one row K. for 25 ins. (or long enough to fit round armhole). Repeat this for 2nd armhole.

To Make Up :

Press parts carefully with hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up sides and shoulders.

Press facing and sew it to edge of waistcoat. Turn under and sew inside. Oversew buttonholes.

Sew facing to edge of armhole. Turn under and sew inside. Sew on buttons.

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Ideas for Every Meal of the Day

(*Continued from page 71*)

and glaze the whole with Chivers' aspic jelly made according to the directions they give you. Put away to set in a cool place.

You may prefer at least one hot dish, so you can easily choose something which can be made in the morning or even the day before: something of the casserole type which can be re-heated just in time for a meal and which is a complete dish in itself, such as the following:

Ragoût Niçoise

For this you can use either chicken or veal. If chicken, carve the bird raw into six or seven pieces: the legs cut in two, the wings, and the breast. If veal, choose the neck or breast, well trimmed and cut in pieces.

Put a little butter and olive oil in a thick saucepan (for those who dislike it the oil can be omitted and only butter used), melt it and put in the pieces of meat. Brown these for a minute or two on all sides and add two onions finely chopped, salt and pepper.

Cook for five minutes, sprinkle with flour, and cook again for two or three minutes, shaking the pan. Peel two large tomatoes, cut them in slices and add them to the pot; also two tablespoonfuls of tomato *purée*, and stir well.

Now put in a good handful of stoned olives and, for each medium-sized chicken or a pound and a half to two pounds of veal, one pound of small new potatoes scraped and washed.

Stir again and add a teacupful of stock—water would do if there is no stock available.

Bring to the boil, reduce the heat and simmer with the lid on for about one hour and a quarter. Better still, finish the cooking in the oven.

Jelly

Nothing could be better than a good jelly to finish a late evening meal. It is light and tasty, just what is wanted in summer. Chivers' jellies are so well known that it seems unnecessary to mention them, but they have several specialities of their own which are worth pointing out. Here is one particularly intriguing recipe:

Peach Portions (Chivers' Recipe)

1 pt. pkt. Chivers' jelly (raspberry).
1 pt. pkt. Chivers' jelly (lemon).
1 No. 1 tin peaches. Cream.

Make up lemon jelly to ¾ pint *only* and set a little in the bottom of a flat dish. Lay peaches on this and pour in remaining lemon jelly (do not cover peaches). When set, trim jelly round peaches with a wet pastry cutter, saving surplus jelly for decoration.

Make up raspberry jelly and pour into bottom of a large glass bowl. When set, place jellied peaches on top, decorating with surplus lemon jelly (chopped) and whipped cream.

Mousse de Pruneaux

The homely stewed prunes can be made quite thrilling treated with a few extra ingredients. Soak and cook the prunes in the usual way and afterwards pound them through a sieve and add some of the juice to make a thin *purée*. Put this away to get thoroughly cold, and just before serving mix with stiffly whipped cream, using about the same quantity of whipped cream as you have of prune *purée*.

Beat lightly with a fork and serve in individual glasses or pots. A tiny drop of liqueur added to the prunes is a great improvement.

Melon in Syrup

A good way of using a melon which is not perfectly ripe. Cut it in slices, remove skin and seeds and put the pieces in a saucepan with cold water, a good deal of sugar and bring to the boil.

Simmer for five minutes or so (prick the melon with a skewer to see when it is really soft). Remove the pieces, drain them well and dispose them in the serving-dish. Meanwhile, boil the syrup until it has reduced by half, add a good flavouring of ginger syrup and pour over the melon. Let this cool and then put on ice or in the refrigerator to get icy cold.

Now that I have finished with the menus, there is something I would like to say about the use of the oven which applies all the year round, but especially in summer.

In England people seem to think that the oven is there for one purpose only—roasting—and they neglect another most excellent, simple and economical process which can be briefly called "Oven Casserole."

I have given one example of this type of dish earlier in the article, the *Ragoût Niçoise*, but this is but one of many, and it may be of further interest to know that all the great chefs in the best restaurants and hotels do most of their cooking of fish and meat *in the oven*.

Take a large fish or piece of fish, or a bird or joint of meat, and you will always find that they start it on top and then put it to cook in the oven either with a sauce and vegetables, garnishings, or alone; the sauce being prepared separately, according to the nature of the dish, the actual processes being as follows:

Fish

Take a pan large enough to hold your fish or piece of fish, put in cold water (to about one-third of the pan), salt, pepper, an onion and a carrot cut up, a small bunch of herbs and a little vinegar.

Bring this to the boil, put in the fish, cover it with greaseproof paper and put the pan in a slow oven to cook, the time depending on the size and weight of the fish.

Poultry and Meat

Apart from the *ragoûts* (a recipe for which I have already given), you can, as I have said, make elaborate dishes with sauces by starting on top and finish the cooking in the oven. Look up your "Regulo" book for the time and setting.

Remove the meat and keep hot in the serving-dish, remove fat from the pan and add cream for a cream sauce flavoured with, say, lemon juice or paprika.

You can also make a Madeira sauce or other brown sauces with mushrooms, say, the sauce in any case being poured over the meat or handed separately in a sauce-boat.

END

The Mystery King

(*Continued from page 17*)

brother on June 4, 1789. On July 14 the Bastille fell. The storm had burst.

There is plenty of material to furnish a picture of the child in those troublous times, of which he can hardly have been conscious, though he saw the raging of the mob at Versailles the following October as he stood with his mother on a balcony of the palace. He saw guards shot down; and that evening during the long drive to Paris the head of a dead man, fixed on a pike, was thrust into the coach within a few inches of his face. One can but hope that he was asleep or that childhood's memories, even of horrors, were mercifully short.

The people of Paris, with their King again in their midst, were disposed on that account to be enthusiastic and to make a fuss of a new toy. The little boy attracted particular attention; it pleased the people to see that tri-colour cockades were pinned on him, to make him receive deputations. He asked the advice of his mother, whom he adored—he would gather flowers for her each morning in the tiny garden he tended himself—and she schooled him in the etiquette she herself loathed. Yes, he must have been "gay" and his health, we know, was excellent.

The King and the Queen, subject to petty insults and bored beyond measure—Louis XVI craved for the physical exercise which was the antidote for his voracious appetite, and he sadly missed his hunting—thought only of escape. When the coach was stopped at Varennes in the small hours of the morning—soldiers, lanterns, shouting, the tocsin clanging—the boy was too sleepy to worry. He was put to bed with his young sister in the back room of a grocer's shop, while the Queen used charm and persuasion to no effect, and Louis, of course, ate an enormous meal.

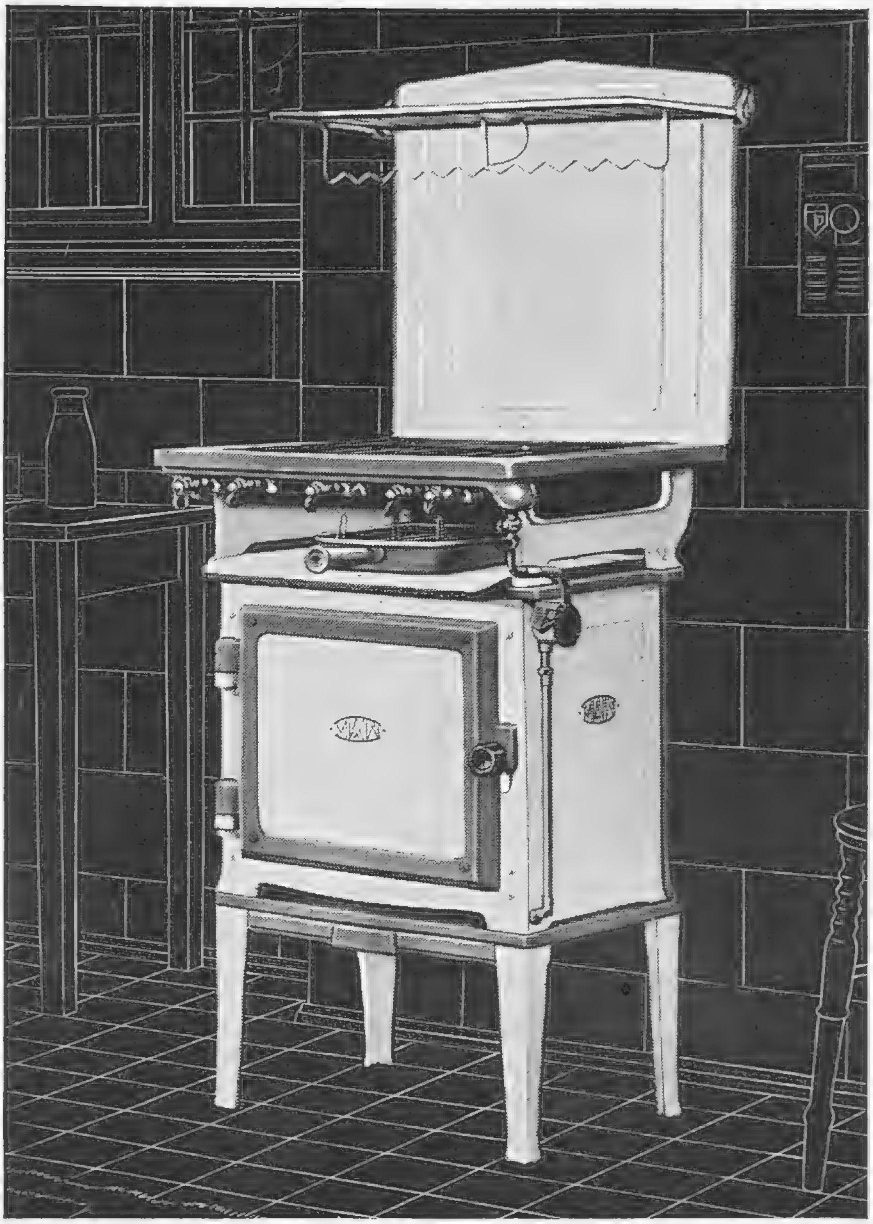
The return to Paris was a repetition of the agony of that drive from Versailles. A man who took his hat off and bowed to the King and Queen was killed and disembowelled before their eyes. "Little viper," a hag screamed in the Dauphin's ear, "you will see worse things than that!"

He did . . . Paris was worse . . . a city of blood and heat and tumult. Yet the end was some way off as yet, and there were curious interludes of comparative calm. It is one of the fallacies of history, or of certain conceptions of it, that Paris, during the Reign of Terror, saw nothing but processions to the scaffold, raging multitudes, midnight arrests, barricaded houses and street fighting. Things went on much as usual; the Bourse was open, shops did their usual trade, citizens chatted at the cafés, the theatres were visited and new plays produced.

Contemporary accounts tell us that the Dauphin, who was now seven (1792), was a bright and eager lad, fond of history and of putting on historical costumes, argumentative and given to swift tantrums, but quickly appeased, and more than ever devoted to his mother. Even at that tender age he had far more grace than his easy, well-meaning, rather stupid father. In June, just a year after the Varennes episode, the mob invaded the Tuileries and for a time the Royal family were in extreme peril. The Queen behaved with courage and dignity. Louis did not lack courage, but all dignity went—if ever he possessed any—when he allowed some ruffian to put a red liberty cap on his head and to force him to drink a glass of wine to the health of "the Nation." The Dauphin had to wear a red cap too; it was too big for him, the rough material tickled and made him perspire; he ran, whimpering and frightened, to his mother. August 9 was their last evening in the Tuileries. With the dawn came another and a larger mob, this time with cannons. The Swiss Guards, hopelessly outnumbered, fired on them—Louis's order to them to cease firing (the document with its sprawling signature exists) was the last he was ever to give—and were massacred almost to a man. The Palace was on fire. Through that shambles the Dauphin was led, with his parents, to take refuge in, of all places, the reporters' box in the Assembly. For day after day they had to sit there sweltering, listening to angry debates, which the boy, dozing off from time to time in sheer misery, could not understand.

The Assembly, having abolished the monarchy, decreed that "Louis Capet" and his family should be lodged forthwith in the Tower of the Temple, the gloomy building at which the Queen had shuddered during that gay supper with the Comte d'Artois, her brother-in-law (now safe in exile and to become King of France, as Charles X, when thirty-two years had rolled away). They were closely guarded and spied upon without ceasing day and night. Their quarters were small indeed after the vastness of Versailles and the Tuileries. But they were not uncomfortable, for the previous occupant, one Barthélemy, an archivist and librarian, was a man of taste; there were pictures and *objets d'art*, and the furniture was good. And, another anomaly of those strange times, the amount of luxurious food supplied to the royal prisoners and their entourage was surprising; baskets of peaches

(*Continued on page 102*)



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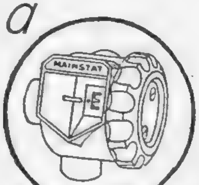

THE Mainstat oven-heat control fitted to Main Gas Cookers prevents those mistakes in oven temperature which so often result in overdone and underdone meals. As a matter of fact, no attention is needed when cooking. You cannot go wrong if you follow *the correct Mainstat setting.*

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and vegetables, with rare wines for the King, were fetched from Versailles—in three weeks alone fifty-six pounds of poultry and a hundred pounds of meat were delivered. There were valets, too, and chefs and hairdressers.

Comfort was now to disappear as danger and misery increased. Lack of exercise, too, made them all ill, and lack of occupation—though the Queen toyed with needlework and Louis gave his son daily lessons—made the tedium of life well-nigh intolerable. Representatives of the Commune, among them Simon the shoemaker, visited them daily—foul-mouthed fanatics for the most part, who ransacked their belongings for clues as to alleged plots, took away all knives and scissors, and scribbled obscenities.

The new year (1793) brought with it the first tragedy—the death of Louis XVI. On January 19 he was condemned by a narrow majority, and on the following evening he said good-bye to his family, making his son swear never to try to avenge him. The boy was never to have the chance. If poor, fat, good-natured Louis had never known how to reign, he knew how to die; the knife fell after a royal display of piety and pluck, and a week later his brother, the Comte de Provence, proclaimed, in his place of exile in Westphalia, the Dauphin, Louis Charles, "King of France and Navarre under the name of Louis XVII," and himself Regent "during the minority of the King, our nephew and lord."

Meanwhile the poor little nephew and lord was dressed by his sobbing mother—Marie Antoinette had never loved her dull husband, but she respected his virtue and misfortune had united them by ties of affection—in a suit of black which did not fit. He slept soundly enough that night. Perhaps he rather enjoyed going through doors first now, and being seated first at table. He did not know that the infamous Hébert in his journal *Le Père Duchesne* was clamouring for the blood of "the young serpent" and declaring that there would be no rest for the land "until the Widow Capet and her foul progeny are destroyed."

The Commune did not destroy at once, which would have been comparatively merciful. The first step in the long game of torture was to separate mother and son. The little King's health was breaking down. The Queen, racked with anxiety, nursed him night and day, and this was the moment that Chaumette and Hébert, experts in devilry, chose to take him away from her. They came to take him, six Municipals headed by Michonis, at 10 o'clock on the night of July 3. Marie Antoinette, for the first time, lost control of herself. The Queen of France, daughter of the august Empress Marie-Theresa, fought and screamed and bit and clawed like a peasant woman in her fury. For two hours her agony endured, until, through sheer weakness, she was calm enough to dress him for what she knew to be the last time, putting on each garment with such deliberate, pathetic slowness that in the end two men snatched the wailing child from her. He never saw his mother again. She was to see him occasionally, for a few brief moments, through the slit of a turret, as he took his exercise, but never again could she talk to him. Yet they were sleeping beneath the same roof. The torture was well devised.

Louis XVII was put in charge of the shoemaker Simon and his wife. To this couple whitewash has been applied in recent years in liberal doses. It may be assumed that they were acting on official instructions to make the boy King lose all idea of his rank and to debauch him physically and morally. Lenôtre takes the strange view that they were actually kind-hearted, though stupid, and that zealous but misguided devotion to revolutionary ideals made them act brutally towards the child, against their better natures. It is difficult to swallow this in view of the evidence; but in any case the effect on their victim was the same. A blow on the head is not rendered any the less painful if one is informed that the striker honestly believed that he was acting in the best interests of the nation.

Not only were there blows and incessant and deliberate disturbances of the boy's night's sleep. He was given wine and even brandy in large quantities; he hated them—he was only eight!—but he was forced to drink. He was taught that kings and queens and aristocrats were one and all bloodthirsty tyrants; he was made to repeat, parrot-like, foul oaths and filthy expressions; he was shown indecent pictures. Worst of all (and here Simon had subtler accomplices), he was made to sign a statement, and admit in oral examination, that the Queen and his aunt, Madame Elizabeth, had encouraged him in unnatural habits for their own gratification. There is no more unspeakably loathsome a page in history than this. Hébert brought up these charges against the Queen at her trial—and they nearly secured her acquittal, for all decency had not, it seems, been swamped in that wave of political sadism. "I appeal," she said, with a touch of her old dignity, "to every mother in France," and the court rang with sympathetic applause. But she went to the guillotine seven hours later.

With the death of the Queen we come from fact to what must inevitably be conjecture. Flashes of evidence can be seen in that dark period of nearly two years, but they illumine so little. Simon resigned from his guardianship—or was dismissed—and here may be mentioned the theory that the boy was smuggled out of the Tower in the cart containing the goods and chattels of Simon and his wife, who had been bribed to do this by Royalist agents. Madame Simon declared that this was so in 1814 and again on her deathbed in 1819; but it must be remembered (*a*) that she was then an old woman and not very alert mentally, and (*b*) that Louis XVIII was on the throne and there was every reason for standing in well with the Bourbons. But we do know that before this "smuggling" happened (if it did happen) a boy of tender years had the severity of his imprisonment increased; that he was confined for months in a room from which he never emerged for any purpose whatever; that that room was never cleaned, and that he lay there in intolerable stench, covered with vermin. He did not even see the hand which pushed food and water at him through a hole in the wall.

In January, 1795, the determination to persecute the boy seems to have lessened. More humane gaolers were introduced, his cell was cleaned, he was given better food and medical attention. I have said "the boy." It is not known whether he was Louis XVII; if the King was smuggled out by Simon, he cannot, of course, have been. The theory of the substitution of a dumb child for Louis is favoured by many. It is supported chiefly by the published statement of a M. Harmand, who saw the prisoner in his official capacity. The boy was clean, playing with a pack of cards, and seemed contented. He was asked, kindly, if there was anything he wanted. He did not answer. He was told to walk round the room and obeyed. But not a word, not a syllable could be got out of him. "His legs, thighs, and arms were very long and thin," writes M. Harmand, "the hair light brown." Did this lad not speak for the excellent reason that he was dumb? . . . "*The hair light brown.*" But we *know* that the little King's hair was golden, that his thighs were not long (he was a rather short child) and he was not dumb.

This brown-haired, long-legged boy—King or no—died on June 8, 1795. The two doctors who certified the death, one of whom performed an autopsy, *had never seen the Dauphin at Versailles or the Tuileries.* The corpse was placed in a wooden coffin and buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite. The grave was opened in 1846. The autopsy mark was visible on the skull and expert opinion gave it that "it is absolutely impossible that this skeleton should be that of a child of ten years; it can only belong to a youth of fifteen or sixteen." The coffin was again opened in 1894, when a few strands of *light brown* hair were still visible.

Of the innumerable theories I incline to the following. I think—one can only think—that Louis XVII was smuggled out of the Tower and that some poor ailing youth, rather older, was smuggled in to take his place. But I think it was not the living King who left the prison, but his corpse; that he was killed either because of the risk of Royalists rescuing him and putting him at the head of one of the several anti-revolutionary movements which were beginning to arise, or because Hébert or his associates wanted to destroy the "young serpent" out of sheer blood-lust, but feared the odium of another murder, for that side of the revolutionary fury had begun to die down after the execution of the King and Queen. They wanted it to be thought that he had died a natural death. It seems certain that the skeleton in the Sainte-Marguerite grave cannot have been his. It is *probable* that a body found by some prisoners working in the Temple gardens in 1801 (see General D'Andigne's *Mémoires*) was that of the little King; it was in a fair state of preservation, was seen by persons who had known the boy, was of correct proportions, and on the skull was some *golden* hair.

If we accept this theory, the claims of all the alleged Louis XVIIs fall down. There were dozens of these—Naundorff (who died in 1845 and has descendants still striving for recognition to-day), Bruneau, an American parson (the Rev. Eleazer Williams), Hervagault, Richmont and Meves being the most prominent. The greater part of their stories is fantastic, but some of it is interesting, and of a few we can say "Well, perhaps there *may* be something in it . . . there *may* be. . . ." Be that as it may, little Louis's sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême (who is generally considered to have known more of the mystery than she cared to reveal), refused to meet any of them. On the other hand, the reigning Bourbon kings, Louis XVIII and his successor, Charles X, would have lost their thrones the moment a Louis XVII could infallibly establish his identity. So the chances were heavily against the success even of one who was not an impostor.

One cannot even say with certainty that the mystery will never be solved.

END

Good Pictures Make Beautiful Homes

(Continued from page 47)

of small pictures, especially the exquisitely coloured prints of the eighteenth century, can make a room enchanting if they are well chosen and displayed with taste.

An illustration to this article shows some charming colour prints hung on each side of a mantel over which, in turn, hangs a fine flower painting in oils.

This room is furnished in the gracious Queen Anne and Adams style, and the pictures are an important feature of its character. The flower painting over the mantel in rich crimson, greens and shaded pinks gives the right foil to pale walls and the exquisite flower colouring of the fabrics. The transition from the lighter side of the background to the heavier note of the painting is softened very cleverly by the introduction of the colour prints, perfectly in character, which are hung at eye level on either side of the central picture.

Another photograph, on the facing page, shows the dominating effect upon a room of a fine portrait.

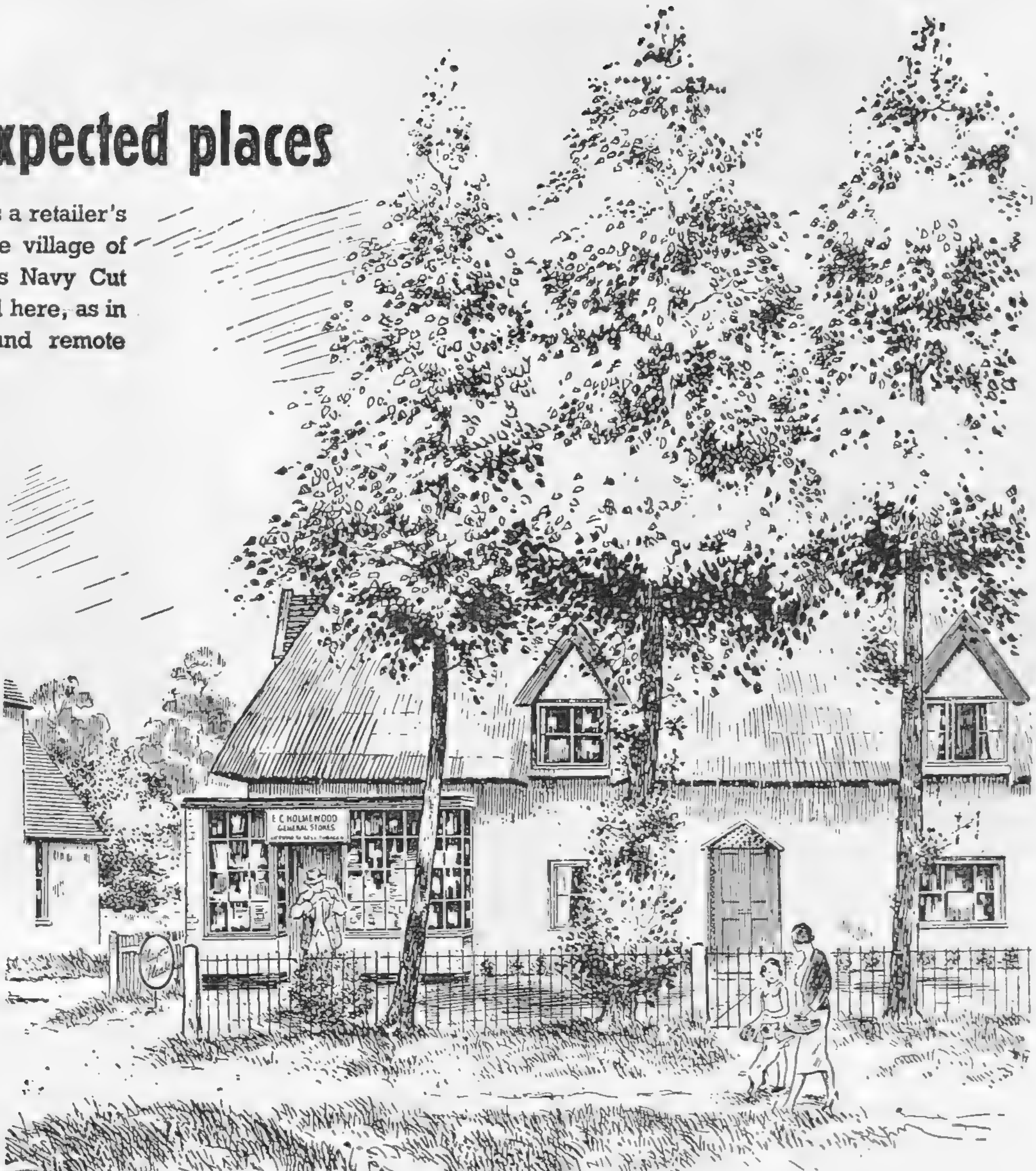
In a large room or lofty hall this type of painting is splendidly effective, so long as the furnishing is in character. It costs a very little to acquire an "ancestor" nowadays if you have a feeling for this type of portraiture.

Reproductions of most of the finest pictures in the world are now so prolific and so cheap that the last fragment of excuse is gone for hanging indifferent art upon our walls. For twenty-seven and sixpence you can hang a Gainsborough that will delight your soul and make your taste admired.

So get you to a picture gallery and choose.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d, 20-11½d.

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Her husband gave her a SHORT HEAD

He wanted her teeth to be white and beautiful so he gave her a Tek Shorthead Toothbrush. Cut to measure and cut to clean, the Tek fits right inside the arch behind the teeth.

The Tek was approved *in writing* by 96% of dentists to whom it was sent. You can't get a substitute for Tek. Tek is registered—legally protected from imitation. To clean your teeth *from behind* as well as in front, you must get Tek, the original shorthead toothbrush.

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Tek is sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours and crystal; hard, extra hard and medium bristles.

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made to fit the arch of their little teeth

IT FITS THE ARCH

Electric Trains to Portsmouth

Southern Railway's Newest Electrification Extension

One of the new electric expresses on the Waterloo to Portsmouth route

The commencement last month of regular electric services on the main line to Portsmouth marks a further stage in the extensive scheme of electrification undertaken by the Southern Railway since the amalgamation.

It brings the total of their electrified lines up to 539 route miles. Of this over 200 miles is "main line" electrification, which means that the popular holiday resorts on the south coast are now reached more easily and quickly than ever.

Brighton and Worthing were the first resorts to be served by electric trains. This was in 1933, and the cost of the change-over from steam working was £2,750,000. The line to Eastbourne and Hastings was next dealt with, in 1935, and the cost in this case was £1,750,000.

Now the direct line to Portsmouth, through Guildford and Haslemere, is operated on the new system. Its opening is the culmination of the biggest project of its kind so far attempted. It has cost £3,000,000.

Entirely new rolling stock, of the most modern kind, has been built for all these main-line electrification extensions, and that now running on the Portsmouth line exceeds in luxury even its most recent predecessors.

In the motor coaches and restaurant saloons M. M. Airstream Ventilators have been fitted, similar to those used for the first time in the rolling stock placed in service when the electric extension to Eastbourne was commenced two years ago. These ventilators provide a continuous supply of fresh air from outside without causing draughts to passengers.

A new feature in the dining-saloons is the installation of dining-room chairs instead of the customary fixed seats.

Portsmouth will be served by a fast train every hour from Waterloo, together with two stopping trains every hour, and an additional hourly train during the business period. On Saturdays during the summer months these services will be supplemented still further to cope with the holiday traffic to Southsea and the Isle of Wight.

Last year more than 971,000 people went by train to Portsmouth and Southsea. Those travelling from Waterloo—and most of them did—were conveyed by a service which worked out at approximately 16 trains each way daily. Now, with the electric service, visitors will have 36 trains to and from Waterloo daily.

The popularity of the Isle of Wight seems to increase year by year. Last year 2,381,000 persons crossed over from Portsmouth by S.R. paddle steamers. To assist still further the transport of Island visitors, the Southern Railway have had constructed another paddle steamer, named *Ryde*, which is in service on the Portsmouth-Ryde route.

This ship is licensed to carry 1,050 passengers, and will be very similar to the *Sandown*, already employed on this service. The *Ryde* is 233 feet long, and has a promenade deck extending the full length. On the deck below are spacious refreshment rooms, with pantry and bar, first class aft and second class forward, allowing 54 and 46 persons respectively at one sitting, at small tables for four or six persons. The pantries are fitted out in the most modern style.

The Southern Railway's new paddle steamer "Ryde," now on service between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight

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as
they
look

they
SIMPLY
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"Mine's a

CYDER HIGHBALL"

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CYDER COCKTAIL

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Please send me a FREE copy of "New Summer Drinks and Recipes."

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FIRST OF CYDERS . . .
FOREMOST OF DRINKS

The Rabbit

(Continued from page 15)

looked pointedly rude to choose a sand dune of her own.

He smiled at her shyly as she stretched on the sand. "You're tired," he said, and was restfully silent for a long time.

It was Helena herself who spoke first. "The beginning of the holidays is always a bit trying," she said, feeling that they both needed an excuse for having deserted the others.

"Very," he said grimly, then relaxed and added, "What do you do in work time? Or—or shouldn't I ask?" For a moment he was once again a lost soul.

"Why not?" She smiled reassuringly, and found that she was telling him all about her work, for fear he would feel that he had dropped a hodful of bricks. He listened well, asking her shy, skilful questions, as if he really wanted to know, and not as one merely waiting to chip in with an anecdote. And suddenly she heard the others calling: it was cocktail time, and the party from the White House was promising to come back after dinner to dance.

The strain of the rabbit's presence had begun to wear off. Over dinner everyone chatted as noisily as ever, and ignored him except to press him to food and drink. The party from the White House trooped over, the artist who lived on the other side dropped in, and the rugs were rolled up and the gramophone set in motion. When Helena looked round for the rabbit he had disappeared.

She had almost forgotten his existence next morning when she went down for an early swim, and was astonished when a voice from the water called:

"I did two strokes by myself, teacher."

Early for good deeds, she reflected, as she splashed out to him with criticism and encouragement. Then she swam round the gulls' rock alone and together they went up towards the house.

"You look more rested this morning," he said gravely, as if her health were a matter of serious concern.

"Bless you, I'm a tower of strength."

"I know," he said, with such emphasis that she changed the subject.

Over breakfast Annabel considered Geoffrey Shenstone as if she had never really seen him before. The August sun had brought a faint colour to his cheeks, his flannels were dazzlingly white; standing beside Helena, he did not seem quite so shy, and Annabel considered that drilled into shape he might some day be useful.

"Morning, Geoffrey. I may call you Geoffrey, mayn't I?"

"Please do," he said politely, while he backed away a little.

She considered him lazily and helped herself to sausage. "Will you ride with me to-day?"

His cheeks flushed, but this time he found his voice and a wavering smile accompanied his words.

"Look, I don't do anything. I can't play bridge, or fly a plane, or drive a car, or milk a cow, or shoot wild duck, or cast a fly or—or anything."

"But, Geoffrey, what have you been doing all your life—knitting?"

Roy, rushing down to breakfast, caught the last word. "Who's knitting?"

"Geoffrey," said Annabel.

"Good God—no—does he?"

"Of course not," snapped Helena. "Annabel is being funny."

But Geoffrey Shenstone did not say anything. As he turned away a smile lit his eyes and with great deliberation he helped himself to a boiled egg that he did not want.

Helena was not quite sure how it was that after breakfast she found herself walking along the cliff road with the rabbit. It was rather a pleasant walk in which, between companionable silences, she seemed to do most of the talking. That at least was a novelty. You couldn't do much talking with Roy or Jimmie. Nor could she quite understand how it was that before lunch she found herself teaching the rabbit to play tennis. He showed the same concentration that he had applied to swimming, was light on his feet and quick with his eyes.

She was surprised, however, later in the day, after playing a strenuous set of doubles, to find the rabbit painstakingly practising up against the garage door, on which he had chalked a line the height of a net.

"You take your games hard," she said laughingly.

He looked like a child that had been scolded. "I'm sorry——"

Instinctively she slipped her hand inside his arm with a comforting gesture. "Why be sorry?"

"It's pretty stupid not even to know how to play," he said.

Oh, damn his inferiority complex! "Perhaps you've been busy working," she said patiently.

He smiled and he studied her, his head a little on one side. "You make very good excuses for me."

"Why, nonsense ——"

He went on more quickly now, looking down at her as he spoke. "Don't think I don't know—I realise what you're doing."

"What do you mean?"

Just the little hesitation still in his speech, the occasional stumble over a syllable, was all that betrayed his nervousness. "It's no great catch for you spending your holidays teaching me—because you're sorry for me—because you can't bear to see me looking such a fool—or so conspicuously abandoned. I k-know. I know that here I'm neither useful, decorative nor amusing. I'm all sorts of a fool, but not the particular kind of a fool that doesn't realise that you—you're being kind—exercising Christian virtues—shielding the misfortunate with the cloak of your benevolence."

She looked at him in angry astonishment. "I think that's a beastly thing to say." She couldn't reconcile his words with the character they had created. Alice's rabbit saying "Oh, the Duchess; oh, my whiskers!" couldn't have been any more surprising. "Beastly," she repeated.

"But it's true."

Their eyes met—honest eyes both. She dropped hers, and this time it was she who blushed. "Even if true it's still beastly."

"I didn't mean it like that." He took a step nearer. "It was just that you ought to know—you needn't do all this if you don't want to." For a moment he laid two fingers very lightly, very tentatively on her arm—long, slim, white fingers, she noticed, the nails cut square. "I want you terribly much to play with me—but I seem such a poor player at everything. You have your work and only a fortnight's fun. I'd never forgive myself if I spoilt it for you."

She looked at him frankly bewildered. "You've got me muddled," she said. "Who are you; what are you really?"

"Just someone who does not know how to play," he said.

She looked from his serious face to the chalk mark on the garage door. "But that isn't *playing*," she said. "That's just learning a new trick."

He sighed and nodded his head. "I was afraid of that," he said. "What would you suggest?"

Before she could answer Roy appeared from nowhere and embraced them both in the terrible heartiness which he reserved for the rabbit, and which he hoped covered the embarrassment he felt in the other's presence.

"Jimmie and Annabel want you, Helena. They're in the motor-boat and off to buy lobsters from the coastguard. I'm going to take Shenstone and show him the horses." He looked down at Geoffrey's tennis shoes. "Get a real pair of shoes. I'll wait for you here."

"Yes, of course," said Geoffrey, with the polite and anxious

(Continued on page 108)

The reason you appreciate a Wills's GOLD FLAKE so much after bathing is that it's a CLEAN smoke — clean and smooth to the palate

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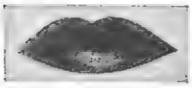

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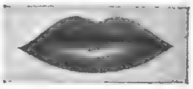

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BLOCK LETTERS B.E.8

expression of a small boy addressed by the head master.

They waited in silence till the rabbit had turned the corner. " What is all this ? " said Helena.

" Annabel said it wasn't fair wishing it all on you. I'll do my bit now, and Jimmie can take over after dinner. Annabel said I was a cad."

" Whereas you're really a boy scout. Well, be careful——"

" What do you mean ? "

She wasn't quite sure. She felt it would be only cousinly to warn Roy that the rabbit had teeth. " Handle him gently," she said rather vaguely and mysteriously.

" What do you mean ? " He was all eagerness. " Have you found out where he met mother ? Perhaps he sold her a vacuum cleaner."

" You're not to ask him what he does. He obviously doesn't want to say, and though it's probably ignoble I'm sure it's honest."

" Well, don't be away too long. I haven't your saintly nature."

As Helena turned the corner she ran into Geoffrey in his walking shoes.

" Roy is taking over," he whispered, a twinkle in the grave brown eyes, and he passed on before she could answer.

THE good resolutions which the rest of the party had formed to " take over " from Helena and relieve her of the rabbit at stated hours evaporated with the dawn. Their fit of conscience lasted twelve hours and was dead. Besides, Helena really didn't seem to mind. She and the rabbit walked along the cliff, or played rabbit tennis, or she swam slowly beside him while he made his way laboriously to the gull rock. She even taught him to dance a little, and he got quite bronzed and blushed less easily, and when no one was about he sometimes laughed. She found she liked the rabbit.

Only once did he allude to their conversation by the garage door, and that was the following morning.

" I offered you your freedom," he said, " once. I won't risk it again."

" I enjoy a martyr's crown."

He looked at her tumbled brown curls. " It becomes you," he said softly, as if he were speaking to himself.

Helena looked smilingly across at the blue sea and the blue sky. There was magic in the air. After all, the rabbit was " something rich and strange "—possibly worth investigation. " Let's walk up to the lighthouse," she said happily.

Three days later Annabel once more became aware of the rabbit's existence.

" Darling," she confided to Helena, "when you've finished improving the rabbit I shall build him a hutch and keep him in *my* backyard."

But Annabel didn't really have much time. There were so many people always coming and going that no one noticed Helena and the rabbit.

It had seemed at the beginning as if a fortnight were a great stretch of time. It spread before them like a wide road. And then suddenly it narrowed; it was almost over; it had disappeared. It was the last Saturday. Everyone except Roy had planned to go up to town on Sunday. Lady Durnwent would be back the following week. The others wanted to start work or play promptly on Monday morning.

Roy had organised most of the day in a series of farewell parties, but he had left a little gap between breakfast and lunch, and somehow Helena and the rabbit instinctively took the road that led to the lighthouse.

They said very little—trivial things—about the gulls and the sea—and Helena's last clean frock—and the rabbit's newly-acquired backhand. A façade of talk that hid their feelings.

" You won't get out of practice when my eye is off you, will you ? " she said a little sadly.

" When your eye is off me ? " he repeated dreamily, and did not answer her question.

By common consent they climbed up to the lighthouse and threw themselves down on the short dry grass. The sunny air was full of things unsaid. Larks, absurdly riotous, were storming the gates of heaven. Away over the sea the gulls swooped and dived, and on the horizon a boat travelled steadily from east to west. Geoffrey lay with his back to it all, studying the grass, his long, thin hands pounding it gently from time to time. She sat so near that her skirt brushed his arm. He was brown now, but still desperately thin. It wasn't fair that he should make her heart ache. She wondered about his future and her own—wondered in a vague, impractical way—looking at it as at a closed book hopelessly out of reach. You can't defeat a rabbit, she thought, like the old gardener—and this rabbit had defeated her.

He broke the silence at last. " It's silly my saying it."

" What ? "

" How kind you've been." His face was turned from her, she could see only one flaming ear. " A sort of thank you—for everything."

" Don't talk like that," she said sharply.

" Ever read Swinburne ? " he asked.

" Sometimes."

" Remember—

' Pity that's akin to love
And is most pitiless ' ? "

" Victorian, untrue and inappropriate."

He rolled over to look at her. " Is it ? "

" Why should I pity you ? " she asked softly.

" Because you are compassionate . . . because I am empty-handed . . . because you know I can't compete with Roy and Jimmie and the young men from the White House." He laughed softly, but there was awe and admiration in his voice. " Yesterday that big redhead—I think his name is Bob—he vaulted the gate into the paddock—got hold of that young horse there—rode her bareback up to the front drive—caught up Annabel—set her in front of him—went down to the station—picked up a suitcase that was expected—and carried it back on his head. And all the time he was laughing—life was a riotous joke—a divine merriment—and I watched him and knew that I would never really learn to play. I started too late in life."

" How old are you ? "

" Twenty-eight. Now do you understand ? "

" No," she said.

He shook his head. " It doesn't matter except that I've been wasting your time. The lesson is ended, the experiment has failed, because the raw material was faulty. I'm sorry. But you will forgive me—because you are you, Helena."

" What is there to forgive ? "

" A bad pupil." He smiled sadly. " I shall miss my lessons."

" It would be a great help," she said drily, " if I had the slightest idea what you are talking about."

He was not to be drawn. " It doesn't matter," he said. He got to his feet and stood looking out to sea. " By Monday it will all seem like a dream." He shivered, then bent down, held out his hand and pulled her to her feet. He was definitely closing the conversation. " What," he said, " will be your first job when you get back ? Christmas books ? "

She had meant to ask him all sorts of searching, sensible questions. It was her last chance. She found that instead she was walking towards High Cliff explaining how all the Christmas books had been chosen long ago, and that now they would be concentrating on birthdays and prize-givings.

FROM that point forward the day was crowded with people, culminating in the evening in dancing, with a lot of noise and a good deal of drink and all the neighbours for miles around. There was a shortage of girls, and Helena was greatly in demand. Only once did she dance with Geoffrey. Under his breath he counted his steps.

At two a.m. someone suggested that they should go swimming, not on their own beach, but on the public beach nearer the town, because it had rafts and diving-boards and because a drive would do everyone good.

Helena thought that Roy had had rather too much to drink. "Let's not," she said laying a restraining hand on his arm. "It's awfully late, Roy."

Already the others had begun to pile into their cars—Annabel, who had had a quarrel with Jimmie, deliberately flouting him by going off with a young man with a sandy moustache.

"Of course we're going," said Roy. "Our swim-suits are already in the car. Come on, Jimmie."

The rabbit stood close to Helena. "Why not go to bed?"

"I think I ought to keep a cousinly eye on Roy. He's a bit tight."

"Still doing your good deeds. Well, just as you say." He followed her to the car.

Roy took the steering-wheel, with Helena beside him and Jimmie and Geoffrey in the back. The others were still packing themselves in when Roy tore off down the road.

"I know a short cut," he shouted above the noise of his cut out.

"Don't go so fast," Helena shouted back, without the slightest effect.

At the first corner he turned aside into a series of lanes covered in fine loose sand. Helena was frightened. She found that she was holding on tight to the door of the car and doing a lot of shadow braking with her foot pressed against the running-board. At the back Jimmie still had the energy and spirits to sing a popular song, fragments of which floated to her above the noise of the car.

It was a dry skid as they turned too sharp a corner. Roy tried desperately to correct it. The car swung round, lurched violently, and came to so sudden a standstill that they were all thrown heavily forward, and Roy crashed across the steering-wheel, his head against the windscreen.

There was a breathless moment of silence, and then from behind Helena heard a door wrenched open and the rabbit was standing at her side.

"You all right?"

There was something hot and sticky falling on her hand. She saw now that Roy was unconscious and bleeding profusely. The rabbit had moved round. The other door was open, and he had lifted Roy out and laid him on the grass edge, where the headlights of the car gave the scene a horrid clarity.

The rabbit's long, slim fingers were moving cautiously round Roy's head. It seemed a long time before he looked up.

"Will she travel, Jimmie?" he asked.

Jimmie climbed into the driver's seat and tried the engine. "Yes." There was nothing wrong with the car save the broken windscreen.

The rabbit nodded. "We're going to London," he said quietly.

"There's a cottage hospital——"

"We're going to London," said the rabbit with the same quiet air of authority. "Get in, Helena." He picked Roy up again and propped him on the back seat. Then he got in carefully and supported Roy in a sitting position. "Go as fast and as smoothly as you can," he said.

Jimmie nodded. That night Jimmie drove as he had never driven before.

No one spoke. Everyone was afraid to ask any questions. Helena sat wondering how she would tell Lady Durnwent of the evening's events.

WHEN they entered London the rabbit leant across and gave Jimmie directions, and a little later they drew up before the doors of a huge hospital, with lights in every block.

Geoffrey got out and rang the bell, and Helena, hard on his heels, saw the porter peer out and then, in startled recognition, she heard him say: "Why, it's Mr. Shenstone."

"That's right, Truman. Get the ambulance. And Sister Reed. Friend of mine hurt. I've got to operate at once."

A moment later *(Continued on page 110)*

Beauty from Top . . .

The sun-brown craze is passing. Modern *elegantes* bathe, laze, play, guarded by Elizabeth Arden's *Sun-Pruf Cream* which prevents them becoming burnt, red or blistered. They use it, moreover, to produce the Sunbeige Complexion . . . *Sun-Tan Oil* keeps their skins supple and smooth . . . *Protecta Cream* prevents any danger of freckling and, since it's waterproof, lasts while they bathe . . . *Eight Hour Cream* brings quick relief, if painful sunburn has already begun: while *Special Eye Lotion* refreshes eyes tired by glare and dust.

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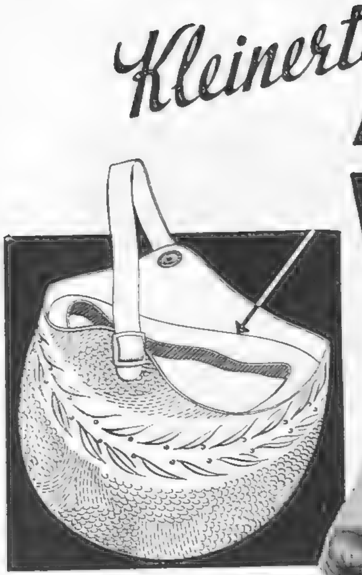

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royds

a man in a white coat passed across the hall. "Good Lord, Shenstone, is that you? What on earth do you want at this hour of night? I thought I told you to go away for a rest with the biggest idiots you could find and not to think of the hospital for a month."

"Shut up," said Geoffrey quickly. "I've got an accident case here. Skull. I'll have to operate."

The porter had been calling somebody through a speaking tube, and now two nurses and an ambulance appeared, and Roy was being wheeled away, while a nurse fluttered anxiously in Geoffrey's wake.

The cavalcade vanished, and Jimmie and Helena were left standing in the hall.

"In here, please," said the night porter, and shepherded them into a bleak waiting-room.

It was a moment before either of them spoke. There was so much that called for comment that they hardly knew where to begin.

"Poor old Roy," said Jimmie. "You don't think——" and then stopped, appalled at his own idea.

"I don't know," whispered Helena, equally appalled.

"And the rabbit," he said blankly. "Who would have thought the rabbit——"

"Got a cigarette?" said Helena for only answer. She couldn't discuss the rabbit.

The clock in the waiting-room said that they were there for three hours, but it felt like thirty. At six o'clock the rabbit, pale and smiling faintly, reappeared. He smelt of ether.

"It's going to be all right," he said. "Nasty business. But we managed. He's asleep. Let's go and get some breakfast."

In the matron's room they had breakfast—a strained meal, because this time it was Jimmie and Helena who had no conversation.

"Jimmie, would you do the telephoning?" said the rabbit, when they had finished. "The servants at High Cliff and the other members of last night's party—they may be wondering. The 'phone is in the corridor."

"Sure," said Jimmie, and wandered off, glad to escape.

The rabbit looked across at Helena with that diffident smile that always reminded her of a dog wagging its tail when it knows it is going to be beaten. "Angry with me?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"I promised the doctor I wouldn't mention the hospital, and that I would get among people who didn't know a bone from an artery. Don't be angry," he pleaded, his eyes full of misery.

"You took the—the cloak of my benevolence under false pretences."

"I didn't. Honestly." He got up now and came round to where she was sitting. "Outside of the hospital, I don't exist. All my life has been here. I—I was like a pit pony brought for the first time to the surface. Perhaps you're right to be angry. You made a new world for me, and I made nothing for you. I took everything and gave nothing."

"Perhaps it was your turn," she said softly, looking around her. "Somehow here, I feel you give everything—and they leave you empty. And yet you cheated me. You cheated them all. You pretended to be a different person——"

"It wasn't pretence." He dropped on his knees beside her chair. "You must believe me. I needed you so much, Helena. Outside of the hospital I'm quite defenceless. I'd been working pretty hard. The doctor told me to go away and play—only I found I didn't know how to—or where to go. I met Lady Durnwent quite casually and she invited me and I accepted. And it was hell. Oh, Helena—I have nothing to offer—" somehow his head was on her lap—" but I need the cloak of your benevolence now and always."

When Jimmie came back he found that Helena's cheeks were wet with tears and that the rabbit was kissing them away.

END

Indispensable for Holidays

(*Continued from page* 56)

To stop that, make a little mound over the place with bicarbonate. Do the same over gnat and mosquito bites, and over wasp stings.

The alkaline content of bicarbonate is so strong it neutralises any poison acid, and acts like magic. Swelling is immediately allayed.

A rose-thorn splinter will often cause a lot of trouble. Bicarbonate will stop it.

In case of nausea, by reason of a touch of the sun, food that has disagreed with you or anyone—especially a child—a chill, or merely indigestion, a teaspoonful of bicarbonate to half a pint of warm water, swallowed, will remove the cause. It disperses flatulence, and deals in no uncertain measure with acid in the stomach. They always give it in nursing-homes.

Buy Spirits of Camphor in a tiny bottle. If a spot appears on your face, or anywhere else, and is not a sting, keep dabbing it every ten minutes with spirits of camphor. Just put your finger-tip over the bottle, and then on to the spot. Spirits of camphor will send away boils, also colds that break out on the lips. It will deal with weeping acne. You can use it on a face that is made-up, because it will penetrate any film of make-up, although it is naturally better to use it direct. It deals death to staphlococcii, the microbes that are the cause of all spots.

The stuff will sting, but it will take away any redness from the pimple. Sniff it, if you feel the beginnings of a cold. The chances are the cold will go. And here, again, if you find spirits of camphor a little strong for you, use it as found in Cyclax's Braceine, which is a beautifying and invigorating face-rinse.

Cactus Growing

(*Continued from page* 67)

produced which contains the moisture beneficial to the cattle, without the disadvantages of prickles, another system had to be thought out to destroy the second pest.

You can spend a fascinating afternoon in a visit to the nurseries, or to the Cactus and Succulent House at Kew Gardens, where there is a wonderful range of cactus plants.

Some of the most intriguing are those which have already developed little branches. Then there are smoothish ones covered with not in the least unattractive warts, and others with prickles like fine hair hanging like flax on a distaff.

Give your cactus plenty of light. Many plants also require plenty of air. Some like a lot of water, some hardly any. The nurseries from where you buy your plant will give you all information on its care. R.J.

Before Your Child Starts School

(*Continued from page* 69)

successful school relationships by knowing the teacher yourself beforehand. Do not let diffidence or lack of much interest in school matters prevent you from making this acquaintance more than just superficial. You are going to have to trust each other for so much if the child is not to feel home at one end of the earth and school at the other.

Make your own friendship first, and then take the child along too, so that he or she can see something of the sand trays and the garden, the jungle gym and gay little tables of a modern kindergarten, so that everything will not be entirely new and unknown.

In all probability, if you have paved the way patiently, you will be rewarded, even if it hurts for a fraction of a second, by being told at the end of a few days that school is the most joyful and attractive place in the whole world.

Muriel Angelus & John Stuart both prefer **WRIGHT'S**

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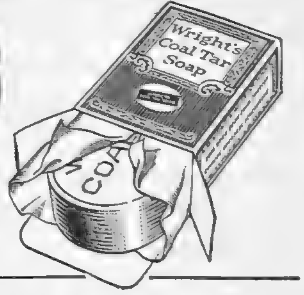

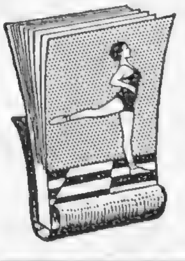

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1144

AN INTERVIEW WITH A lovely lady of Title and Talent

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

Hair that is golden as ripe wheat, eyes sea-blue, skin that has the tints of lily and rose—Lady Margaret Douglas-Home is a perfect type of English beauty.

I KNEW that Lady Margaret Douglas-Home was very lovely. That she was quite so beautiful I had not imagined, when I went to meet her in her spacious house in London.

But beauty is not Lady Margaret's only distinction. She is also an accomplished pianist whose performance gives brilliance to many great charity functions.

Daughter of an Earl and married to the son of an Earl, Lady Margaret has been familiar from childhood with all the obligations of high social position.

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She says: *"I've found that Pond's Vanishing Cream softens the skin beautifully. Then powder never looks powdery—and clings for hours. This cream protects my skin when I motor or spend days at the sea. And it guards against lines and wrinkles, for it's splendid as a nourishing cream, too."*

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Use Pond's Vanishing Cream always *before* you powder. Use some at bedtime to soften away lines and bring a new beauty while you sleep.

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BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: *Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.*

Escape

(Continued from page 51)

him on the level of his right ear. Fifteen feet below him Lady (Muriel) Anstruther had done the same thing, and below again the pilot of this crashing contraption wrenched with all his strength on the segment of a wheel. Mr. Madden found time to wonder why, in an obviously well-conducted machine of this sort, the pilot was unable to do anything about the approaching death of four people. Then he looked out of the window and knew.

The sea was going round so fast that it seemed a series of concentric circles; but the wing, which was stationary, had flames licking along its length and made at the same time a shameless exhibition of its skeleton. Most elaborate, the construction of that wing. Mr. Madden thought of all the carpenters and people who had worked very deliberately upon it, as men should who know their jobs.

Did Mr. Madden not have to hold on? He had to hold on for dear life. Something very queer was happening. An irresistible force was trying to plunge him downwards in the direction of Lady (Muriel). She herself was pressed, as with an invisible ton weight, against the pilot's door. Mr. Madden clung like a limpet. For an instant it was the floor which heaved against Mr. Madden and no longer the seat, and all in a flash of sensation the sea ceased its spinning, they were level again, they heaved, there was a hiss of extinguishing petrol, there was a crash and a splintering, there was sudden darkness, there was a great deal of clammy water, and Mr. Madden found himself poised, quite alone, half-way towards the bottom of the sea.

The water was quite comfortable, but dark, and there seemed to be rather a lot of it. Mr. Madden could feel, somehow, that he was rising, but there seemed such a tremendous distance to go. The water had not penetrated his interior to any marked extent, but it was all about him and below him and in particular above him to a distance which surprised Mr. Madden. He had never been quite so deep as this, and while he rose he began to think at last that he must have several miles to go before he could take a gulp of air, which Mr. Madden felt he seriously needed. He prepared to close his eyes, and then opened them. He floated on the water. Quite close to him, almost within arm's reach, were the steward's cap, the charred remains of one wing, and Lady (Muriel) Anstruther. She was looking straight at him with a disconcerting lack of interest, and it seemed to Mr. Madden that he ought to say something.

"Good morning, your ladyship," said Mr. Madden. "How do you do?"

She stared at him without enthusiasm.

"You remember me," said Mr. Madden. "In the Casino——"

"Oh Lord, yes!" exclaimed Lady (Muriel) Anstruther. "In the Kitchen. The little man. You won quite a lot that night, didn't you?"

"Eight thousand," agreed Mr. Madden. "I say, do you think we'll get picked up?"

"Eight thousand, eh? Not for some time, at any rate."

"A pretty kettle of fish, and no mistake."

Lady (Muriel) sighed. "Oh, well," she said, resigned. "You'd better tell me all about yourself."

So Mr. Madden told her. He told her about his home which was called "Holmleigh," and his wife whose name was "Mabel." Only he told it all, not with the contempt one might have expected of an intrepid pioneer, but with a certain wistfulness.

For some little time they heaved gently in the water.

"I wish you could have met Mabel," said Mr. Madden later. "There's one thing I will say about Mabel; she's a regular home-bird. Some wives—you know how it is—you come home tired from the office and nothing'll satisfy them but you must go out and play bridge, or call on a neighbour or go to a cinema or something. But I will say there's nothing like that about Mabel. A little walk round the garden, water the plants perhaps, and then the wireless and a nice book in front of the fire."

"It all sounds utterly appalling," remarked Lady (Muriel) Anstruther.

"For a beautiful and clever woman like you," Mr. Madden pointed out.

"Who says I'm beautiful and clever?"

"Oh, your ladyship!" said Mr. Madden deprecatingly, "we all know that!"

"Look here, my dear man," she told him sternly, "if you can't face eternity without uttering this preliminary blah, I wish to goodness you'd take it elsewhere. Swim away or something."

But Mr. Madden was persistent. "I've always admired you," he told her. "It's easy to see you're a wonderful woman."

"We're not in the same class," continued Mr. Madden. "I know that. I'm what you might call the man in the street. But you're—you're——"

Suddenly Lady (Muriel) Anstruther smiled in quite a kindly way. "Well," she said, "what am I?"

Mr. Madden swallowed. "You're wonderful!" said Mr. Madden.

That was at 8 p.m. on the Tuesday.

On the Wednesday morning, after an eternity of night, Mr. Madden became so cold that he lost consciousness. It was then that she had clutched his arm and said "Look! Look!"

He had slowly and deliberately revolved himself the reverse way through all the dizzying stages of awareness, had opened his eyes and seen on the far horizon a man-made smudge.

"Smoke, eh?" said Mr. Madden.

For four hours they had watched it slowly disappear.

That afternoon, when the sun was hot, she had discovered a Virginian cigarette sodden in her pocket. They took turns at holding it above the water to dry; and when the sun had revived it to the point where it was no worse than a damp, stained and very pathetic object, they solemnly broke it in half and lit their portions with the last but one of a soaked box of matches. They smoked till they burned their lips, and Mr. Madden with a sense of worms in the stomach and a faint appreciation of the ridiculous of Lady (Muriel) Anstruther's bit disintegrating in the water, stained red with her lips.

In the sunset an aeroplane rode overhead and fled into a blaze of glory at a hundred and fifty miles an hour.

That night clouds came and a warm rain, and to the gentle hiss of water Mr. Madden either fainted once again, or slept, or at any rate forgot. When he awoke the sun rode the heavens. He looked about him. At first he was alone in a pathway of shimmering light. Then he saw her, a blob of blackness towards the east, and he began to move in her direction, proceeding like a man thrusting through crowds. When he reached her he saw that her cheeks were hollow and her lips blue.

"Good morning," he said.

"Hullo, Robin," she replied.

"I think," said Mr. Madden, "that you're going to die. You have that look."

She didn't answer that.

"Muriel," he said.

"Yes?"

"I think I shall die too."

"Let's stick it for one more day, shall we?"

He considered the suggestion. "I don't think I can," he told her. "I think I shall pass out now." He waved his hand vaguely over the waters. "I'm rather *bored*," he said grandiloquently, "with all this. I think—if you don't mind—I'll—say good-bye now."

In a queer way the water closed on them. For a little while they were silent. Absurdly enough, they were overcome with emotion.

"I think I will," confirmed Mr. Madden. He looked at her strangely. "Well, my dear," he said, "good-bye," and kissed her on the lips.

"Good-bye, old thing," she answered, and patted his cheek.

"I'm awfully glad," said Mr. Madden, "to have met you."

END

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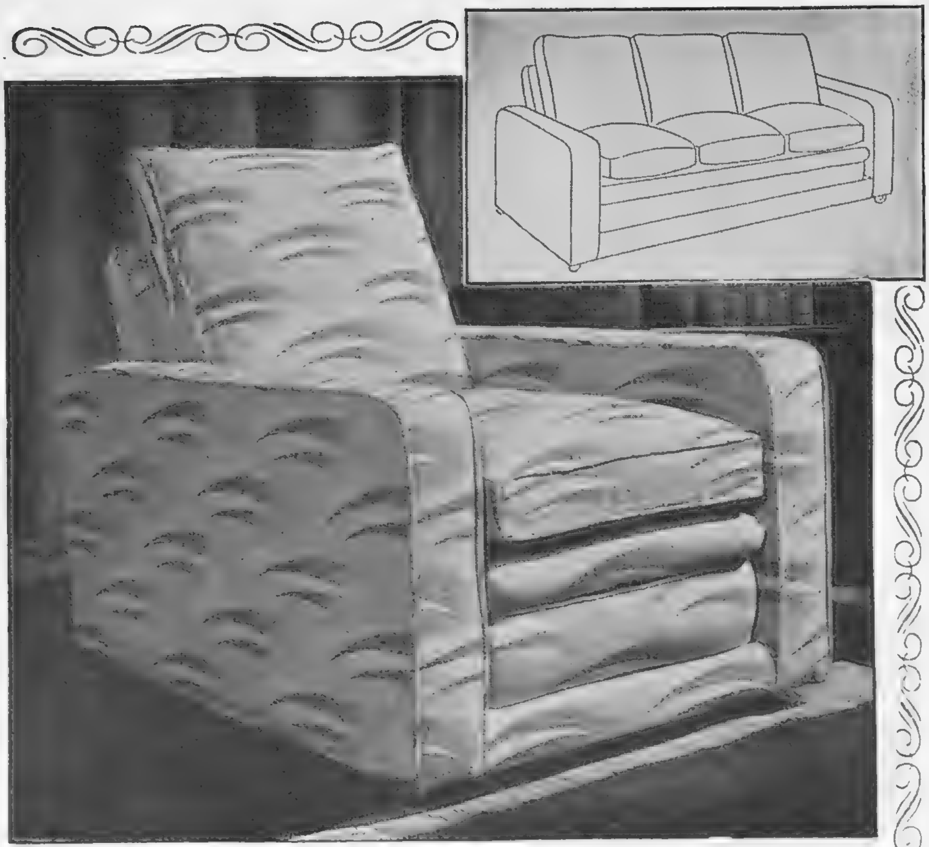

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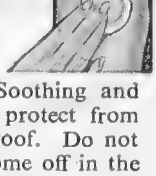

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"I am Naturally Not Suggesting"

(*Continued from page 27*)

back of his brain: and what with? It sobered him. He did not kiss her as he had meant to do, although he had crossed half the room and she appeared to be waiting. He picked up his shoes.

Her expression did not change. She asked him seriously, "You are *fauché*?"

It was no use lying. She knew darn well he was broke. He felt that for weeks and months she had known everything about him. He nodded, and laughed.

"I have a lot of money, do you know?"

It was exactly like some small girl talking about her money-box.

"No, really?"

"*Mais, sans blague*, I have fifteen t'ousand franc——"

Heavens, why did they do it? Give, give, give! Why did they all want to do it? And his bill came to fourteen. It took the grit out of a man. He was touched and yet furious at the same time. But he hid his anger, and said laconically,

"Your future husband'll have the luck of the devil."

This time her lips quivered, and a brightness that could only mean tears appeared in her eyes. There was a touch of exasperation as well. He felt a callous brute. She finished tidying up in a hurry, fumbling pathetically once or twice. She dabbed her eyes swiftly with a handkerchief picked up at random—he noticed it was the handkerchief—then, discovering the fact for herself, she turned and went out quietly without saying a word.

Céline returned, taut and bursting with something to say, just as he was about to leave.

"*Monsieur Léo, je vous en prie*——"

Leo flicked a pair of gloves. Afraid of himself. He forestalled her with a grin.

"All right?"

The girl's hands fell to her sides. Helpless. She looked up at him, and the softest smile dawned on her face.

"You are always so chic."

It wrenched his heart.

"*Merci*." He blew her a kiss. "You give me courage to face another day."

MONSIEUR PREVOST, flanked by dark satellites of the *réception*, stood near the lift looking like the Prime Minister of a doomed government. Leo encountered the thin grey face and flashed his sunniest smile. One of a series upon which he relied to save him from joining the ranks of the destitute. Fourteen thousand francs credit went into the smile, but for once Monsieur Prévost remained unmoved.

"Mr. Bennett, I wish to speak with you in private."

"In private? My dear Prévost. Can I trust myself alone with you? Remember I'm a desperate man."

"This is no laughing matter, Mr. Bennett."

"On the contrary, Monsieur Prévost, it is tragic."

"Well?"

Leo shook his head. The proprietor bowed gravely.

"Then I must ask you to vacate your room."

"Prévost, you're an idiot." Leo doused the incipient spark of anger. "You forget the hundreds—literally hundreds—of pounds I've paid you in the last five years. You'll get it eventually. What is a hundred and fifty, after all?"

Again the proprietor opined that it was not a matter to be laughed aside. Business was business.

Leo made towards the door, then returned with an afterthought.

"I suppose if I were to commit suicide the Casino would settle all my debts, wouldn't they—to avert scandal?"

"That is possible."

Looking at the grim little man, Leo could not restrain a laugh. "Poor fellow," he murmured. " Your milk of human kindness has turned to cheese. I'll pay you to-morrow or die ! "

HE took a table on the terrace from which he could watch the Casino entrance. The clash with Prévost coupled with last night's revelry left him a trifle shaky. He poured brandy into his coffee, drank it, and ordered another.

Even the most modest hero, he mused, would scorn to be repatriated by one of H.M.'s ubiquitous consuls. Without a doubt he would set his jaw and follow the sun. Westward he would go (the East being perhaps a trifle too exotic for heroes), to the lumber camps, ranchos, gauchos, or the Klondyke. Cads, on the other hand—yes, cads invariably took the most sensible line—plump straight away for a rich woman.

The answer to his prayer, but a somewhat freakish answer, billowed past him a minute later. All in white, with semi-diaphanous bits that floated in the breeze, Gabrielle Martinez reminded him more than ever of a cabbage butterfly. If only she would buy a new Rolls—he thought—if only she hadn't given up poker. It was fashionable now to say one had " given up " something. Like the self-martyrdom of sugarless tea in wartime. Gabrielle, however, was looking like the wrath of God.

" I can't stop," she gasped, waving a bit of paper at him. "I can't stop. I'm sunk ! "

Her eyes were red and suffused. Tear-stains had made pink runnels into the powder caked upon her cheeks. Her bosom heaved spasmodically.

She waved the paper again, shouting the name of a household millionaire, presumably now also sunk. She added an appalling word and waddled off down the hill to vanish in the direction of the American Bank.

Sunk. Poor Gaby !

He felt so extremely sorry for her that it was not until some minutes later that he awoke to the realisation that prospect number one, as a prospect, no longer existed for him. Number two, meanwhile, was getting into a car outside the hotel opposite. The car was packed with luggage.

" Vincent ! Hi ! "

But Vincent either did not see Leo's frantically waving arm, or he was too engrossed with the tow-haired person beside him to bother.

Leo came back disgruntled, then his face brightened as he caught sight of Lyle. He went over with a slight trepidation which he managed to conceal. He ignored Phillip Tongue and his glassy stare, and bent over her small, rather pretty hand. It was covered with little freckles.

She smiled. He smiled back and compelled her to want him to sit down. Phillip somewhat grudgingly ordered him a drink.

Leo brushed a hand across his eyes. " What a night."

" What a night," Lyle echoed.

" Who paid the Perroquet ? "

" You did."

" Did I ? Dear me, and I went home passionately clutching your handkerchief. Sentiments of sweet seventeen. You've given me back my youth, Lyle."

She laughed.

All at once, still looking at her, he realised there was no need to go on talking. Mutually, then, they switched their conversation through another medium.

It took Leo ten minutes' careful juggling with the conversation to find out why Tongue was not in London. According to the papers the Stock Exchange was busy. In any case, Dorothy Tongue was at Mentone, and no loving husband ought to tarry by the wayside when his wife is only a pistol-shot away over the mountain. Pistol-shot ? Oh, lord ! So was Rico at Mentone. Phillip was too ponderous to look like an Assyrian, but Leo could easily imagine his descent upon the fold.

Tongue was saying something pompously about being run-down and overworked.

Poor Rico, thought Leo, he might be able to shoot Austrians to hell out of the sky, but how on earth could he cope with this bull ?

Between them,

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Lyle and he managed to get him up to Ella Winterton's luncheon party. It was not easy, but Lyle responded to Leo's unexplained S.O.S.

"Besides, you've got a car," she coaxed.

"And besides," said Leo, "they've gone to endless trouble to procure Royalty for the decorations."

Nothing short of a Rocky Mountaineer could possibly resist Lyle. Leo told her to climb in front and keep Tongue happy. He wanted to stop at the post office on the way up.

He sent Dorothy a wire and came out glowing like a boy scout. The car climbed up and up, through pinewoods and eucalyptus, round hairpin bends and past villages perched impregnably on terrific rocks, chased there ages ago by the Saracens. He imagined those two taking flight. Whr-r-r. Like partridges skimming over the hills, over the border. Vintimiglia, Bordighera, Genova—and Mussolini wouldn't let anyone touch his little Rico. Viva Mussolini!

Lyle cocked an eye at him, and forthwith he became prudently silent.

Phillip Tongue parked his car in the long line and followed them up the broad, white steps of the chateau. Ella Winterton stood behind the two hired barmen, supervising cocktails. Pivoting on pointed heels, she greeted them loudly, giving to Phillip that special welcome which only Americans seem instantly capable of conjuring up for the uninvited guest.

"Grab a glass," she told Leo, "and for mercy's sake get some of the women going. Otherwise they'll say it's a flop."

He looked round for Lyle, but she had vanished in the mêlée. A slender woman in the new Chanel red touched his shoulder.

"*Bonjour, Léo.*"

She said it as casually as if she had seen him yesterday. He turned round. No Frenchwoman could ever make her eyes look like that. The Portuguese have the secret. They were immeasurably beyond description. And their spell had not lessened, either. With a little gesture she swept him away with her to a corner of the balcony.

"Tell me," she said later, "have your dreams come true?"

He shook his head.

"You were a so leetle boy, then," she laughed reminiscently. "So alarming, so—how shall I say?—like a little wild horse. And you went away from Alpalhao so quick. Ah, Léo, always you stamped your foot. Have you learned some patience? Often have I wondered what has become of you. Why did you go?"

He wondered if it were true she had ever given him a second thought.

"One's first failures loom so large, Marquise."

"As children we were told always to try and try again." Her husky voice held a ripple of the old mockery. But he could laugh now.

"*Si j'avais su, évidemment*——"

She opened wide those eyes to him. "Certainly, you show improvement, *mon ami*. But you have still time to go far."

He bowed ironically. "Madame, there is still the question of choosing the right road."

"Road? *Mon Dieu!*" She tossed her neat head gaily, and seemed to look back over her shoulder at the hazardous, zig-zag path that stretched behind her. Part of that path they had walked together. "So long as you never stop and stagnate—that is all that matters," she said seriously. "At least you will have accomplished something, my dear, if you ever get to hell."

"Come with me, Marquise."

It pleased him that she should weigh the suggestion critically.

"No. I am perhaps already too far in advance." She looked round her. "But you will not lack for company."

For no apparent reason the image of Céline floated for an instant compellingly before him, then faded away. He found his eyes resting upon the ruby in Madame's ear.

"For one moment," she said with an

approving smile, " you looked almost wicked."

" Did I ? " said Leo absently. He was still thinking of his immediate worries.

ROYALTY, looking like a totem pole scarred by summer visitors, stalked past en route for the dining-room. A great diner out, he was.

It was rather like watching a row of those carved wood figures in Swiss shops, looking down the long table. One imagined each one with a ball swinging to and fro under its chair, providing it with jerky, spontaneous motion. Peck, gobble, peck. They were so sleek and complacent, those faces, the fat and the thin ones, the fine and the coarse, stamped with an innate self-satisfaction which they would probably never be called upon to justify. Directly and indirectly, they had hitherto been the means of his existence. Now, suddenly, the contempt in which he had half held them began to reflect back upon himself. He felt ashamed.

He thought of Céline again. Then the voluptuous curves of a caryatid supporting a pillar opposite reminded him of Gabrielle Martinez at her best. Poor Gaby !

He knew that the older men, for the most part, resented him as they secretly envied. The women, in converse polar attraction, were drawn to him urgently deluding themselves that the instinct was primarily maternal. Indeed, so it might have been. Strangely enough, he had no appeal for a bad woman. And they wanted him, these women, not because he danced and played bridge well and conducted his love-making with commendable artistry, but because he was still young and keen, his palate not yet jaded. They absorbed him in doses, although it sounds rather beastly, according to their need of contact with youth.

All at once he stopped eating. Food sickened him as he felt sickened with himself. He was tired of working out finesses. This life represented the stagnation that the Marquise had warned him about.

Several times, as they waded through the interminable menu, he caught Lyle's eye across the table. He was still convinced that she was unusual. For one thing, she ate less than other people. She was a ray of hope to him through a curtain of grey. And yet he did not want to ask her for help. Queer, that feeling he had for her. The only word that described it was " respect "—and it made him laugh.

After lunch he met an American contingent going upstairs with the politely avowed intention of taking bicarbonate of soda, for which Leo did not blame them. Ella Winterton said, " Make up a table with the Comtesse de Salieres and Colonel Bayton, honey. And find someone willing to play with them."

" No," said Leo, " I can't afford a franc a point."

" Don't be absurd. You know I'll make it all right."

" Suppose I don't want you to ? "

She smiled with tolerant affection. " What's eating you, big boy ? "

" Nothing," he replied quietly, " unless I'm being consumed by a conscience."

He came upon Lyle about to take the shoe at a table presided over by an imported croupier. She wanted him to have five louis in her bank for luck. He drew out his last remaining note with a prayer, and moved behind her.

" You'll break me," he said.

" No, I won't." She found, and touched his hand with gentle pressure. " Watch."

His accustomed eyes read a great deal about her. Things he had seen before and to which he had paid not much attention. It was only now that she was rapidly becoming important to him that he noticed. He noticed the faint, tense lines around her mouth, the sad little pout to sensitive lips, the still pretty chin that was yet so pitifully near to sagging, the soft, quiet sheen of her hair which next year, or the year after, must need the touch of colour to save its dying fairness. They said Fortescue had treated her abominably. Perhaps that accounted for her air of tranquillity now. Nothing seemed to ruffle her, though there was nothing of the placid in her vitality.

(*Continued on page* 118)

SLIM

By Eating Bread and Butter

An Article by Elisabeth Ann

Reproduced by permission of the "Sunday Dispatch"

Without Fuss Or Bother You Can Slenderise

A few weeks ago I mentioned the testing of a diet which was simple, inexpensive, and could be followed by *every* woman who was overweight or over average measurement.

With a return to simplicity in dress, in beauty, and in food essentials, this new diet should lead the way.

No diet is offered to readers without being thoroughly tested and tried out.

In this instance, after consulting a specialist and a well-known biologist, two women readers of different ages and occupations were asked to follow the diet for *only twenty-one days*.

During this period they have given me a record of their reactions as well as weight and measurements before and after the diet.

The basic principle, the chief food of this latest of slimming diets is bread with butter. Tea, milk and water are included *in* the diet, but are not essentially part of the diet.

The bread and butter should be taken five times daily—two full slices of bread at each meal, with plenty of butter. The bread can be toasted twice a day, if desired. It makes little difference to the reduction.

At breakfast take half a pint of milk with the bread and butter. At noon, bread with butter. At four o'clock in the afternoon, bread and butter, with one cup of tea, which serves as a stimulant. One lump of sugar is allowed in the tea. At seven o'clock, bread with butter again, with milk or pure tomato juice, as preferred. On retiring, bread with butter. Between meals drink as much cold water as liked. Fresh butter is suggested, rather than salt.

So, without fuss or bother, without cooking or preparation, you can now slenderise to heart and figure content. The diet costs on an average 6s. 6d. a week, allowing 2s. 6d. for bread, 2s. for butter, and 2s. for milk (or milk as well as tomato juice).

This diet can be followed over any period without any sensation of hunger. Readers report there is no suggestion of weakness, lassitude, or nervous energy being burnt up.

I think it may interest many of you who applied for the diet when first I mentioned that tests were being made, to know the details of these readers' reports.

The first reader is a secretary, with trying and very exacting work, she tells me. In her report she shows:

Height, 5 ft. 6 in.
Weight at beginning of diet, 10 st. 6 lb.
Measurements: Chest, 36 in. Hips, 40 in. Waist, 30 in.

At the end of the twenty-one days' diet her weight is 9 st. 10 lb.

Measurements: Chest, 34 in. Hips, 37 in. Waist, 27 in.

She has lost ten pounds during the diet, with a three-inch reduction on her hips and waist. She has experienced no feeling of hunger, and lost all desire for any other type of food. She is delighted with her skin, which was distinctly acid in condition. It is clearer and smoother.

After her first week (she reports) she felt more mentally alert. At the end of her second she was envying other people's steaks, but not wanting them. She has felt no nervous strain whatever.

The second reader is a busy young housewife with two children and a very large garden she has to manage almost unaided. Her report shows:

Height, 5 ft. 4 in.
Weight at beginning of diet, 11 st. 8 oz.
Measurements: Chest, 40 in. Hips, 42 in. Waist, 31 in.

At the end of twenty-one days:

Weight, 10 st. 4 lb.
Measurements: Chest, 36 in. Hips, 37½ in. Waist, 27½ in. showing a total loss of ten and a half pounds over the period, with a four and a half inch reduction on the hips.

She managed to fit in mowing two afternoons a week and felt no more than the usual fatigue. She experienced no exhilaration, but at the same time no depression. She was most amazed at the difference in her hip measurement because she has never pretended to exercise. Her smallest daughter made the remark during the first week, wondering why she would not eat anything else, " Why, anyone can eat bread and butter ! "

I recommend this diet because it overcomes one very serious disadvantage.

No feeling of hunger is experienced. And it is distinctly pleasant to follow. You are free to take as much water each day as you please, which helps the complexion too, and there is no need to take life more strenuously in order to slenderise.

If you decide to try out this diet, write to me care of *Sunday Dispatch*, London, E.C.4, telling me how it affects you personally.

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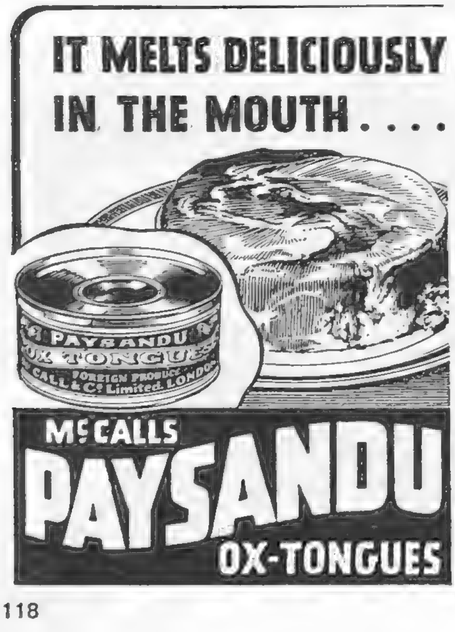

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"So you hitch your fortune to a star," the Marquise murmured at his side.

Lyle ran the bank for three coups. Leo wanted to tell her to stop. It went down on the sixth.

"A falling star, *hélas!*" the woman added with a tinge of mockery.

Lyle got up and took his arm. "I'm terribly sorry——"

He snapped his fingers. "If only you knew how little I care——"

He looked out and away over the rose-garden, expecting her to say something. But she did not.

Going home, they contrived to avoid Tongue and took the back seat in somebody else's car.

"You shouldn't have done it," Lyle said, when he explained about the wire.

"Why not? Just because she's responsible for the horns, that's no reason why Dorothy should be gored by the dread Phillip. Besides, she's such a delicate piece of china. Besides again, they may help me one day."

The sky was fired with red, lemon, and electric patches of blue. The sea molten silver. They were sitting unusually close together, with the wind flying against their faces. Presently he discovered her fingers in his and her eyes wistfully regarding him. When next she spoke her voice was low-pitched and sweet. He could almost sense what she was going to say.

"Leo, I want to help you."

"Good heavens, why?"

"Don't laugh," she begged, "There are things that aren't necessary to be told. I hate you to be unhappy," She paused. "I want so much to be useful to you."

He took hold of her arms, pressed them against her sides and drew her close to him.

"I'm a fairly bad piece of work," he said, "I can't imagine why you should."

"It—it's the essential *you* I care about," she whispered sharply. "Others may fall for your veneer. I think it's foul."

This was a little too direct, and certainly not the right time for it. So he lifted her face and kissed her. Inevitable reaction came later.

"It's impossible!" She twisted with anxious appeal. "Please—can't you understand?"

Of course he understood. But he wanted to avoid any reference to their respective ages. He did not want to hear her say it was "awful" or "absurd" and that "she refused to let herself fall in love with him," or, worse still, "make a fool of herself."

"Don't be insane," he said gently.

"I can't help it. Last night—you see—something changed."

She struggled a little as his arms tightened about her again. But the result was much the same. Afterwards he was surprised to find that he had, for the space of minutes, enjoyed comparative oblivion. His eyes saw her with a new focus.

They were dropped outside the Knickerbocker.

"Do you want to go in?"

She nodded, patting her hair swiftly.

"Do I look a perfect fright?"

"No," he said truthfully. "Is my face all lipstick?"

WAS it a beau geste, or was the stone-hearted Monsieur Prévost also profoundly struck by Madame's emeralds? They lay in a cluster upon her bosom; they swung attractively from her ears. For Prévost himself piloted them to a table, and claimed in defiance of the maître d'hôtel the privilege of placing her chair and arranging Madame's cloak over the back of it. But she was truly beautiful to-night.

Caviar came soon attended with blinys and cream. And vodka. But in spite of himself, the worried expression deepened on Leo's face.

"How is she?" Lyle asked.

"Oh, she'll pull through," he said, but he was not really thinking of Gabrielle and the scene in the Knickerbocker. The doctor had called it a *crise des nerfs*, and apparently she would not have to stop saying "my chauffeur, my casino, my gigolo." In a way, Leo had been right. Gabrielle, though not so high out of the water, still remained unsinkable.

No, a black woollen stocking occupied his thoughts. It had been laid upon his bed with his evening clothes. For a minute after its discovery he had been completely stunned. A peasant sock: from time immemorial the backbone of the finance of France and the bane of its tax-collectors. A sock stuffed with notes. He had not counted them, but he knew the amount. "Fifteen t'ousand franc!" Then he rang the bell. The valet de chambre told him that Céline was off duty.

Lyle was being very tolerant. She affected to understand his distrait manner, the long silences. At all events she made no criticism.

They had coffee in the warm, deserted garden, where the moon, shining through the spiky palm-trees, turned the massed banks of hydrangea into ghost-like faces.

"I've been thinking a great deal," said Lyle. "Didn't you once tell me you wanted to write?"

Yes, he remembered the occasion, even the words.

"Well?" he said.

"I think you ought to give yourself a chance."

"Perhaps I would," he replied, "if only I could cast myself adrift from this life."

"We might go away together," she suggested gently. "I paint—very badly, it's true. Still, we might be good for each other."

He recalled that moment of oblivion, kissing her earlier on, and his pulse quickened.

"Let me help you."

Help be damned! The old cry. He felt like a man who has learned to throw a boomerang, sick of its unvarying return. This time, however, he could have sworn he had thrown out no conscious hint. Nevertheless, she painted a pleasing prospect. He felt he could be happy with her. The future did not bear looking into too deeply, but at any rate for a time it would be a life *sans souci*, without all this eternal worry. And why not write? By heck, he had lived sufficiently to have something to write about! Taking it as a line of least resistance, he was tempted immediately to say "Yes," and remembered in time to say "No." Lyle said no more.

At the Sporting Club she sat down to play roulette and told him to go away. He saw that she was hurt; but, damn it all, one must say "No" the first time. Just as he was going she took a leather case out of her bag and gave it to him.

"Don't give it back to me till we leave." She relented, smiled, and said in a half-whisper, "Be a darling and take me somewhere amusing afterwards, will you? To Nice."

In another room he stopped suddenly, and began deliberately counting the money in the case. There were five ten-pound notes and four thousand francs. He looked grimly over the tables, and went quickly into the bar. Like murder and suicide, he decided, such things are best done while of unsound mind.

"*Un banco de cent-cinquante louis!*" announced a croupier, lifting his head and scanning the ring of faces with quick, beady eyes. "*Qui fait le banco?*"

"*Banco avec la table!*"

"*Banco seul!*"

Leo pushed forward, lurching imperceptibly, and pulled out the leather folder. Three notes fluttered down from his nerveless fingers and settled, like autumn leaves, upon the green cloth. A wizened little Frenchman who held the bank, nodded as if to himself and dealt the cards.

Leo picked up his own, stared at them glassily. His expression never changed, but his gesture was eloquent as he finally flicked them face upwards on the table.

"*Neuf,*" said the croupier dispassionately, "*— et cinq.*"

The palette swished. Leo calmly replaced the notes and picked up the three thousand francs. He then walked across to the nearest roulette table and (*Continued on page* 120)

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placed the entire lot on the middle dozen. Seventeen turned up. He raised his eyes and saw the Marquise watching him.

"Playing like a millionaire?" she laughed.

"Sure," he replied steadily. "What shall I back?"

"Why not your age?"

He smiled, took a thousand francs and tossed it on number twenty-one, leaving the remaining eight *plaques* to ride on the dozen.

"*Rien ne va plus!*"

The ivory ball lingered in its death-rattle for interminable seconds before falling into its cup appointed by the laws of destiny.

A little murmur went up from the table. Only the croupiers remained placid and imperturbable. Two smooth pushes of the rake, one for the *douzaine* and one for the *en plein.* Leo had a sudden desire to let out a whoop. His head spun round, but he was not bewildered. Smoothly he beckoned to the *changeur.* The pile of plaques disappeared, and in their place came a thick wad of notes. Six hundred pounds.

"COME along," said Lyle. "This is my party."

A great part of Leo's world seemed to have fallen. A new set of values were already springing up. But she knew nothing of this.

"No, mine," he replied with masculine emphasis.

He told the chauffeur to drive slowly along the moyenne Corniche. Somewhere along the road they stopped and looked down thousands of feet to the moonlit sea and the lights of Beaulieu and Cap Ferrat.

It was dawn by the time they returned from Nice. She pressed something that crackled into his hands. He gave it back to her.

"But, darling, you can't afford——" She hung her tired head upon his shoulder for a moment. "I'm so sleepy. Don't let's argue. Good-night."

He left her and walked away, up the hill, to where the sun was already glinting upon the blue and white façade of the Mirador. For a while he stood looking down over a balustrade covered with pink geraniums that cascaded into the roadway below. This was the last time he would ever see it in the dawn. Its tremulous beauty touched him now.

Presently he tore himself away and entered the hotel with a surging heart, and raced silently down the corridor to his room.

It was seven. He rang the bell, then went to his drawer and pulled out the stocking. In a little while he heard the patter of slippered feet outside.

"Come in," he called. "*Entrez, j'ai quelque chose*——"

His jaw dropped, and he eyed the strange woman standing in the doorway. An unreasoning resentment welled up in him.

"Where is Céline?" he demanded.

Her eyes seemed to bore through and through him. Accusingly. The sallow face might have been carved in wood, it was so devoid of expression.

"Céline!" he repeated, exasperated, "Do you hear? Go and fetch her!"

"Yes, monsieur, but Céline——"

He had a sickening feeling of panic. Something had happened to the girl. Perhaps she——

"*Céline a peur de venir.* She is frightened that monsieur might be angry wiz somet'ing."

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

repeated that he had been born poor, and that he intended to die as he was born. Proud of his poverty, he did not deem it necessary to dress himself up for anyone. It was only when the Cardinal threatened excommunication that he consented to wear a dress suitable for a captain of the people.

The procession to the palace was most imposing; banners and tapestries hung from every window. Masaniello was gorgeously attired in silver lamé. He wore a large hat with ostrich feathers and high boots. He was followed by Genovino in a sedan chair.

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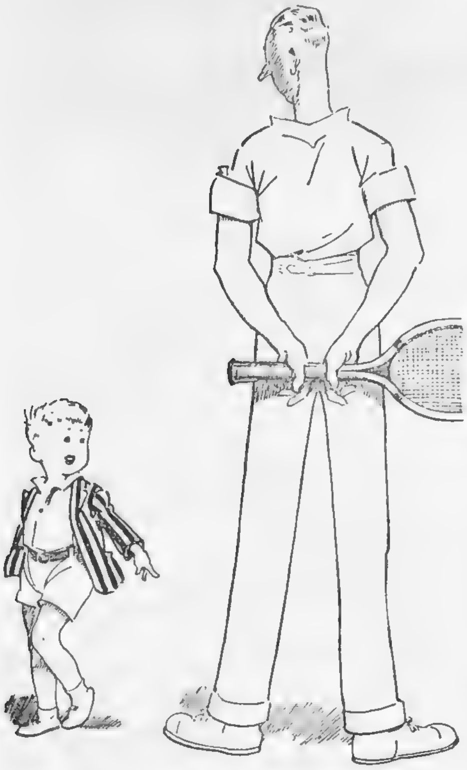

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When he reached the palace and saw that it had been put in a state of defence, Masaniello stood in the stirrups and said, "My people, if by the evening I fail to appear, do not leave a single stone of this building upright." As one man they swore faithfulness.

The interview being longer than he anticipated, some restlessness was caused amidst the people waiting outside, and Masaniello, in order to pacify them, appeared on the balcony arm in arm with the Viceroy. Then, showing to him that compact mass of heads and glittering weapons, he said, "Does your Excellency see how terrifying is that throng of people? I will show you what can be done with them if treated in the proper way."

The acclamations were almost deafening. He motioned them to silence and instantly the noise ceased. Turning to the Viceroy, he said, "Watch." With his hat he made a sign to the people to clear the Piazza. Like magic, 80,000 people moved away until it was cleared. The Viceroy stood aghast at such prodigious obedience. Having obtained the document he had called for, Masaniello was triumphantly escorted back to his humble home by the jubilant populace.

From that day Masaniello was no longer the same man. Eagerly he resumed his fisherman's dress, and his place sitting on the window-sill with his legs dangling outside, an arquebus in his hands. From there he passed his judgments.

Excitement and responsibility had made him neglectful of his food and rest. Only the high tempo of affairs kept him going. His speeches, once so logical, became disconnected, and often thoroughly absurd. In the administration of justice he became erratic and violent. Often he gave way to an unprovoked explosion of boastful words, only to fall a minute later into the most pitiful humility. Too rapid had been his elevation, too great the power for a simple man so unprepared to sustain it.

The Duke of Arcos had understood quite well that the higher the pedestal on which the idol was placed, the bigger would be the fall.

Masaniello's insanity increased daily.

On Monday, July 15, in an interval of lucidity, he told the people that he would be killed within the next 24 hours, and he reproached the citizens who would allow such an act of ingratitude. In his excitement he ran to the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, where the Cardinal was officiating. He interrupted the service, ran up into the pulpit, and in the most picturesque and touching way he summed up all he had done. This masterpiece of description, delivered in dialect, made his listeners sob with emotion. He finished by saying that if he was to be killed Naples would be crushed more heavily than ever beneath the tyrant's foot. He was taken down by the friendly hands of the friars and conducted to a cell. There he lay exhausted on a little bed, and there for the first time for several days he slept.

The Viceroy and all the Spanish garrison were already waking up. The nobles were once again flaunting their rich equipages in the streets where they had not risked themselves before. Strange faces that had never been seen before were showing themselves in the Piazza Mercato, and were already shouting "Death to anyone who obeys Masaniello!" The end was at hand.

Masaniello only slept for half an hour. From the window overlooking the sea, he saw a fleet of Spanish galleys bristling with guns and ready for action. The lion awoke with a ferocious roar. He was heard crying: "People of Naples, they are going to murder you." At that moment he was called out from the room. At the door he saw four of his faithful friends, the brothers Cataneo, Ardizzone and Rama. In opening his arms to them he asked: "Do you want me?" The answer was four shots from an arquebus at short range. . . . Masaniello had only the time and strength to pronounce two words: "Ungrateful traitors."

So both prophecies came true. Masaniello had had his share of more than kingly power, his dominion brief but glorious, just as the seer who saw him in his cradle predicted.

END

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Dak Bungalow

(*Continued from page 21*)

floor. Again he picked up the pen, hesitated, then hurled the pen across the room. It struck the map. The chameleon scampered up the wall and across the ceiling. Craven watched the penholder quiver as the point transfixed the heart of Kashmir.

"Please, sar." The babu coughed apologetically in the doorway.

"Yes," Craven, startled, faced him.

"Gentleman is waiting impatiently for chit to be written, sar," said the babu.

Craven started looking through his desk for another pen.

TOSKER'S tonga rolled down-hill from the Sub-Collector's bungalow, rattled through dreary streets of one-storey rain-soaked mud houses. On the opposite side of the town he stopped in front of the *dak* bungalow—one of the government's rest-houses maintained in out-of-the-way spots in India for the comfort—if it can be called that—of the occasional traveller.

There was danger of an unwelcome meeting in the *dak* bungalow, although it was probable that the man whose maps now reposed between Tosker's shirt and skin would go directly to the Sub-Collector instead of the *dak* bungalow. Anyhow, Tosker was armed with Craven's letter, which practically guaranteed him at least temporary immunity from danger. And in a few hours he would have Craven's car. There was no doubt in Tosker's mind now that Craven, having capitulated in the matter of the letter, would go through with his bargain. Until ten-thirty, Tosker was confident that he could bluff his way through any situation that might arise.

He stepped from the tonga and stood a moment framed by the two mango trees that guarded the front of the *dak* bungalow.

Tosker walked into the bungalow—a small structure with mildewed walls.

Three travellers were sitting at a table of the dining-room in the gloomy interior. One of them was a plump, partly bald man in a fresh suit of tussah silk. Beside him was a tall, sandy-haired youth with a slightly undershot jaw. He wore khaki shorts. Tosker's eyes widened almost imperceptibly as they beheld the third man—a red-faced, broad-shouldered person with the general build of an ox. He also wore khaki. From the rain-soaked *terai* hat hanging on the wall, Tosker could draw the double conjecture that one of the men in khaki was a planter and had just come in.

The partly bald man got to his feet and extended a fat hand.

"Welcome, stranger, welcome," he exclaimed. "Shake hands with Henry Clay Judd."

"Good evening," said Tosker, with quiet superiority.

"And this," continued Henry Clay Judd, making a gesture towards the youth, "is Frank Sloan, big colong and pekoe man from the tea gardens. The gentleman across the table might be John Bull himself, but the name on his luggage is 'Hewett.' Hope you folks don't mind my being informal, but as long as we're all marooned together like this, I say we may as well be friendly . . ."

Sloan and Hewett nodded briefly to Tosker, both obviously embarrassed by Judd's heartiness.

"Might as well have a drink," Judd continued, addressing Tosker. "I don't know if they'll be able to find a bed for you. There's only three rooms in the place. Funny Gorapur doesn't have a bigger *dak* bungalow, with all the principal hill roads coming through here. I suppose people usually push on to the railway when the road's not under water. You going to Calcutta, too?"

"Eventually," said Tosker.

"Sloan here tells me he was on his way to Calcutta for his semi-annual spree," said Judd.

"Just my luck," said the sandy-haired youth, moved to words at last. "I've got ten days' holiday and I thought I'd go down

SUMMER 'ELEVENSES'

All women who work, especially housewives, are entitled to a 'pick-me-up' in mid-morning. To most of them in midsummer comes a time when Nature seems to impose a double burden—when thunder in the air coincides with the sense of injustice that women suffer because of a natural function. That's when Wincarnis is needed. Wonderful what a glass of this ruby red stimulating restorative can do at eleven o'clock on an overcast morning. Wincarnis is Nature's own answer to a woman's needs. It gives new blood for old—new vigour to replace flagging energies, new hope in life, and a new feeling of youth. Wincarnis keeps you going and makes you enjoy both work and play day in and day out. For women who work Wincarnis is wonderful. From every licensed grocer and chemist, wine merchant, etc. 3/3 per bottle; champagne-quart size, 5/6. Start to-day to win new life with Wincarnis. (ADVT.)

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now while the Barrackpore races are on. I suppose I shall be lucky to get to Calcutta at all, the way things are. . . .

"Cheer up," said Henry Clay Judd, mopping his bald spot with a blue-bordered silk handkerchief. "The Collector promised to let me know to-morrow if we can get through on that detour. . . . By the way, I didn't give you my card. As you see, I'm Far Eastern manager for Drake and Bean, purveyors of fine foodstuffs. In our sunlit kitchens at home, we're making better curries than the Indians themselves can make. You'll note I'm also Oriental agent for Killskeet, most modern and scientific insecticide made. Then I'm representative in India, Burma and Ceylon for International Motors, although you wouldn't have guessed it to see me arriving here in one of those pony tongas. But it won't be long now before we get some real roads in this part of the country, and then——"

"If you'll pardon me," interrupted Tosker, "I'm going to change my clothes before dinner."

"Change in my room if you like," said Sloan.

"Thanks," said Tosker. "I'll promise not to steal anything."

DURING dinner Tosker noticed Hewett watching him constantly. He could not lift his eyes from his plate without meeting the steady, cold gaze of the red-faced man across the table. Henry Clay Judd was still doing all the talking, but Tosker was not listening to him. Tosker was thinking about Craven, and concocting a plan of action against the one chance in a hundred that Craven should disappoint. . . .

Henry Clay Judd was talking about the great demand for Killskeet, the modern insecticide, in Madras.

"India is a God-made market for scientific insecticide," he said, indicating the winged cloud buzzing about the kerosene lamp. "Now with automobiles it's different. It takes real salesmanship to unload motors, but I'm doing it. International Motors will be tickled to death when they hear of the deal I made with the Maharajah of Bhutiabad——"

"I drove—and slid—from the tea-gardens in one of your cars, Mr. Judd," said Sloan.

"The dickens you say!" said Judd, beaming. "What model?"

"About 1865, I should imagine," said Sloan, "but it serves to get around the estates."

Tosker was leaning across the table, suddenly interested. He saw an emergency avenue of escape opening to him.

"Drive it down yourself?" he inquired.

"I've got a syce along, of course," said Sloan. "He'll take the car back, if we can get to the railway."

"He's probably taking the village belles riding to-night," said Tosker.

"No fear," said Sloan, patting his breast pocket. "I keep the keys with me."

"I didn't notice your car when I arrived," said Tosker.

"I've got it parked in a shed in the rear of the bungalow," said Sloan.

After dinner the four perspiring men sat drinking port that tasted of the cork.

At a quarter to ten Henry Clay Judd interrupted himself to say:

"Well, gents, I'm going to hit the hay. I'm piling out at sun-up to see if I can get through on that detour, and I've got to have my sleep. Did you ask the *khansama* about getting you a bed, young fellow?"

"I don't need a bed," said Tosker. "I'll sleep out here in one of these lounge chairs."

At ten o'clock Tosker was alone. He sat on the edge of a chair and turned down the lamp. Nervously he smoked three cigarettes, lighting one from the butt of the other. He looked about him uneasily. Cracks of light lay under two doors. Judd's lamp was already out.

Tosker got up and walked to the door of the bungalow with the vain idea of getting a breath of air. He put his hand inside his shirt to touch a thin packet of paper—the maps that the (*Continued on page* 124)

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without

Sunburn

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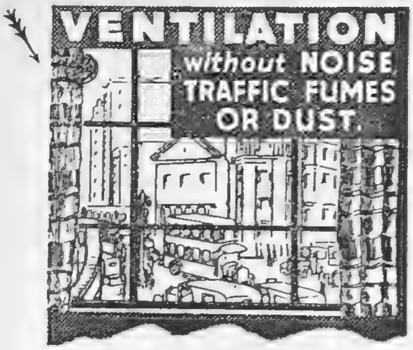

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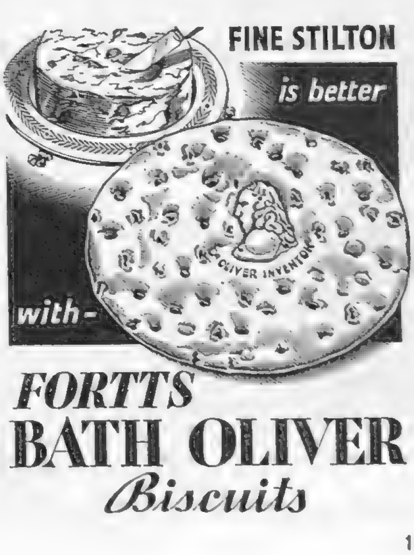

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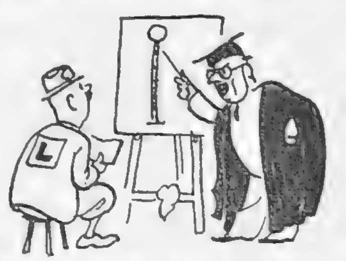

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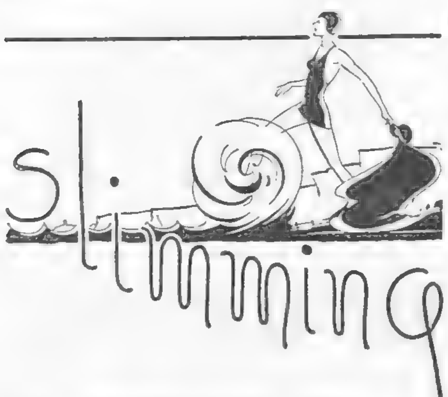

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21/-

Parsee innkeeper had stolen for him. There was no reason why they should not be there, of course, but Tosker was jumpy. He was worried by the passive, silent hostility of Hewett.

He told himself that he had no reason to expect a great hullabaloo over the theft of the maps, because a man on a secret military mission would not immediately broadcast the loss of his secrets without first making efforts of his own at recovery. Then Tosker's own part in the affair was probably effectively hidden by the intermediary of the Parsee innkeeper.

Tosker brought the glowing stub of his cigarette close to the dial of his watch. Not quite ten-thirty. The babu had said the cyclist could not get back with news of the Nallah bridge until ten-thirty. Craven would not send the car before the cyclist came back—if he sent it at all. He would wait until eleven o'clock—not a minute longer. Then he would steal Sloan's keys and make his getaway in Sloan's car.

He walked back into the bungalow. Two doors were now dark. There was still a crack of light under Hewett's door.

Tosker stood on a straight chair, took out a pocket knife, and cut down a length of rope that ran from the punkah to a hole in the wall. He stepped to the floor, made a coil of the rope, and stretched himself out in a long wicker chair. He examined his gun, toyed with the safety, assured himself again that it was loaded.

A slight sound made him turn his head. The light had vanished from under Hewett's door. He listened. A mosquito whined in his ear. He replaced his gun in his pocket, got up, walked softly about the room, stopping briefly before each bedroom door. Hearty snores emerged from the room of Henry Clay Judd. The other two rooms were silent.

Tosker wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He sat down, leaned back. He could wait a little longer.

Eleven o'clock. No word from Craven. Tosker arose, tiptoed to Sloan's room, tried the door. It was unlocked. The hinges creaked as the door swung inward. Tosker stood motionless, held his breath. He listened for Sloan's measured breathing, heard nothing. Cautiously he approached the cot, bent over.

With a startled grunt, the tea planter sat up.

Tosker's right arm moved in a swift arc. The barrel of his gun thudded against Sloan's sandy hair. The planter silently fell back.

Quickly Tosker looped the punkah rope over and under the bed frame. Five, six turns and the unconscious youth was lashed securely to the cot.

Tosker found the planter's shirt on a chair, fumbled for the keys to his car. He stuffed the sleeve of the shirt into Sloan's mouth to prevent a premature alarm. Then he started from the room.

As he reached the doorway, a blinding light leaped to his eyes. He blinked through the glare, saw the scowling, red face of Hewett, saw that he was fully dressed, saw the glint of gun metal.

Instantly he lunged forward, lifted his knee sharply into Hewitt's groin.

Hewett stumbled backward. His gun flung roaring flame at the ceiling. A bullet ripped through the roof, whining and clattering through the tiles.

Hewett's electric torch rolled to a stop along the floor. The cone of light illuminated Hewett's gun, almost at Tosker's feet. Tosker kicked the gun through the outer door, saw it sink into the mud.

"Up with your hands!" Tosker ordered as Hewett rose to his knees.

Another door opened, framing a corpulent figure in blue silk pyjamas.

"What's the row?" asked Henry Clay Judd querulously. "What——?"

"You, too! Up with your hands!"

Tosker backed toward the outer door, brandishing his gun. His left hand explored nervously behind him, seeking the key that would lock Sloan, Hewett and Judd inside the *dak* bungalow while he made good his escape in Sloan's car . . .

It was two minutes past eleven o'clock when the babu brought word to the Sub-Collector Sahib that the bridge at Nallah had been repaired, that the road was open.

Craven was sitting at the desk which symbolised his career, the new life he had built for himself in the East. It was all crumbling about his ears now—unless he paid Tosker's price. Well, he could hesitate no longer. There was no choice between Tosker's alternatives now. The road was open. He must act.

"Motor car is outside, Sahib," said the babu. "Syce is waiting."

"Tell the syce to go home," said Craven. "I'll drive myself."

When the babu had gone, he opened the desk drawer, took out the revolver that lay there, pocketed it. He walked from the bungalow with heavy, reluctant tread. He had a queer, cold, numb feeling inside his breast as he got into his car, started down the narrow, muddy road through the bazaar. He was crossing the square with the deserted markets under the banyan tree when he heard the report of a pistol shot.

His foot bore down on the accelerator. The car leaped ahead, hurtling through the night towards the sound of the shot, toward the *dak* bungalow. Still a furlong from the bungalow Craven shut off the motor, threw out the clutch. The car coasted ahead with undiminished speed, rushing toward the moment which was to destroy either his career or his sense of honour. He applied the brakes, drew his gun, jumped from the car and hurried over the gentle slope between the two mango trees.

In the entrance to the *dak* bungalow Craven almost collided with Tosker backing out, gun in his right hand, fumbling for the key with his left.

The flashlight on the floor illuminated the overturned furniture, the smashed lamp, the dark, spreading patch of oil on the cement, Hewett and Judd with their arms upraised.

"Drop that gun, Tosker!" ordered Craven.

Tosker froze into immobility. He did not turn around—and he did not drop his gun.

"Hello, Craven," he said. He tried to speak with his old self-assertion, but the ring was gone from his voice. "These men attacked me without provocation, Craven. Tell them about the special mission you're sending me on to Calcutta . . ."

"Drop that gun!" Craven repeated mechanically.

"Tell them," insisted Tosker. "Or I'll tell them who *you* are, Craven."

"I'll tell you who I am," snapped Craven. "I'm Sub-Collector for this *tahsil*, with full police powers. You're under arrest, Tosker, for violation of the Defence of the Realm Act. Drop that gun!"

"You won't shoot me, Craven."

"I should dislike shooting you in the back, Tosker." The words came from Craven with difficulty. "I shall give you just three seconds to disarm."

Tosker sneered for the benefit of Hewett and Judd, who had not yet dared to lower their hands; but his white pasty face dripped perspiration of an animal at bay.

"One!" counted Craven.

"You can't shoot, Craven!" croaked Tosker. "You can't! There's—that envelope—at my solicitor's . . ."

"Two!" said Craven.

Tosker's jaws worked spasmodically. His fingers tightened on the grip of his pistol. He spun about, leaped towards Craven.

Two detonations beat upon the air. Two jagged blades of fire slashed at each other.

With the grotesque tempo of a slow-motion picture Tosker sank to his knees. He coughed twice, pitched forward on his face.

Craven stood with his legs far apart. He lowered his gun, a pale curl of vapour melting from the muzzle. A long crimson furrow on his left cheek dripped blood to his shoulder.

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Henry Clay Judd laughed with nervous relief and mopped his brow with his blue pyjama sleeve.

Hewett stepped into the next room to untie Sloan. When he returned, Craven was bending over Tosker's body, going through his pockets.

"Nice work, Mr. Craven," said Hewett. "You gave him every chance. Did he hurt you badly?"

"Hurt me?" Craven looked up at Hewett uncomprehendingly. He was oblivious of the gash in his cheek. He was aware only of the long manila envelope which he held between his trembling fingers.

A frightened *khansama* came in with a new lamp.

Craven thrust the manila envelope into his pocket, resumed his search. He ripped open Tosker's shirt. From under the belt he removed a compact sheaf of papers.

As he unfolded the papers, Sloan, Judd and Hewett crowded near to peer over his shoulders. They saw topographical maps of a mountainous region, with heavy red tracings in red ink squirming up the valleys where the contour lines were far apart. Here and there were other red markings.

"Holy jumping Hoboken!" exclaimed Henry Clay Judd, slapping his ample blue thigh. "My maps! Where the —— ?"

"*Your* maps?" Craven interrupted.

"My road maps!" gasped Judd. "I just closed a deal with the Maharajah of Bhutiabad. He's granting International Motors a sales monopoly in his state, on condition that we finance the building of a road system. These are the highways him and me worked out together. Get the idea? First we build roads, then we sell cars to run on the roads. But how the ——?"

A tremendous peal of laughter drowned his words. Craven was standing with his head thrown back, laughing loudly, bitterly, ironically. He had shot a man for treason—and a tricky Parsee innkeeper had forestalled him, made the treason meaningless. He had condemned himself to ruin—for a road map!

Hewett went back across the village with the Sub-Collector. Over two *chota pegs* in perspiring glasses, he showed Craven his credentials as colonel in the Royal Engineers. He would have paid his respects officially, he said, were it not that his mission was confidential and he was avoiding all official contacts.

"I'll go to the District Magistrate with you to-morrow, Mr. Craven," said Col. Hewett, "to testify that you shot in self-defence. I suppose you know that this chap Tosker was a secret agent of a foreign power. Calcutta warned me about him, and I've been dodging him for the past week. Last night he tried to bribe a Parsee innkeeper to put drops in my whisky and steal the survey maps I'd been making. Luckily the Parsee happened to be in our pay—although from the looks of things he took Tosker's bribe and made off with Judd's maps instead."

Hewett talked on and on. Craven listened but heard nothing. He did not even touch his drink. He sat numbly at his desk, staring at the map of India with the pen spearing the heart of Kashmir. The chameleon was back on the cross-bar stalking mosquitoes . . .

Automatically Craven told Hewett good-night.

He took the long manila envelope from his pocket. He turned it over, looking for a full minute at the vermilion sealing-wax on the back. His hands were perfectly steady as he picked up a paper-knife to slit the envelope. He was quite resigned now, and only mildly curious regarding Tosker's damning interpretation of the circumstantial evidence in the death of Major Frick in London. He would await with complete calm the revelation of Tosker's posthumous accusation by the solicitor in Calcutta.

Craven drew the papers from the envelope, unfolded what Tosker had described as carbon copies of his accusing statement:

A croak of grim amusement escaped his lips. Tosker had died as he had lived—bluffing! The papers from the envelope were blank.

END

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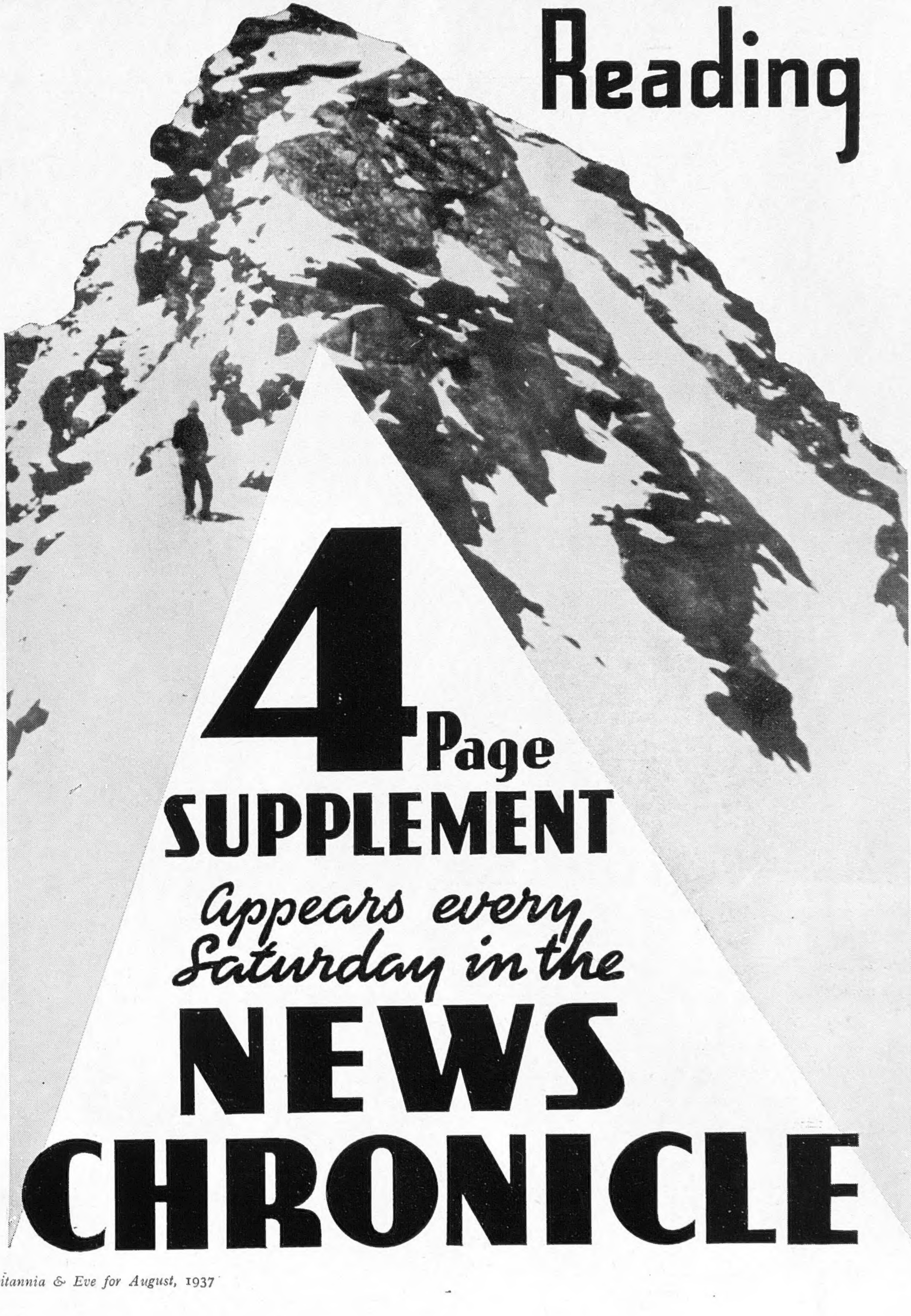

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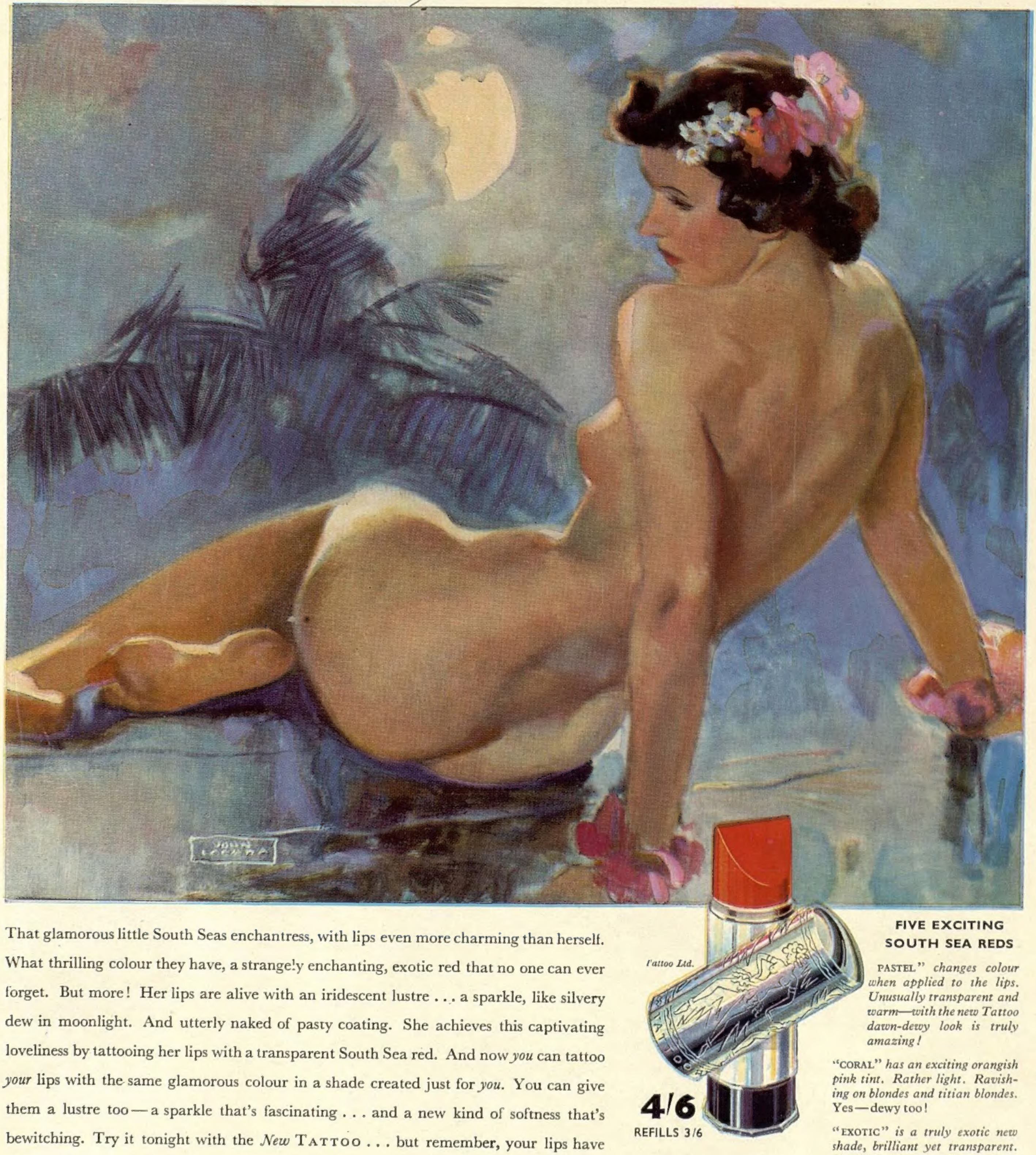

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